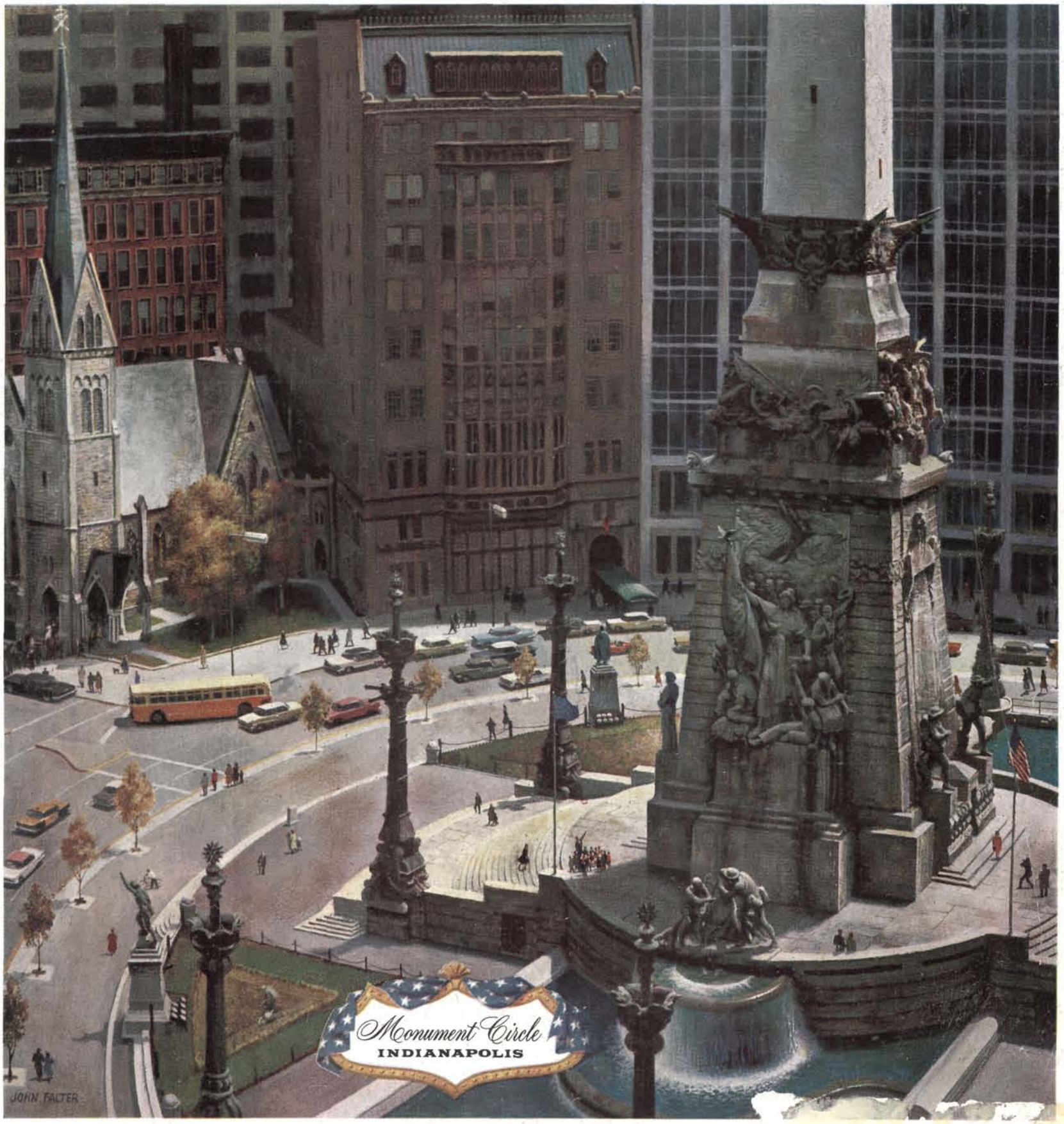
The Lessons of Pearl Harbor By Samuel Eliot Morison
The Teen-Age Ward: How to Have Fun in the Hospital

The Saturday Evening POST

Oct. 28, 1961 — 20¢



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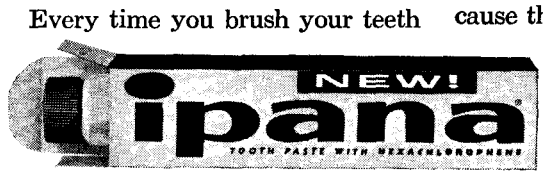

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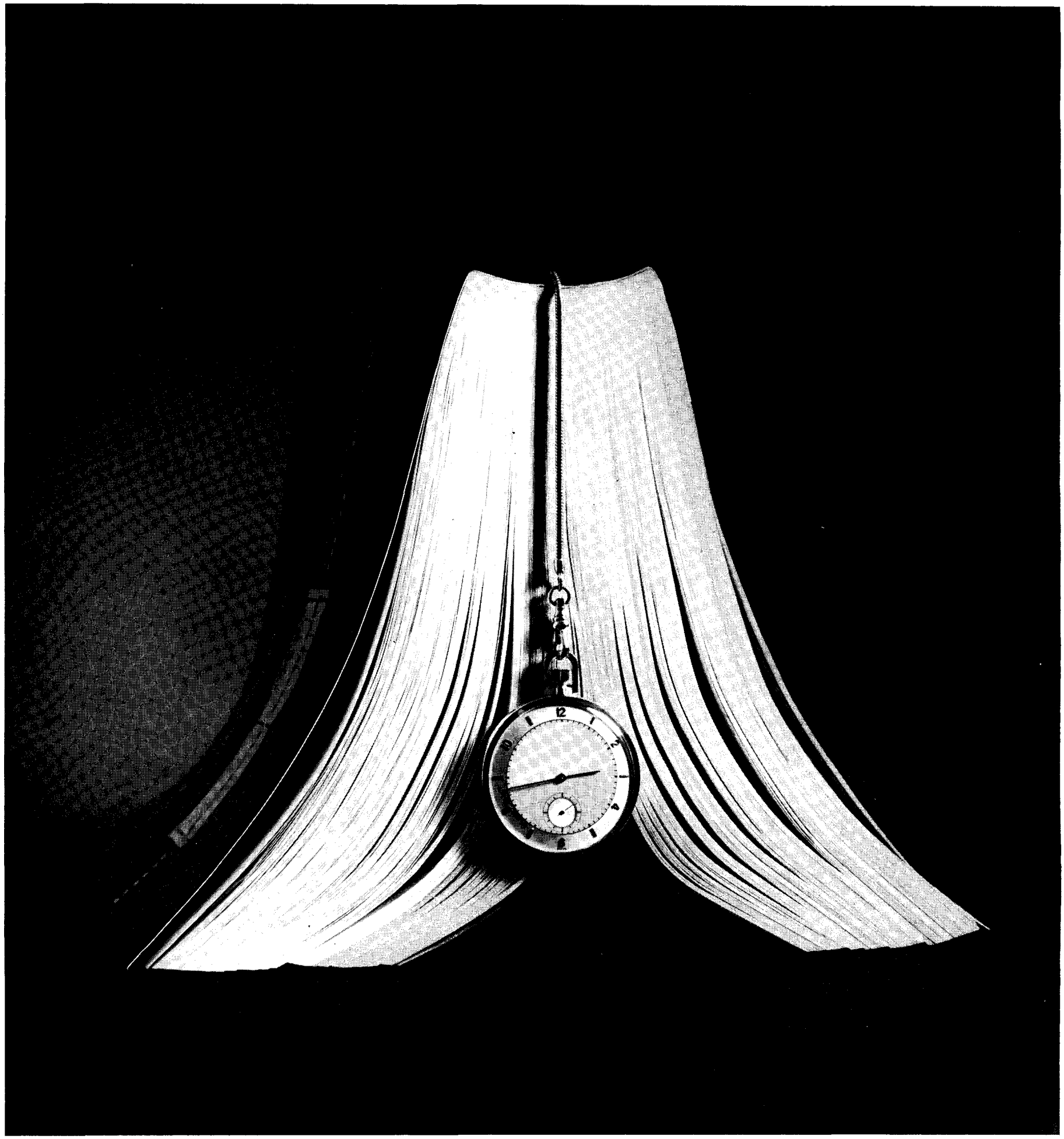

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PEARL HARBOR The complexities of that infamous attack–which killed more than 2000 Americans and was not even necessary to Japan's own strategy–unraveled by naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison. Nine pages illustrated in full color, including a unique aerial photograph of Arizona's bomb-torn hulk lying below the surface of water streaked with oil that still seeps from her fuel tanks (page 19).

How to Have Fun in the Hospital. An Oregon hospital sets aside a special wing for patients too old for the children's wards and too young to share rooms with adults. The result: jam sessions, drag races in wheel chairs, and accelerated recovery for the kids (page 34).

SPEAKING OUT As overdone as a filet mignon on a back-yard barbecue are Little Leagues, the PTA, and college football, claims The Voice of Dissent. "When overdoers take charge it has to be a Big Deal" (page 10).

REAL-LIFE SHERLOCK The masterful methods of Joe Jackson, the shrewd but genial boss of Scotland Yard's famed Criminal Investigation Department (page 100).

Fiction FORGIVE HIM NEVER (page 28) tells of a brother's betrayal and the hatred that grew out of it. (Author Merrill Pollack has two brothers–but is friendly with both.) In Hugh B. Cave's JAMAICA STORM (p.44) a young couple learn the truth about their marriage during a big rain. Mr. Cave, who has a house in Jamaica, has lived through a storm like the one in his story. A foreigner surprises two Irishmen in A SEVEN-POUND TROUT (page 32), by Maurice Walsh, author of "The Quiet Man"–a Post story that became a famous movie.

THE COVER: Monument Circle takes its name from the limestone memorial to soldiers and sailors at its center. And the circle is at the very center of Indianapolis, which is right in the middle of the Hoosier state. Artist John Falter discerned a faintly French flavor in this scene — perhaps because Indianapolis was planned on the pattern of Washington, D.C., which was laid out by a Frenchman. But consider the English Gothic architecture of Christ Church Cathedral at the left, the vaguely Tudor air of the neighboring Columbia Club, and the bluntly modern design of the Fidelity Building. French, English, or just plain American, the circle suits a city with a half-Greek name—a name so long that Indiana's capital is sometimes known as "Naptown."

Diva Anna Moffo

ALSO: From the inside out: A pumpkin's-eye view of Halloween (Face of America, page 36). Television USA, Part II—the men who run a big network, page 56. A close-up of Pitt's gridiron boss John Michelosen (The Coach Who Beat the Mob, page 38). Anna Moffo: a high note in opera (People on the Way Up, page 30). "Grandma has another fire!"—what it is like when a woman runs a fire station (The Lady is a Fireman, page 65).

Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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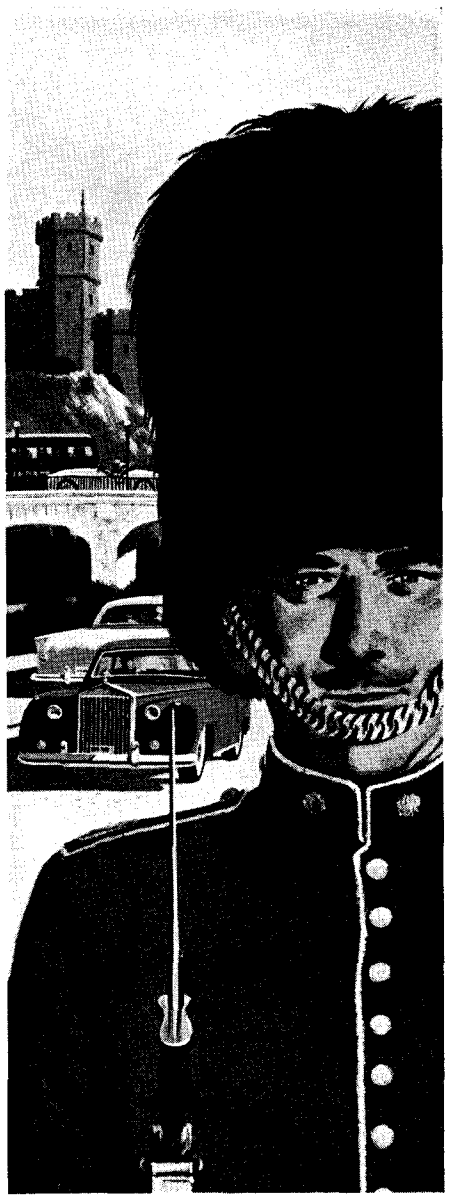

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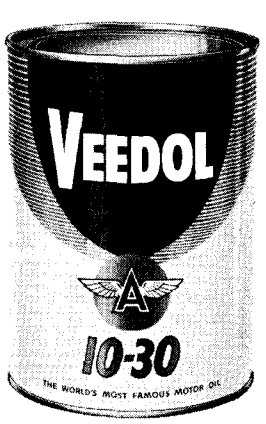


TIDEWATER OIL COMPANY

LETTERS

MONTESSORI METHOD

Dear Sirs:

I am a student at the University of Redlands in California, preparing for an elementary-teaching credential. I enjoyed very much the article CAN OUR CHILDREN LEARN FASTER? [by Joe Alex Morris, Sept. 23]. I would like more information about the schools, techniques and process of instructing children in the Montessori method.

MELODY KOBAYASHI
Redlands, Calif.

• *Additional information about the Montessori method is available by writing to: American Montessori Society, Whitby School, Upper Lake Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Any mother can use Montessori methods for teaching preschoolers at home and can launch her child into a lifetime of learning enjoyment. All she has to have are a set of plastic alphabet letters a child can feel; sticks, beads or cards he can count; cardboard jigsaw puzzles with states and countries clearly marked; and time to read to him a great deal. When he recognizes the alphabet and a few phonetic sounds, get a pre-primer from the library, and your four-year-old will amaze you by reading, as my own did!

One of the most exciting rewards of motherhood comes from taking advantage of the natural, exuberant interest in learning of three- and four-year-olds. Teachers and librarians tell me that kindergarten age may be too late for this, if the child has never been intellectually aroused at home.

DORIS BRAGDON
Salinas, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We nursery-school teachers know it is possible to teach some three-year-olds to read but question the wisdom of teaching reading to most of them. As your article states: "There is, for example, three-year-old Alice, who can count numbers up to nine." (Many can count higher by rote). "Just as important at this stage, she has learned to scrub her work table. . . ." Social, emotional and physical growth are most important at this age. Also the spoken language which precedes the written. That is why most nursery schools have a work-and-play atmosphere and do not attempt the formal teaching of reading and writing.

RUTH STONE
Hicksville, N.Y.

BISHOP PROTESTS

Dear Sirs:

I appreciate your interest in me and my ministry as displayed in your article [BATTLING BISHOP, by Jerome Ellison, Oct. 7], but I wish to correct an error in your reference to my views on the House Un-American Activities Committee.

I at no point have demanded its abolition, but rather have urged the reform of its procedures, the limitation of its activities to investigate relevant to legislation which could constitutionally be adopted, and its abandonment of exposure for exposure's sake, the latter being a judicial function entrusted to the courts where the accused has the right of confronting his accusers, cross-examination and introduction of independent testimony on his behalf. . . .

THE RT. REV. JAMES A. PIKE, *Bishop*
Diocese of California
San Francisco, Calif.

• *Author Ellison's statement was based on a paper issued by the Department of Social Relations of Bishop Pike's own diocese, which said: "We urge California Congressmen to exert their influence to withdraw the mandate of the House Un-American Activities Committee. . . ." Bishop Pike grants this, but says that all his personal public statements as to the HUAC have consistently followed the position outlined in his letter above.—ED.*

RUGGED WRITERS

Dear Sirs:

I protest [the term used by] your city-bound cut-line writer for RUGGED RIDERS [Sept. 16]. "Mean-tempered Shetland" indeed! Apparently neither your cut-line writer nor your editor on this story recognized a "bucking strap" when they saw one. Tightly pinched around the flank, it was clearly evident in the photos.

Said straps are designed specifically to force any horse or pony to buck, and "mean temper" has nothing to do with it. Even you would come out of your

chair bucking if one was pulled up on your middle. . . . Gene Clark [who runs the Buckaroodeo] is a valued patron of ours, and I am sure he will join many other equine authorities in saying, "Shetlands . . . have always been docile, gentle and tractable—reasons they have such strong appeal."

There are problems enough in this world without the influential *Post* getting millions of American families to declare Shetlands out of bounds for their children, all of whom would be better off if they had the responsibility and the companionship of a Shetland pony.

JAMES H. ROBERTS, *Editor*
American Shetland Pony Journal
Aledo, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

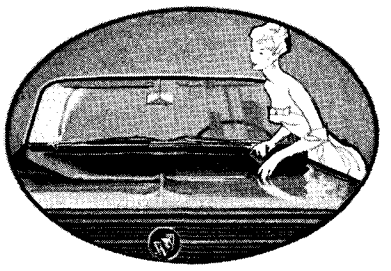
I'd like to tell you how pleased I was to see an article on the wonderful sport of rodeo. . . .

MARTHA SCHULLER
Lufkin, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

We fail to be entertained by the article RUGGED RIDERS. If Dale Jutson,

Look at where you'll "live" before you buy...



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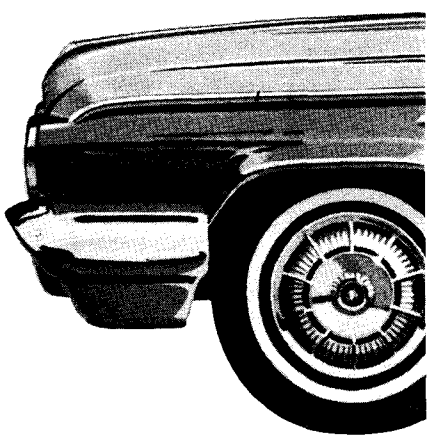

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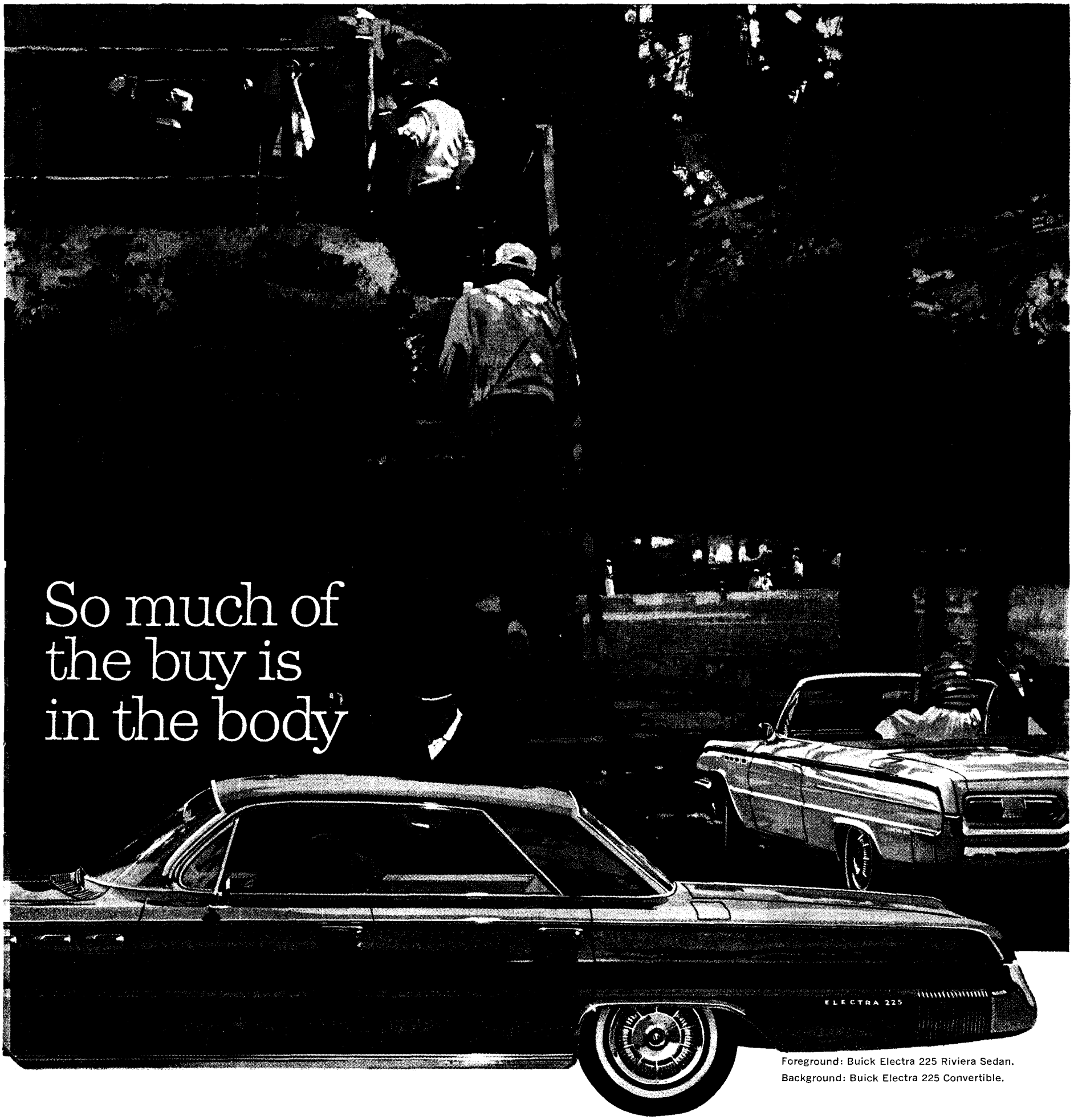

Foreground: Buick Electra 225 Riviera Sedan.
Background: Buick Electra 225 Convertible.

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LETTERS

eleven-year-old calf roper of Los Angeles, Calif., can't do a better job of roping without getting it right in the calf's eye, he had better quit.

We believe in kindness to all animals, and we resented that.

PAUL O'BRIEN
Benkelman, Nebr.

WRONG THINKING?

Dear Sirs:

Author Herman Kahn rambles on through a couple of thousand words of idle copy to exhort Americans to THINK of some way out of the approaching world chaos. His article [SPEAKING OUT: WE'RE TOO SCARED TO THINK, Sept. 16] may be thought-provoking, but it lacks even a grain of substance. Aside from thinking, what else does he want us to do as the major powers prepare to rain death from the skies?

The solutions are as vague to him as they are to three billion other people. Thirty-five hundred years of recorded history have not been able to thwart conflict and destruction. We have spent a flood of years—just thinking. From

appearances modern men may go to their deaths from thermonuclear causes while deep in thought.

RALPH OBER
Professor of Journalism
New School For Social Research
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Basically I agree with Herman Kahn's article. The people of the United States must prepare, through civil-defense measures, to withstand and survive a nuclear attack. But I strongly resent his implication that in case of a nuclear war the President of the United States might decide that it would be better to surrender and possibly live under a Communist regime, or even negotiate an on-the-spot, equilateral armistice with the Communist nations.

Mr. Kahn's article seems to imply that a nuclear war is the worst possible fate imaginable. I would rather see a nuclear war, which would crystallize our ideology and back it with force aimed at the complete destruction of Communism, than to see us desperately search for a method of averting such a war, even to the extent of giving up our freedom and our republic.

JAMES ROBISON
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

When I saw the title page of Herman Kahn's article, I believed it a perfect example of the ostentatiousness that so often nowadays serves as an impressive wrapping for mediocrity. . . .

What a false impression it was, and how glad I am I read the article! I have never read anything on the subject of thermonuclear war so fearlessly honest and so frighteningly pertinent.

ANN Y. GENTRY
Plymouth, Mich.

FICTION FINDERS

Dear Sirs:

When your offices [a few months ago] sent us a subscription renewal blank, I marked it "please cancel" and returned it to you. Now, since the advent of the "new" *Post*, I'm sorry. . . . Please renew our *Post* for a year.

Not only are your print and pictures better to look at; it's the content that makes us want to keep it coming. When you published A KNOWLEDGE OF HER PAST [by Harry Mark Petrakis, Sept. 2], we read it with much pleasure, for—frankly—the rather vapid love stories and ponderous adventure tales you have for so long published have grown wearisome.

But, we thought, A KNOWLEDGE OF HER PAST is just a fluke; *The Post* will return to its old "regular" fiction. Then came your LET HIM DIE, [by R. C. Phelan, Sept. 23]. We were electrified! Only in "quality" publications had we read such distinguished stories as this. Could it be true that *The Post* was going to be "new" in fiction as well as outer format? This week we got our answer in THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL [by Shirley Ann Grau, Sept. 30]. That's why we want to renew.

ALMA JOHNSON
Anaheim, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

My father says that the new *Post* has many good features, *but*, in reading the index, how is he to determine which is fiction and which are articles? You see, my father says when he is wide awake after dinner he likes to read articles; but when he wants to get sleepier than he is, he will read the fiction.

Can't you make it easier for him to find the fiction faster. He will then go to sleep earlier, and then maybe he won't raise such a fuss about my brother not doing his homework! This sure will keep peace in our family—till the next night anyway.

PATTY CONE
Miami, Fla.

P.S. Anyway, please index your index.

• *We hope the revisions we've made in our index on page 3 will help some, Patty.—ED.*

FEMALE PREROGATIVE

• *A day after the first issue of the new Post went on sale we received the first of the two letters below. The second one arrived two weeks later.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

One of the boys here in the office just rescued my copy of your Sept. 16 issue from the trash basket, where I had thrown it in my disappointment at a ruined lunch hour.

A few weeks ago I renewed my subscription to *The Post* for four years, but I now wish to cancel my subscription. I don't like your new format.

PRISCILLA B. KRAFT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Please do not cancel my subscription. Changed my mind!

PRISCILLA B. KRAFT
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Here's what it can cost your child not to go to college

—a whopping $151,000 in lifetime earnings, and other benefits perhaps even more important!

$151,000, according to a U. S. Census Bureau survey, is the average difference between the life incomes of high school and college graduates.

But this is only part of what your youngster may forfeit. For college could give him priceless confidence and knowledge, widen his horizons, enrich his life, and help him make the most of his natural abilities.

Maybe you're telling yourself that no youngster of yours is going to miss out on all this. But how can you be SURE he won't? Simply by providing the money for college through a Lincoln Life educational plan. With such a plan, you can spread college costs over the years, and *guarantee* that the money will be available, even if you should die. Phone or write your Lincoln Life agent for particulars about this sensible, reasonable plan.

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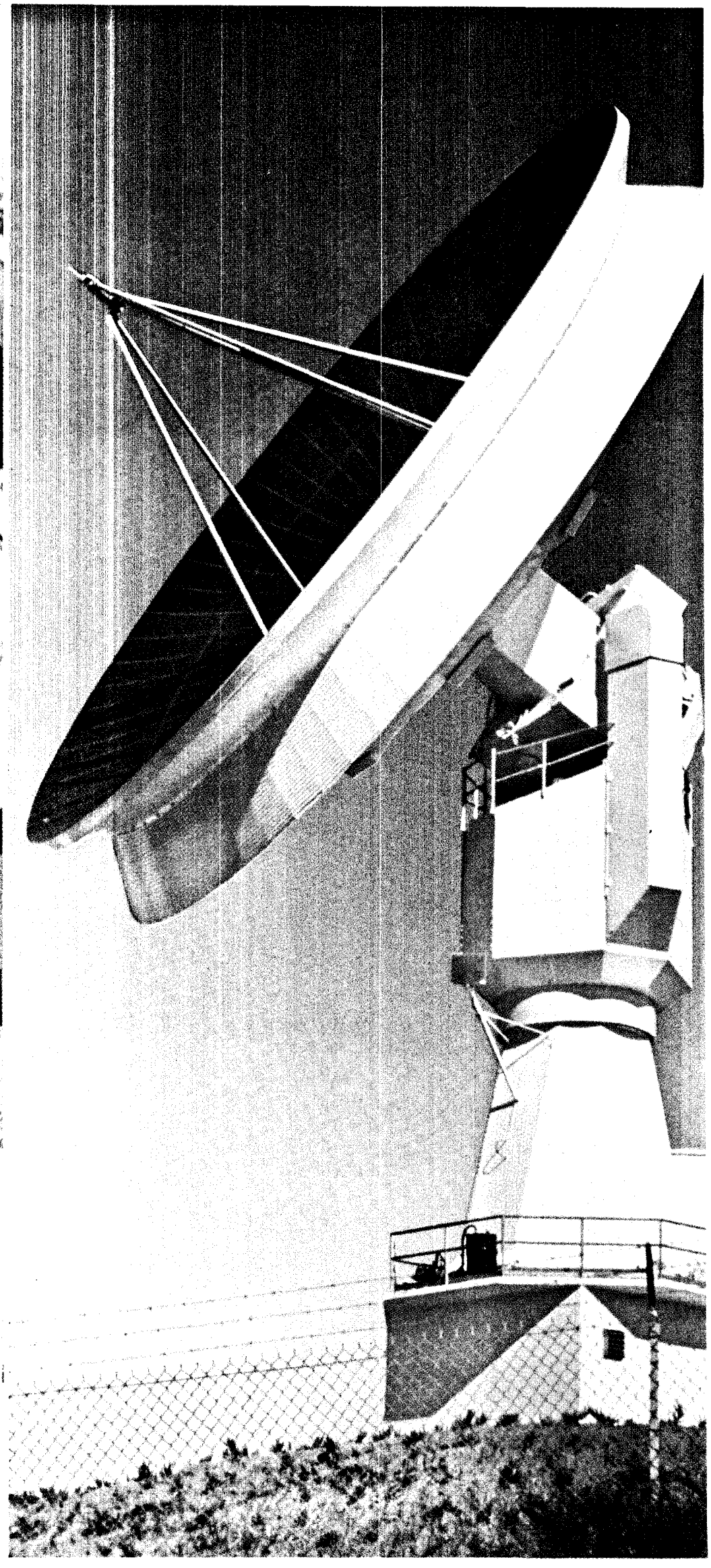
Philco-Bendix Hi-Speed Duomatic combination washes and dries the average family wash load (two sheets included) in just 58 minutes. It can be used as a washer or dryer alone or as a combination, yet it fits anywhere a washer alone will! Twice as many Duomatic combinations are in use as any other washer-dryer!



How do you get information from a satellite or missile in any phase of flight? Here's the answer: this giant 3-axis tracking antenna at Vandenberg Air Force Base, designed and built by Philco, receives vast amounts of information from outer space. This extremely accurate and complex instrument has complete flexibility of movement to provide continuous monitoring. Standing 80 feet high, with a 60-foot parabolic reflector, it is the largest antenna of its kind in the world!

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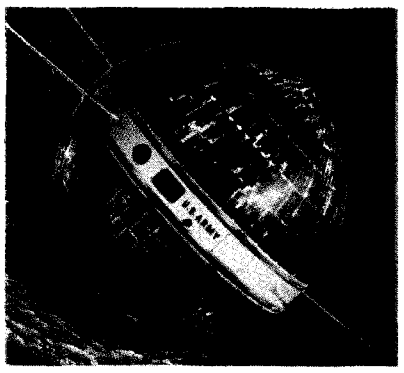
The folks on Elm St. just bought a new washer-dryer... *and a satellite-tracking antenna!*

Both were excellent buys... good values because of Philco quality.

The folks on Elm Street are delighted with their Philco-Bendix Duomatic® washer-dryer. But here's something they may not have thought of—the good value they and all America get in the scientific devices Philco makes for national defense.

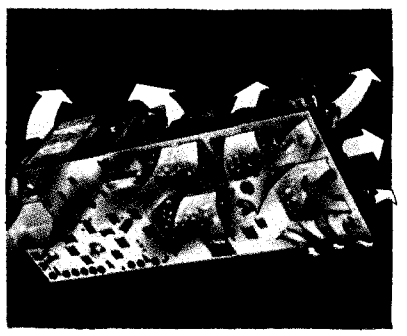
There are no more careful buyers than government procurement personnel. Philco's continuing Electronic Research and Development programs keep Philco in the forefront of electronic and aerospace technology. So Philco is a natural choice to design and develop advanced systems for communications, satellite tracking and command and data gathering.

To the 24,000 of us at Philco, the excellence and value of everything we make—for the home, for government or for industry—is our most important concern. When the name Philco appears on a product or a component, you just can't do better.

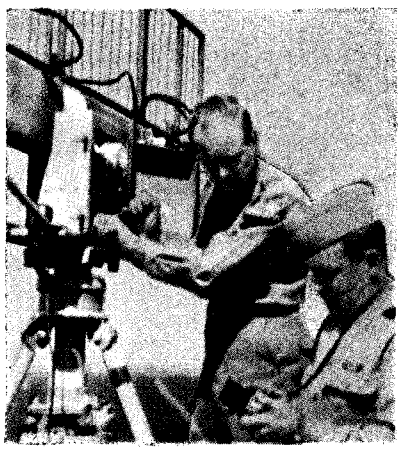


The Courier satellite, now whirling through space at 14,400 miles per hour, is the first step in a revolutionary new concept of instantaneous world-wide communications. Designed and built by Philco, it can receive, record and transmit 272,000 words every four minutes!

Easiest range to clean! The entire top of the Philco Tilt-Top range lifts up, lets you wipe up spill-overs as easily as wiping a dish. The Quick-Chef oven lifts out for cleaning at the sink . . . the "Broil-Under-Glass" unit eliminates smoke, splatter . . . the oven door lifts off . . . and you can clean under the range without moving it!



Philco Cool-Chassis eliminates the heat, major cause of TV breakdowns. The heat-barrier design directs the heat away from critical parts . . . Air flow mounting permits maximum cooling. This development of Philco research means you get longer TV life—get 90-day service, including parts and labor at no extra cost — with your 1961 Philco TV!



The Philco TechRep Division has more than 3,000 highly trained technicians on government and industrial assignment throughout the free world. They engineer, install, maintain, operate and train personnel for all makes and types of equipment and systems. Above, Philco TechReps at a radar station in Japan, part of the air defense network in the Far East.

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SPEAK!NG OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

LET'S STOP OVERDOING

By FRANK PAKIT

At local Little League games I have seen grown men fight with their fists over an umpire's ruling. I've seen small boys weep under tongue lashings from hulking coaches who should have had more sense. I've also seen a father slap his young son at a tryout, because his kid was afraid to put his glove out for a hard-hit ball.

All these emotional explosions, I feel, are manifestations of a great American failing: overdoing things. I cite Little League as an example because it follows so closely the classic pattern of overdoing. The league was a wonderful idea to start with. Some charitable people thought it would be a good thing to provide boys with adequate baseball fields and equipment. No one can quarrel with that. But in no time at all the thing mushroomed into an organization that dwarfs the American League.

If you're familiar with today's Little League, it includes numberless major and minor leagues, farm teams and hosts of talent scouts. Its adult managers and coaches strive for victory with evangelistic zeal. The training is Spartan. Scientific analysis is made of such vital statistics as the batting averages of ten-year-olds, how many errors they make in a season and how many bases they steal. There is even a Little League Ladies' Auxiliary, which is more than the American or National league can boast. Airliners are chartered to fly teams across the country, to Florida and California.

Meanwhile the original idea—to give boys a chance to play ball under ideal conditions—has been lost in the shuffle of organization charts. The result is that instead of a ball game for children we have desperate competition egged on by grownups, and bitter frustration for young boys who are pushed into the heartaches of mature competition before their time. In fact, the Little League seems to be run mostly for the benefit of adults. The kids have no voice in management or policy. Dragooned and classified, they are part of a complex organization, following orders like soldiers.

Couldn't we just give them facilities and minimal supervision and let them play for the fun of it? No! When the overdoers take charge, there's no room for individualism. It has to be a Big Deal, the Greatest Show on Earth—even a kids' ball game.

If your son ever plays college football, he will run into an even stronger example of the overdone. In many schools the football squad is a sort of Roman gladiators' troupe. A boy's diet, like a gladiator's, is planned for him. He attends long blackboard sessions, where a highly paid coach plots strategy with the urgency of one of Caesar's generals. His team is aided by spies, who discover the tactical and psychological weaknesses of the enemy (the other school's team). Make no mistake about it, by game time the opposing team *is* the enemy. At pregame meetings the coach, worried about his contract, curses and cajoles, weeps and beats his breast. The team goes forth not as a group of college boys playing for fun and exercise, but as warriors prepared to give the last pint of their blood. The proper stage setting—marching bands, precision-trained cheering sections, cheerleaders—is provided to intensify the artificial emotionalism. And of course it *is* artificial. There is nothing vitally important about a football game, which in many cases only decides which college hires the better players.

How about our personal relaxations? Golf, for instance, is basically a nice, quiet game, furnishing moderate exercise and a reasonable degree of competition. But how do we go about enjoying it? We take lessons from a pro, who tells us how to turn our wrists, how to hold our heads and how to plant our feet. We feel we must compete personally with Ben Hogan (who may hold his head all wrong). So golf, like bridge, bowling and our other diversions, becomes a grim struggle for perfection instead of a pleasant pastime.

Another notable advance in overdoing it came with our discovery of the casual life. Off with the tie and jacket! Let's escape all the fuss and bother of the dining room and have a cookout.

For a time cookouts were fun. If you recall the old-fashioned days, a cookout was an uncomplicated alfresco affair. You built your fire in a simple grill or between a few bricks set under an old oven shelf. You laid out a stack of hot dogs, hamburgers and rolls. A more demanding host might have a steak, and some gourmets went so far as to heat up a can of baked beans. Add a tub of iced soda or beer, and you had a cookout.

But that was in the old days before the cookout developed into Outdoor Dining. Nowadays dry Martinis are a must. The cooking is done on apparatus worthy of a missile laboratory. Gleaming with chrome, it includes automatic, variable-speed spits, electric charcoal starters, even a couple of ovens. Instead of humble hot dogs and hamburgers, we prepare epicurean creations that would tax the skill of a world-renowned chef. There are Cornish game hens turning on the spits now, and shish kebabs in greater variety than a sultan ever dreamed of. And of course, if you serve Cornish hens at your cookout, I'll be obliged to put up partridge and pheasant at mine. In other words, the cookout, far from the casual picnic of old, is now a function of such expense and complexity that it may affect your social standing.

If the luxuries of cooking leave you cold, consult certain men's magazines for further suggestions on casual living. One had an article not long ago on the proper appointments for a bachelor's hideaway. In case you're thinking of a neat little cabin in the woods with two bunks and a pot-belly stove, forget it, my peasant friend. The place I saw described would cause an Arabian prince to sell seventeen of his palaces.

These bachelor digs are built of aluminum and glass slabs. A control panel in the master bedroom electronically adjusts the Venetian blinds, opens the windows, starts breakfast and operates the television and hi-fi rigs. The headboard contains a refrigerator stocked with food and drink. A young man might exist here indefinitely without ever getting out of bed. But this is only the beginning. There is an outdoor-indoor swimming pool with underwater illumination. One side forms a glass wall for the sunken playroom. Through it one may watch beautiful female guests—who always seem to be around—swimming about like goldfish in an aquarium. I think

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FRANK PAKIT, *writer of stories and articles and confidential secretary to a judge, lives with his wife and two children on Long Island, where he has ample opportunity to observe people overdoing.*

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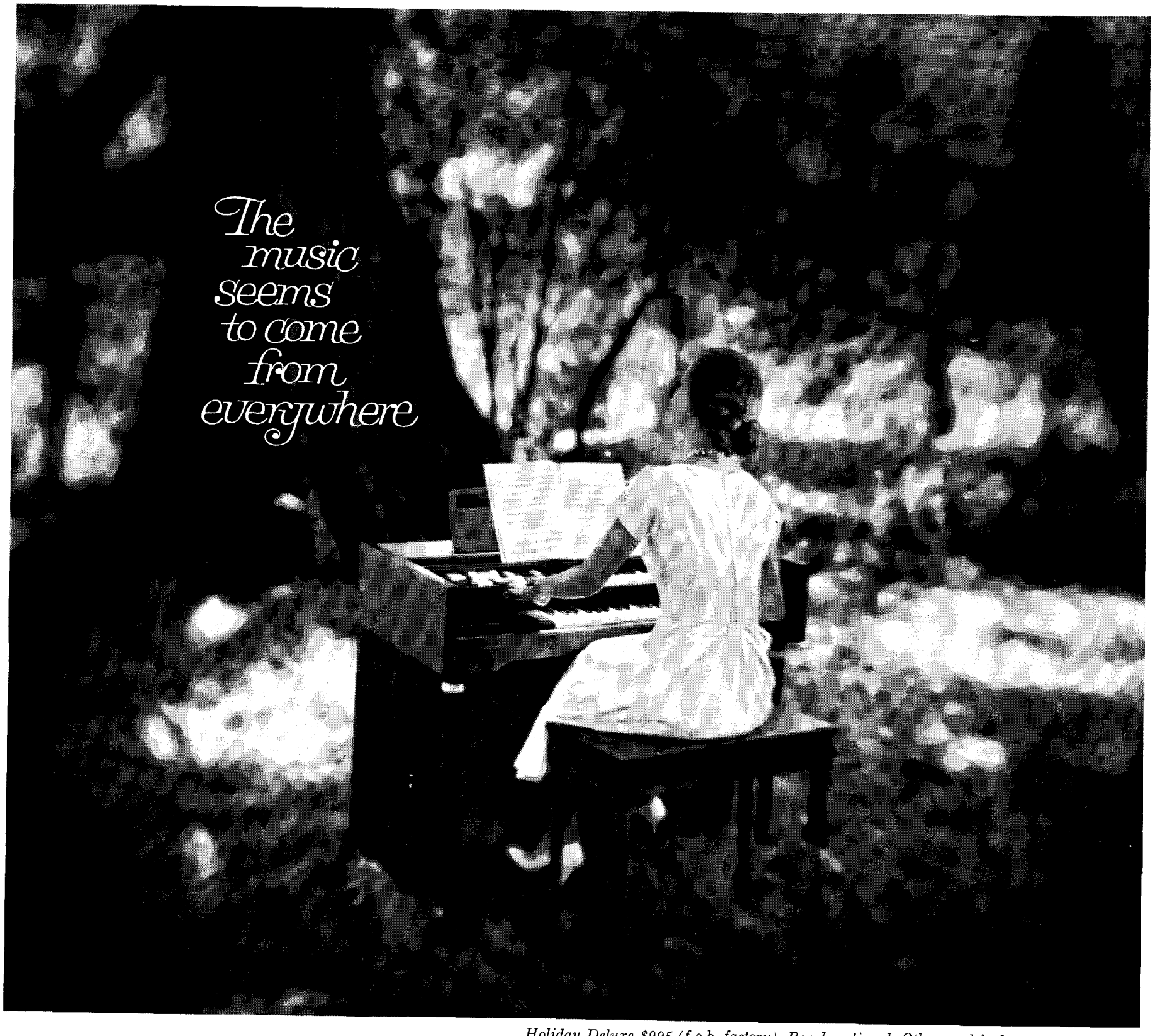

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Suddenly the clarinet sounds even mellower. The flute more bell-clear. The string bass richer, more vibrant. All of Lowrey's many instrumental features take on a new tonal dimension, fill the air with a soaring new sound! This is the special magic the famous Leslie speaker brings to this new Lowrey organ.

Even if you never had a music lesson, you'll be pleasantly surprised how easy it is to play the new Lowrey Holiday Deluxe. In fact, *anyone* can play his first tune in just minutes. Skeptical? Convince yourself at your Lowrey dealer's today. Ask him for a free home demonstration. The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois. In Canada, 9 Church Street, Toronto.

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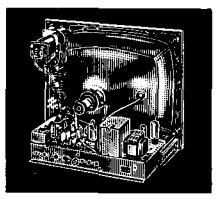
All-New 1962 Admiral Quality 23" TV

A masterpiece of precision quality fashioned in the finest furniture



Few may look beyond the grace and beauty of new Admiral 23-inch (overall diagonal†) TV. Yet there's a masterpiece of precision inside—a chassis unlike any other, engineered throughout for unmatched performance and long life.

Circuitry in Admiral's 23,000-volt SP23 chassis is held to a precision of *two and one-half thousandths of an inch and finer!* To achieve this, so-called handcrafted production methods had to give way to the unvarying accuracy of highly-advanced new machinery. Components, etched circuitry, assembly techniques—*all* are carefully tested and controlled.

This is Admiral Quality—quality that brings you such exclusive features as Automatic Picture Contrast Restoration for sharpest blacks and truest whites; a revolutionary new Compactron☆ tube for peak fringe-area reception and picture stability; a new precision electron gun especially designed to provide *lasting* edge-to-edge focus.

And now this exciting new *precision* TV is fashioned in a Masterpiece Collection of fine furniture. Choose from authentic period designs that will add new and lasting beauty to your home. Admiral Quality TV starts at only $169.95.*

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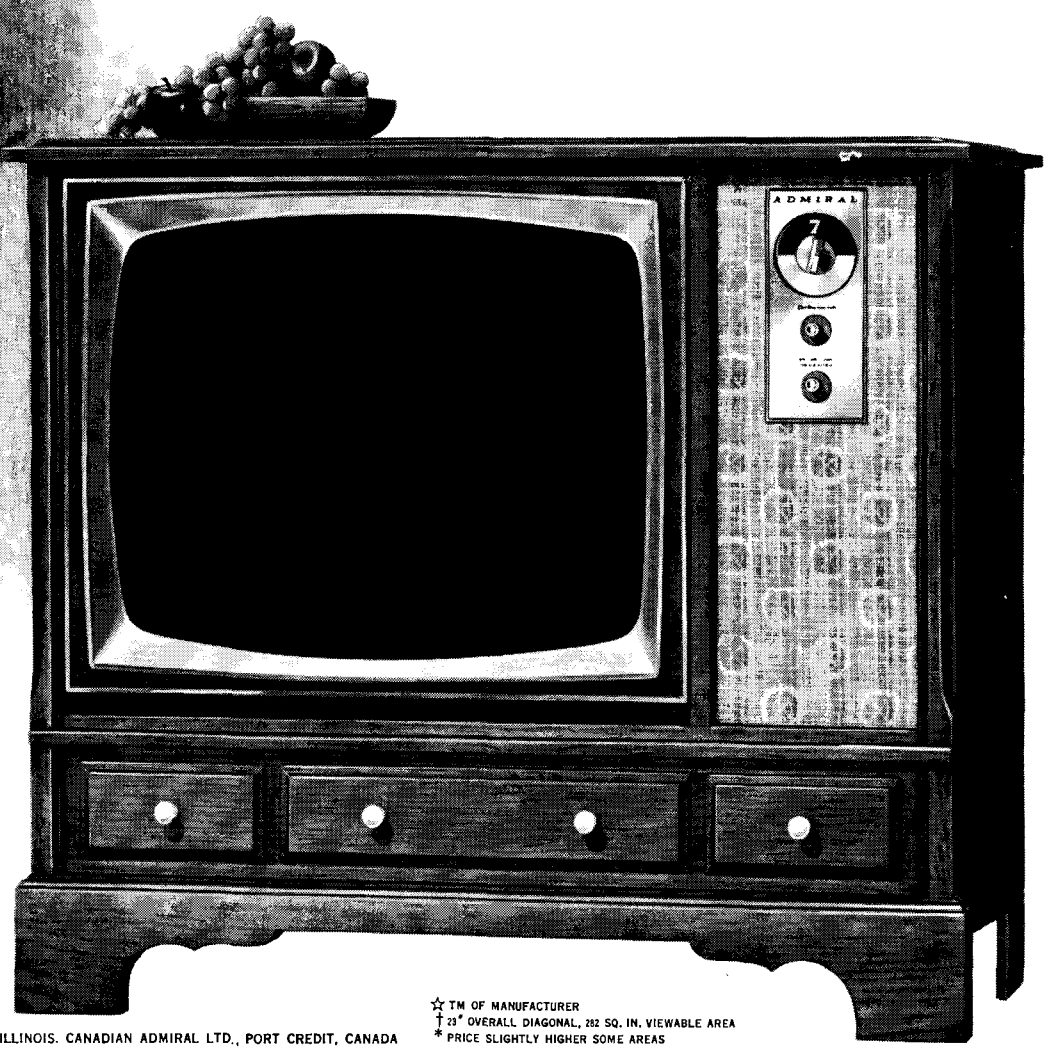

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Sometimes a lady has to "call out the reserves"

. . . and so does her electric light and power company!

Bob just phoned. Old friends in town. How about bringing them home for dinner?

So easy to say "yes" these days when you call on so many *extra resources* around the house—food in the freezer . . . electric helpers for cooking, serving, cleaning up.

Bringing this kind of dependable electric service to America calls for *extra resources* in the investor-owned electric light and power companies, too.

They keep lots of power capacity in reserve. Much of this reserve comes from a fast-growing method of connecting the company plants, lines and systems, called "Interconnecting and Pooling."

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"Interconnecting and Pooling" helps keep rates low, because all customers can benefit from the savings of the newest plants in a "pool."

You'll be hearing a lot more about what the investor-owned electric companies have been doing to expand this kind of service, because it benefits so many people. It's a big reason why the investor-owned companies can supply all the additional power America will need.

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SPEAKING OUT

there was also provision for a small runway. There'd have to be. Doesn't everybody own a plane these days?

Daydreams for adolescents? Perhaps. But we all go for them, or they wouldn't be so common.

Speaking of adolescents, isn't it about time we stopped overplaying the juvenile-delinquency kick? No one denies that we have a serious problem with the tartar horde that descends upon our communities from our own homes. But let's not get hysterical. A boy who happens to be over thirteen and under nineteen years of age is not necessarily a monster. But this description is precisely what a foreigner gathers from our newspapers. Juvenile delinquency, our favorite horror story, is played up without restraint. No distinction is made between crime and prank—between stabbing a grandmother and climbing a water tower to paint initials on the tank.

Let's be reasonable. The really bad kids are a small minority. Let's keep the thing in its sane perspective instead of building it up; let's have moderation in all things, as the saying goes.

Some traits, of course, can't be overdone—courage, honesty, true religion, the fight for great ideals. Perhaps the worst evil of overdoing is that overemphasis on trivia squanders energy we could spend on meaningful activity. For example, if a man has his brain stuffed with baseball statistics, how can he have room for anything of value? You've met this expert. He can tell you Whitey Black's batting average in 1948, how many times Blackie White struck out in the 1953 World Series, and fly into a rage about the way they traded Joe Whosis to Cleveland back in —— How can his poor skull possibly hold comparable information about his own job, let alone about the stream of current events?

Overdoing affects even our most venerable institutions. As with the Little League, I defy the wrath of my neighbors by saying the P.T.A. is another prime example of overdoing. The basic idea was sound—to establish better liaison between parents and teachers, thus improving Johnny's education. But the overdoers took charge. The result is that most P.T.A.'s are now sprawling semisocial organizations.

P.T.A. meetings seem to be designed for the enjoyment of parliamentary-procedure buffs. A large percentage of the members are officers, or have "titles." They bang their gavels with relish, make motions and second them, give speeches and form committees. Between meetings the P.T.A. stages barn dances, amateur theatricals, peanut-pushing contests and fashion shows. They have to. When you build up a big organization and hold meetings every week, you can't spend all that time and effort on constructive work. There isn't that much work.

Assuming that the aim of P.T.A. is improvement of education, I'm afraid its accomplishments have been less than spectacular. Every year the schools turn out more semi-illiterates, and educational standards drop lower and lower. Before P.T.A. existed, you could discuss Johnny's problems with his teacher; you can still do it that way. So how much more can be accomplished by holding meetings and forming committees? Perhaps educational techniques might best be left to professional teachers instead of well-meaning but unskilled parents.

Of course, this attitude is based on the assumption that qualified teachers are plentiful. If there aren't enough good teachers, no amount of chumminess will improve the ones we have. The fault lies then with the school boards that hire them, and the remedy is to elect perceptive school boards.

I suspect P.T.A. overdoing has been largely responsible also for the meringue that replaces solid meat in so many of our schools. We're building schools with all kinds of additional rooms—except classrooms. We're up to our ears in administrators. We provide adult-education courses in guitar playing and ceramics. But we still aren't teaching Johnny how to read and write properly. This is the result of overdoing—it inevitably puts emphasis on the wrong things.

Why all the overdoing, the frantic pursuit of perfection in inconsequential things? Certainly it is rooted deep in our national heritage. Some psychologists blame feelings of insecurity, the need for acting big. There may be something to this theory, but I think the chief cause is far simpler.

The early colonists, clinging to the edges of a strange, vast continent, lived a life of austerity. Later the pioneers hacked their way into the wilderness and took their livelihood from the soil. Still later, waves of immigrants fleeing a different kind of oppression—poverty—hit our shores. There was work for all, but it was hard work.

Most of these folks had one thing in common: They were poor and they lived rugged lives, with little recreation and no luxury. Not until after the First World War did American living standards begin to rise sharply, and not until World War II ended did real improvement come for the masses.

Perhaps the overdoing is our way of making up for the years of underdoing, for the grim austerity endured in building a new nation. But the pendulum has traveled full arc in the opposite direction. We've had our fun being big shots in things that are not big at all. We've been canny baseball managers in Little League; we've been erudite parliamentarians in P.T.A. meetings; we've been expansive playboys and heroes. We've also raised the cardiac and high-blood-pressure rates by seizing every fad to come along.

Why not snap out of it? There'll always be plenty of causes worth getting excited about, worth organizing for—causes that justify efforts in terms of humanity and progress.

But let's try relaxing and taking it a bit easier on all the inconsequential things, shall we? THE END

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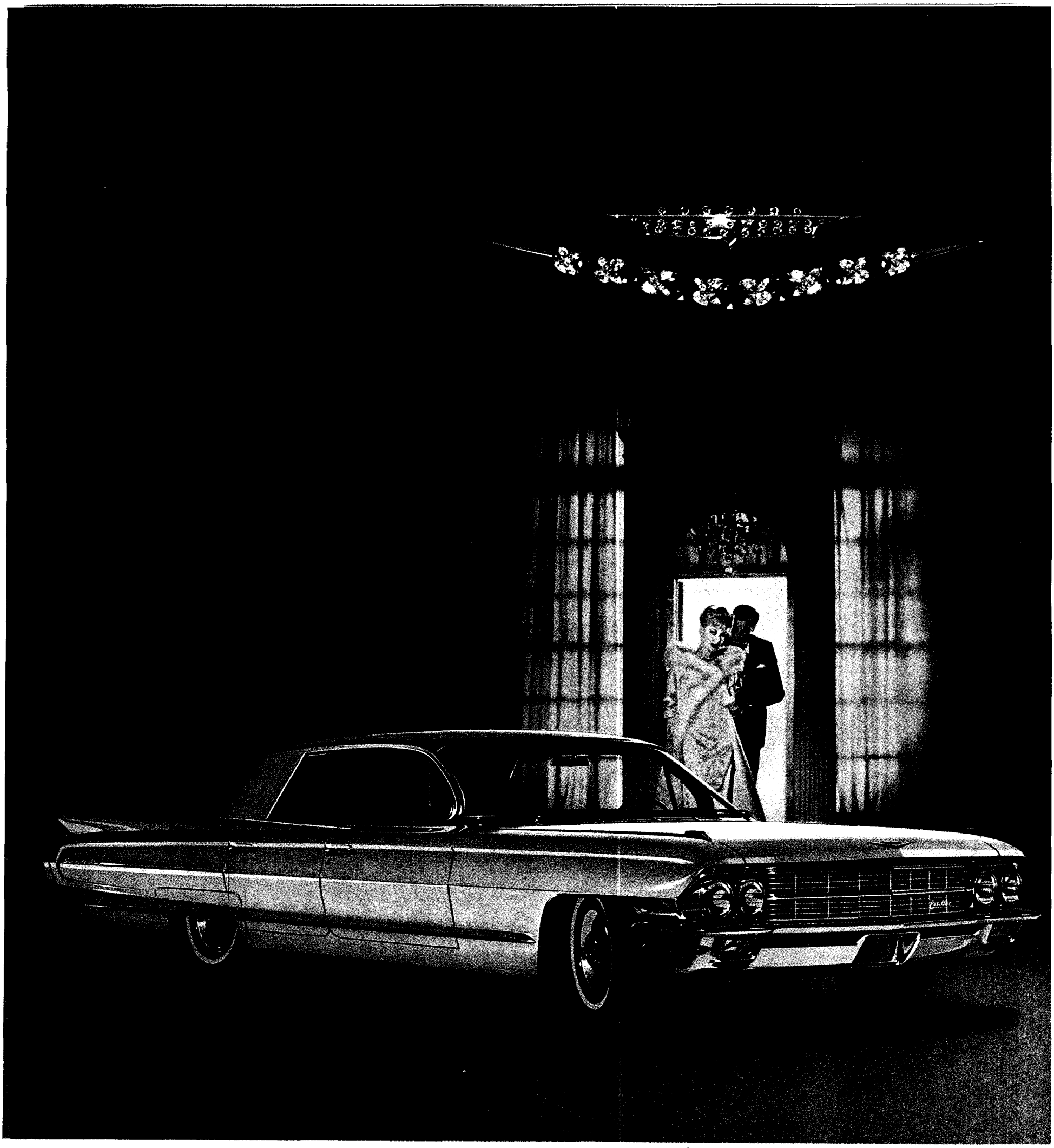

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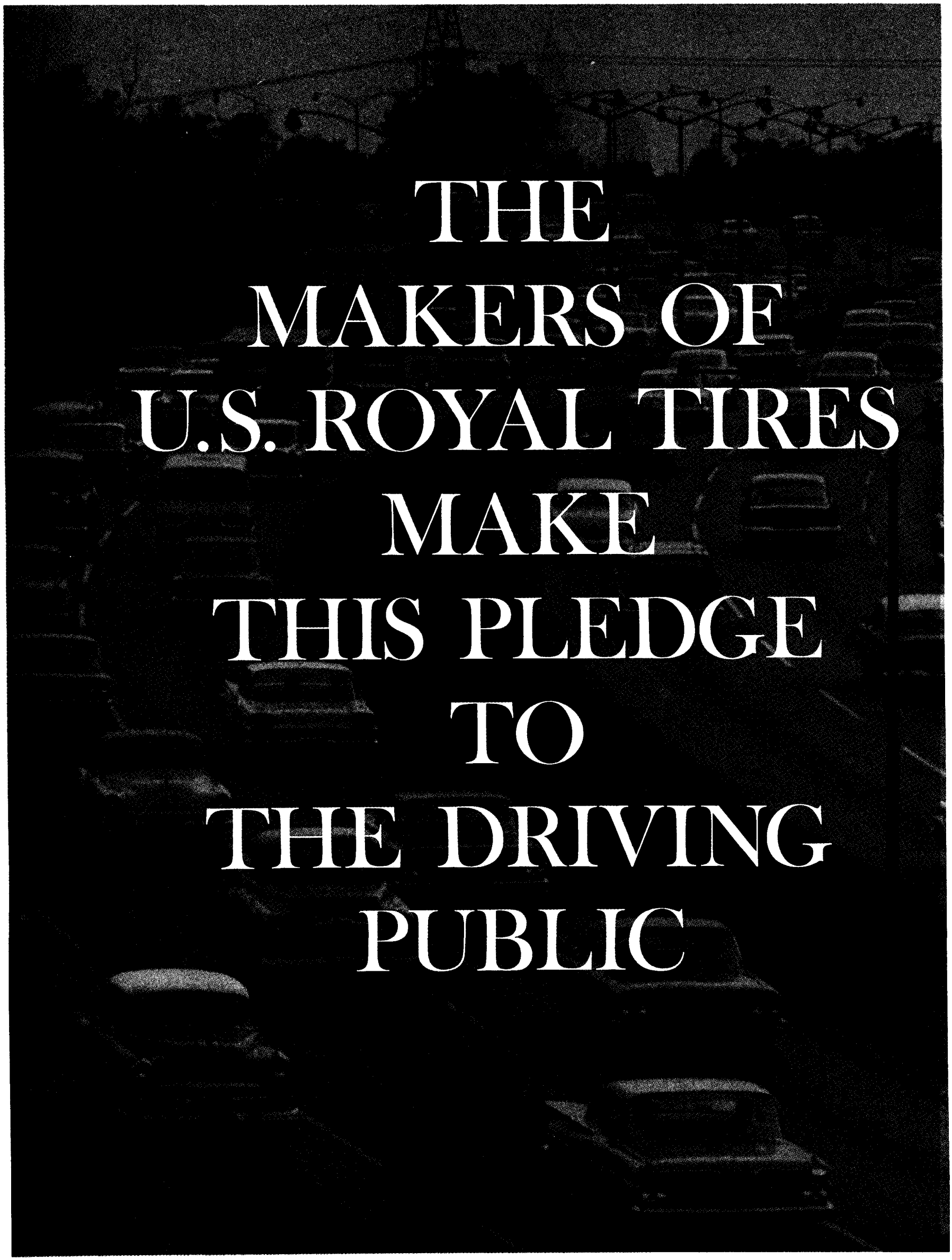

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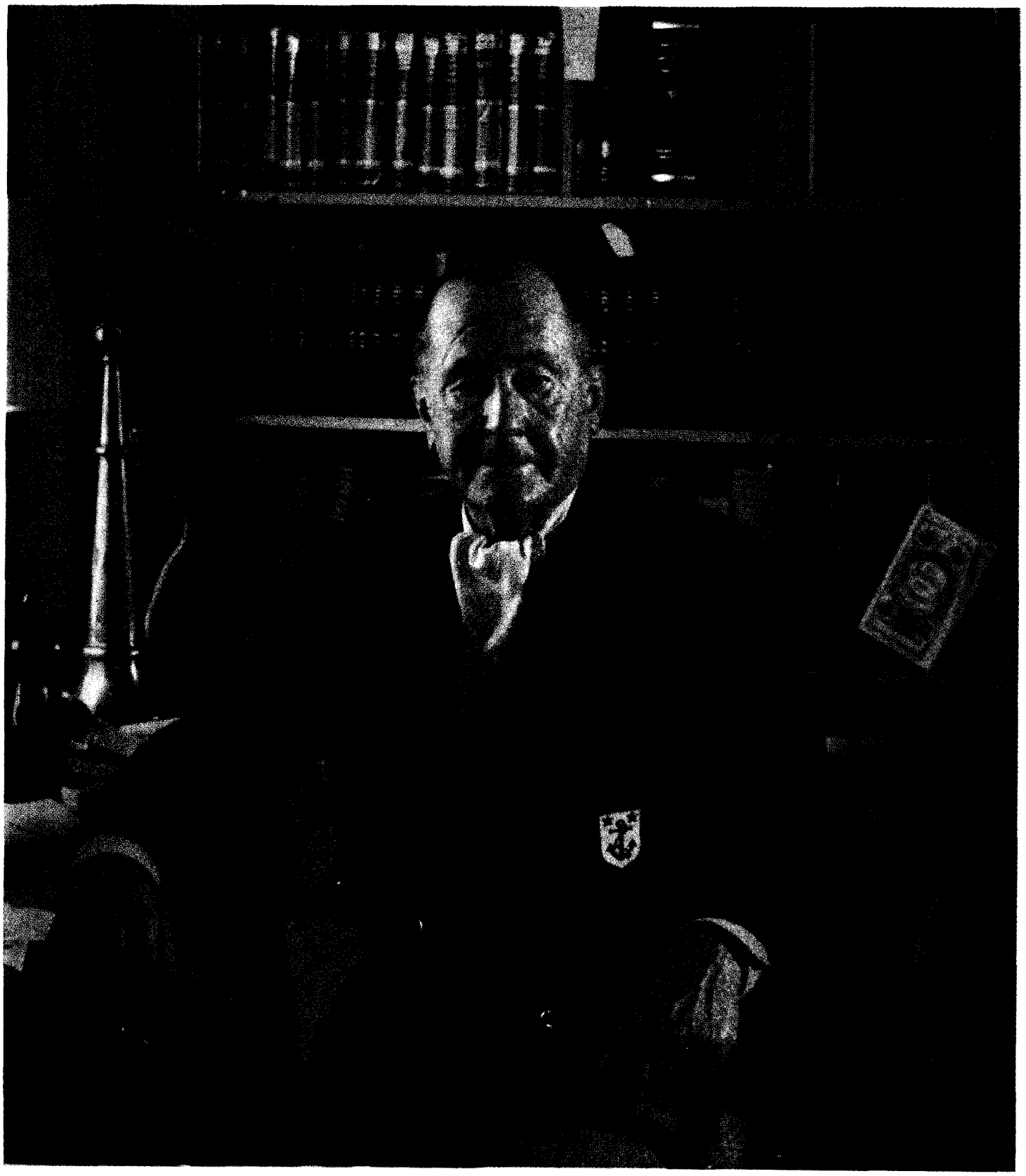
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

The Lessons of PEARL HARBOR

A distinguished historian re-creates that "day of infamy" and finds in it a warning for the present.

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON



The author at his summer home in Northeast Harbor, Maine. Behind him is the forty-volume Congressional report upon which Admiral Morison's article is based. Photograph by Arnold Newman.

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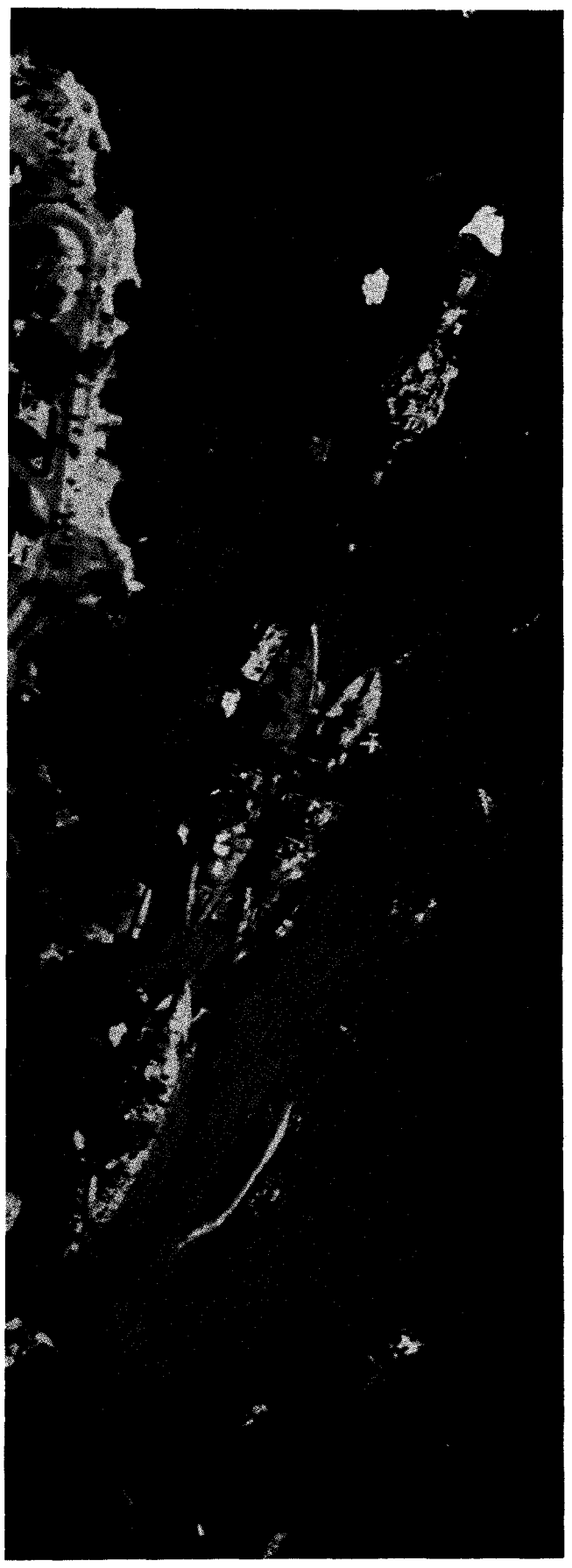
The Lessons of PEARL HARBOR



"Battleship Row" shortly after the attack. *Arizona* (top), *West Virginia* (center, right) and *Oklahoma* (bottom, capsized) sank only minutes after the raid began. Japan's surprise blow had wiped out the Pacific Battle Fleet as an offensive unit.

1. *What Happened at Pearl on 7 December 1941*

Twenty years have now elapsed since the greatest military disaster in American history, the surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The news of it, coming over the radio on that Sunday, was so astounding that practically every American now thirty years old or over can remember what he was doing when he heard it.

The facts are fairly well known and agreed upon; but the question of why it happened has been the subject of several official investigations, the published reports of which fill more than forty volumes of print; and the subsequent myths and legends could fill as many more.

Let us first review what happened, next inquire into why the Japanese did it, then try to assess responsibility for the surprise—if it was a surprise—at Washington and Pearl Harbor, not forgetting Manila, and finally, review some of the myths that have sprung up about it.

Washington had sent a "war warning" on 27 November to the top Navy and Army commanders on Oahu—to Adm. Husband E. Kimmel, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, whose headquarters overlooked Pearl Harbor, where the bulk of that fleet was based; and to Lt. Gen. Walter C. Short, commanding all Army forces in the Hawaiian Islands. Neither officer was particularly impressed by the warning for reasons that we shall relate shortly.

Admiral Kimmel on 14 October had ordered any strange submarine approaching the entrance to Pearl Harbor to be sunk, and warned his entire fleet that "a single submarine attack may indicate the presence of a considerable surface force probably composed of fast ships accompanied by a carrier." But when that submarine appeared, in the early hours of 7 December, almost everyone who heard about it dragged his feet.

At 3:45 A.M. 7 December, *USS Condor*, a minesweeper off the entrance to Pearl Harbor, sighted the periscope of a two-man midget submarine and passed the word by blinker to destroyer *Ward*, also on patrol. But nobody relayed the sighting report to naval headquarters. *Ward* located the sub, which she sank by gunfire at 6:45 A.M. Her commanding officer promptly reported this, but owing to delays in communications, the Pacific Fleet duty officer, the naval-district commander, and the air-operations officer at Ford Island were still discussing these contacts over the telephone when the bombs began to drop.

The Army, responsible for six mobile radar stations, which were spotted around the coast of Oahu, lost an even better chance to alert Pearl Harbor. These Army radars were still being operated on Sundays between four A.M. and seven A.M., and only to train radar operators, not with any idea of detecting any strange aircraft. The radar set located at Opana on the northern point of Oahu was manned on 7 December by Privates Joe Lockard and George Elliott. Between 6:45 and seven A.M. they tracked what we now know to have been two Japanese planes, reconnoitering ahead of the attack group. They reported this to the radio information center at Fort Shafter, near Honolulu, but the duty officer, an inexperienced lieutenant, merely ordered them to secure for the day. Being eager to learn, however, they continued to work the radar. Presently they saw on the screen "something completely out of the ordinary"—blips indicating an enormous flight of planes. The flight was then 137 miles north approaching at 182 mph. The boys again called the duty officer, who told them to "forget it."

At 7:40 this first Japanese attack wave—forty torpedo bombers, forty-nine high-level bombers, fifty-one dive bombers and forty-three fighters—sighted the Oahu coast line. By 7:50 they were over Pearl Harbor, ready to strike the moored battleships and murder their crews. At that moment in Washington the Japanese ambassadors were getting ready to call on Secretary of State Cordell Hull and break off diplomatic relations.

On board the American ships, only about one in four of the machine guns was fully manned. The main and five-inch batteries were not manned, nor were the plotting rooms, directors and ammunition supply; ready ammunition was in locked boxes, and the officer of the deck had the keys. Among the seventy combat ships and twenty-four auxiliaries in the harbor, only one destroyer was under way.

A few seconds before or after 7:55—nobody could remember which—the attack began. The air suddenly seemed filled with strange planes, but so unprepared mentally were our armed forces that nobody, for seconds or even minutes, recognized the planes as Japanese, despite their conspicuous red "meat-ball" markings. Most people assumed that this was an air drill, and thought it too realistic. It was not until 7:58 that Rear Adm. P. N. L. Bellinger, commanding the Navy's air arm, broadcast a message that shook the United States as nothing since the firing on Fort Sumter: AIR RAID, PEARL HARBOR—THIS IS NO DRILL.

First object of the Japanese aviators was to sink the eight battleships, which (except *Pennsylvania* in dry dock at the Navy yard) were moored, singly or in pairs, to massive quays a short distance off Ford Island. The Japanese aviators knew just where to find them and exactly how to sink them. Sixteen "Kate" torpedo bombers launched torpedoes from low altitudes—forty to 100 feet above the water. Almost simultaneously, "Val" dive bombers began combing "Battleship Row," dropping conventional bombs and converted sixteen-inch armor-piercing shells, which penetrated the decks and exploded below.

We can hardly imagine the consternation that this sudden onslaught created among sailors on board and ashore. Yet the bluejackets' reaction, against hopeless odds, was superb. Between explosions, one could hear sailors knocking the padlocks off ready ammunition chests.

Oklahoma, outboard of the southernmost pair of battleships, was struck by three torpedoes before she had a chance to fight back. The senior officer on board ordered "Abandon ship" almost immediately, and by 8:15 she had rolled completely over, losing 415 officers and men out of 1354 on board. *Maryland*, inboard of her, suffered only two bomb hits and the loss of four men. *West Virginia*, outboard of the next pair on Battleship Row, took six or seven torpedoes and two bombs. Ensign Leo Brooks, officer of the deck, ordered, "Away fire and rescue party," when he heard the first bombs fall on Ford Island. This brought everyone topside on the double and saved hundreds of lives. Prompt counterflooding then corrected her twenty-eight-degree list and allowed her to settle on the bottom almost upright. She lost 105 killed out of 1500 on board. *Tennessee*, inboard of *West Virginia*, lost only five killed.

Arizona, torn apart by torpedo and bomb explosions within one minute of the attack's beginning, lost 1103 officers and men killed out of 1400 on board. The wreck has never been formally decommissioned, and every day a color guard

Today: Oil still seeps from *Arizona*, a tomb for hundreds of her crew. Above the surface, scaffolding marks the site of a permanent memorial now under construction.

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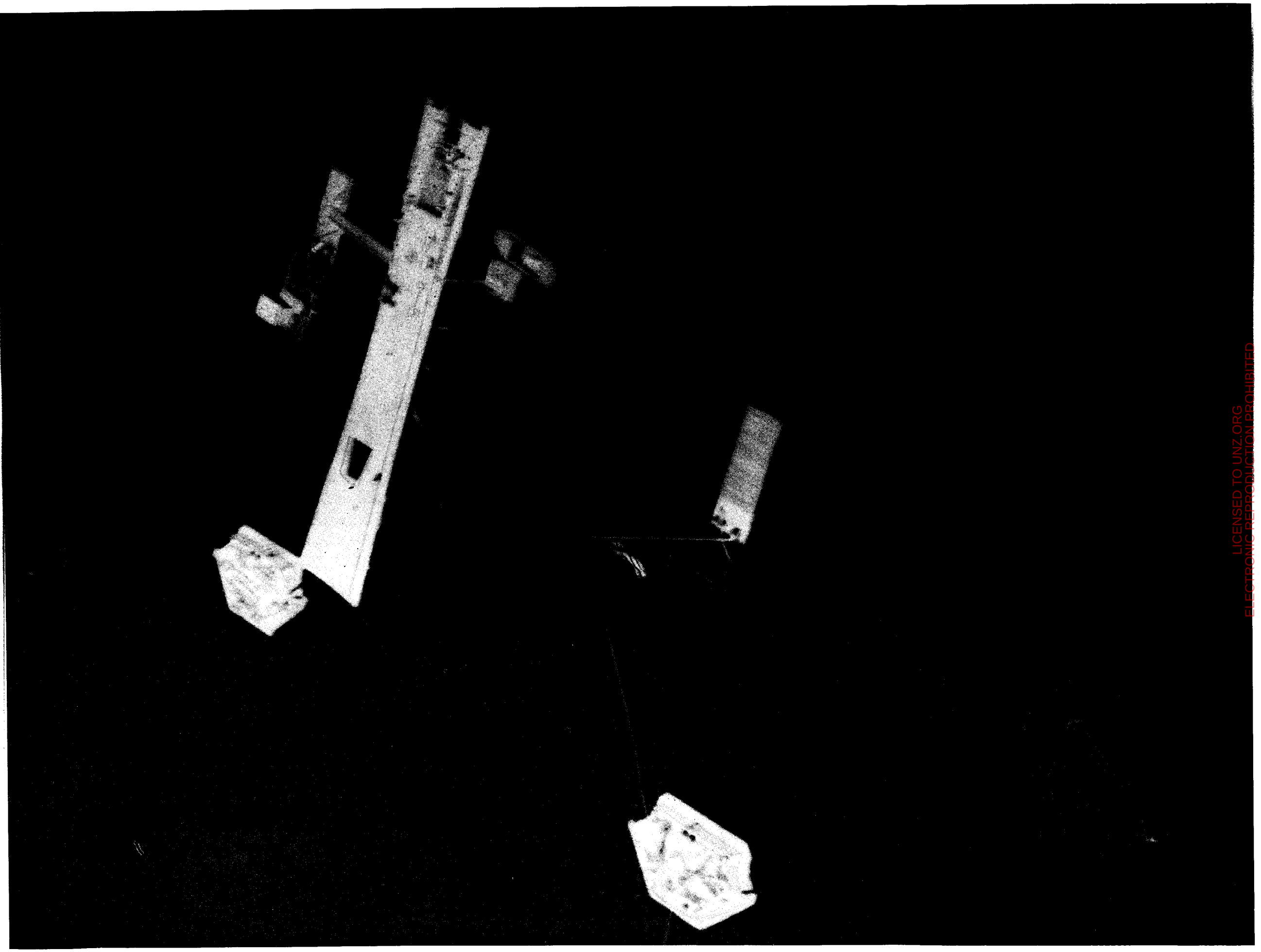

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raises and lowers the ensign on the stub of her mast which still extends above the surface where she sank.

On *Nevada*, at the northern end of the row, the color guard had begun making morning colors and the band had struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner* just before the attack. And in spite of two strafing runs by Japanese planes, nobody broke ranks until the band had finished playing the national anthem. By that time a torpedo had torn a hole in her side forty-five by thirty feet, and her young acting skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Francis Thomas, got his ship under way and beached her off Waipio Point to prevent her sinking. She lost fifty officers and men killed.

Thus, in half an hour the Japanese bombers accomplished their most important objective, wrecking the battle force of the Pacific Fleet beyond any possibility of offensive action within a year. They also knocked out almost half the military planes on Oahu. Army Air Force had 231 aircraft on Oahu before the attack, but only 166 at its close, half of them damaged. Navy and Marine Corps lost ninety-six out of 150.

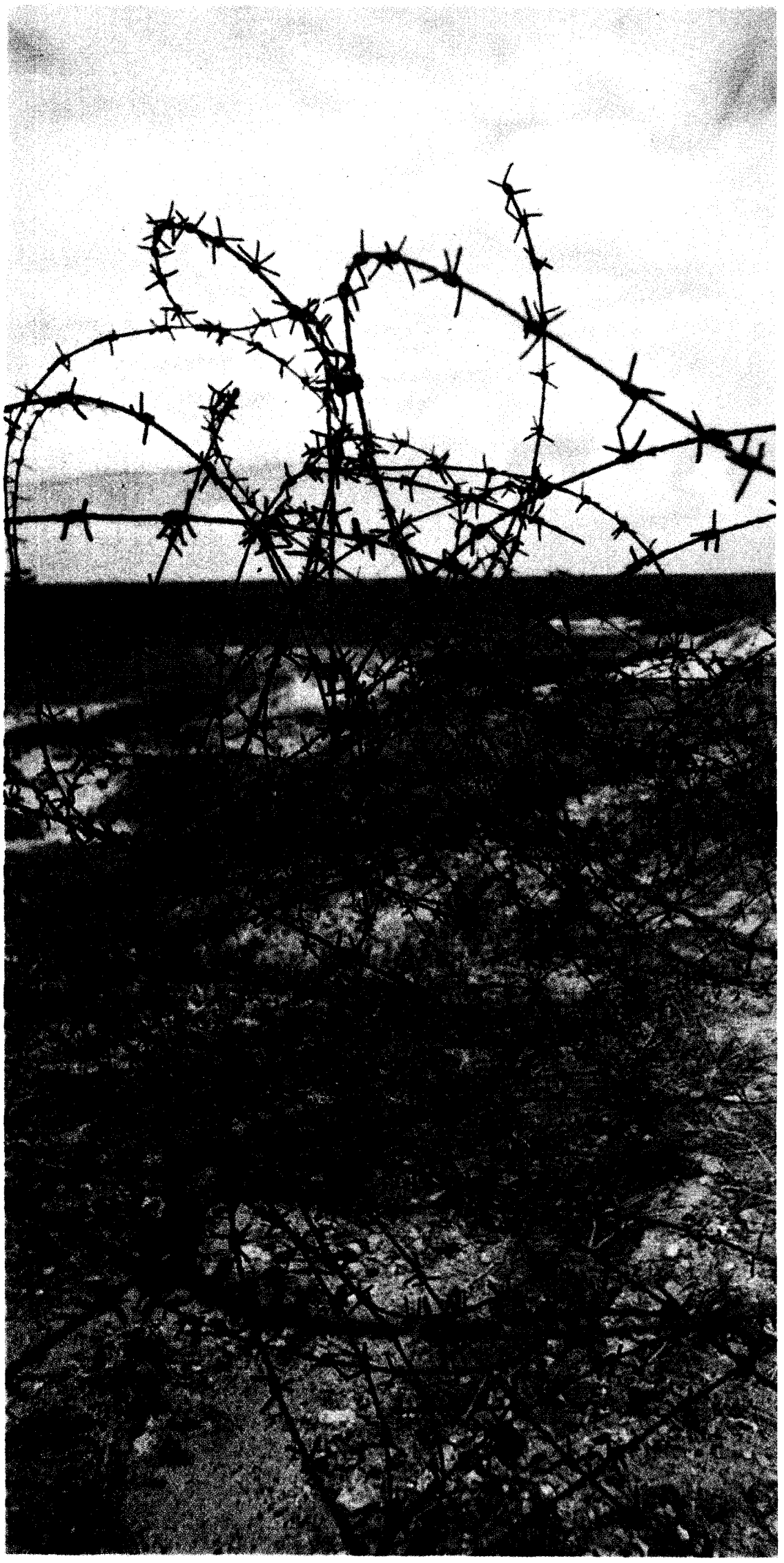
When the second Japanese attack wave of 130 bombers and forty fighters appeared at 8:40, it was met by a hot barrage of antiaircraft fire and inflicted little additional damage. At 9:45 all Japanese planes over Oahu rendezvoused and returned to their carriers. Some seventy-four of these were shot full of holes, but only eight fighters and twenty bombers had been shot down, and one more fighter crash-landed on the island of Niihau. A devastating two hours was over. The Navy had lost more than 2000 officers and men killed and 710 wounded, about thrice as many battle deaths as in the two previous wars of 1898 and 1917–18. The Army and Marine Corps together lost 327 killed and 433 wounded. In addition some seventy civilians were killed.

2. *Why Did Japan Do It?*

The attack on Pearl Harbor was but a part—and not the most important part—of a comprehensive Japanese plan for the Greater East Asia War. Formulated bit by bit, this plan was finally brought together at an Imperial Conference on 6 September 1941. The real objective was the populous islands of Southeast Asia, rich in natural resources and strategic materials, possession of which would enable the Japanese to dominate East Asia and finally the world. The scheme was based on the expectation that both England and Russia would shortly be defeated by Hitler—as France and The Netherlands already had been—and hence be unable to protect their Far Eastern colonies. Thus, the only country capable of interfering with Japan's plan for massive conquest was the United States, and the only armed forces that the Japanese feared were the United States Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor and the B-17's of the Army Air Force in the Philippines. These, therefore, must be destroyed at the outset.

Japan would then invade Luzon, Guam, Thailand, Hong Kong and British Malaya, proceed at her leisure to conquer the Netherlands East Indies and various island groups in the Pacific, and—if Britain resisted—Burma, India and Australia. After that it would be easy to throw Chiang Kai-shek out of China and take over that vast country. It was the boldest scheme of conquest in modern times, not excepting Hitler's; and *it very nearly succeeded.*

Adm. Isoruku Yamamoto was the author of the Pearl Harbor attack plan, and his enthusiasm won the consent of the Naval General Staff. On



Barbed wire, to turn back invaders who never came, rusts away at Kaena Point.

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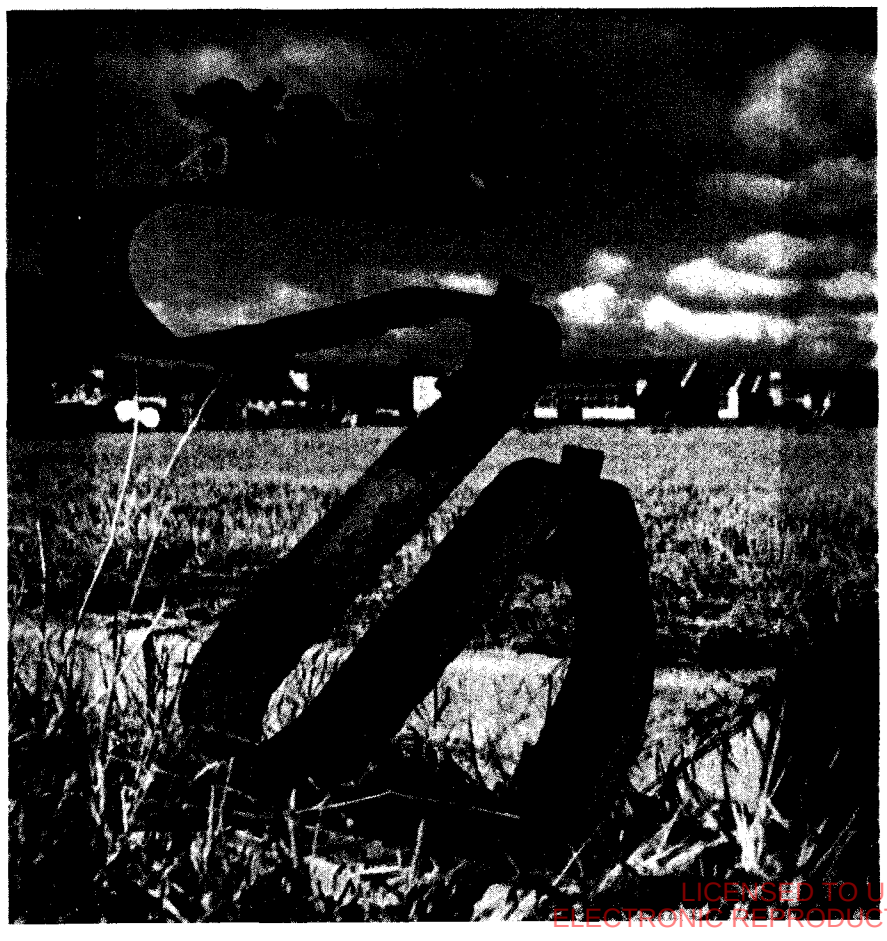
A bullet-riddled HQ building at Hickam Field, where 158 soldiers were killed by Japanese aircraft.

The hulk of *Utah*, destroyed at her berth at Ford Island (background).

A twisted door jamb, part of a gasoline enclosure, remains near a runway at Wheeler Field, hard hit by dive bombers in 1941.



13 September 1941 specific training for it began. Plans and preparations were kept so secret that nobody in the Japanese Government, except the emperor, Premier Tojo and Foreign Minister Togo, knew anything about it. On 5 November Admiral Yamamoto set 8 December (which would be the 7th in American time) as the date, owing to information from Lt. Cmdr. Suguru Suzuki—who visited Pearl Harbor as a civilian tourist in late October—that Admiral Kimmel always moored the battle fleet in Pearl Harbor over weekends. The location and movement of every ship was dispatched weekly—and later, thrice weekly—by a Japanese naval ensign acting as assistant to the consul at Honolulu.

The Japanese striking force, under Vice Adm. Chuichi Nagumo, comprised Japan's six biggest aircraft carriers with 423 planes on board, two battleships, three cruisers, nine destroyers, three submarines, and eight oil tankers and supply ships. It sortied from the inland Sea of Japan in echelons so that no Allied observer noted anything unusual. By 22 November the ships had rendezvoused in a desolate bay of the Kurile Islands. Thence they sailed on 25 November—west longitude, or Hawaiian date, which I am using from now on—and followed an unfrequented northern route. Radio operators listened eagerly to the commercial broadcasts from Honolulu for hints that the Americans suspected something; they heard nothing but the usual jazz, soap opera and routine news. The skies were scanned for snooping planes, but none appeared; and at dusk on 6 December, it seemed certain that the striking force was undetected.

Course now was shaped due south, and through a night of thick overcast the striking force charged forward at twenty-six knots. Heavy cruisers *Tone* and *Chikuma* thrust ahead to catapult two reconnaissance float planes, which Privates Lockard and Elliott saw on their radar screen at 6:45. These planes reported all plums in Pearl Harbor to be ripe for the picking. Nagumo reached his launching point, about 275 miles north of Pearl Harbor, at six A.M. The first attack was launched without mishap, and the 183 planes orbited waiting for their strike commander, Capt. Mitsuo Fuchida, to give the word to go.

We already know what happened next.

No Japanese had any compunction about playing dirty ball, according to western standards—striking a treacherous blow on a nation with which Japanese diplomats were still negotiating. Faith in plighted word is no part of totalitarian ethics, whether Nazi, Communist or, as in Japan's case, merely militarist.

One cannot help admiring the tactical skill, the secrecy and the precision with which the Japanese Navy performed its treacherous mission. Yet the strategy which dictated it was so bad as to be considered, after the event, almost imbecile. It was based on the supposed necessity for Japan to eliminate the menace of the Pacific Fleet on the left flank of her southward-moving forces of conquest. But as Admiral Kimmel wrote to Adm. Harold R. Stark, Chief of Naval operations, on 2 December, the Pacific Fleet was so deficient in auxiliaries that if war were declared next day it could not even start west from Pearl Harbor before February of 1942. Nor could it have reached the Philippines, after occupying key points in the Marshalls and Carolines, before midsummer. Such a "menace," 4500 miles from Japan's line of advance, was no menace at all; her war lords might as logically have said that America itself was a menace and must be destroyed.

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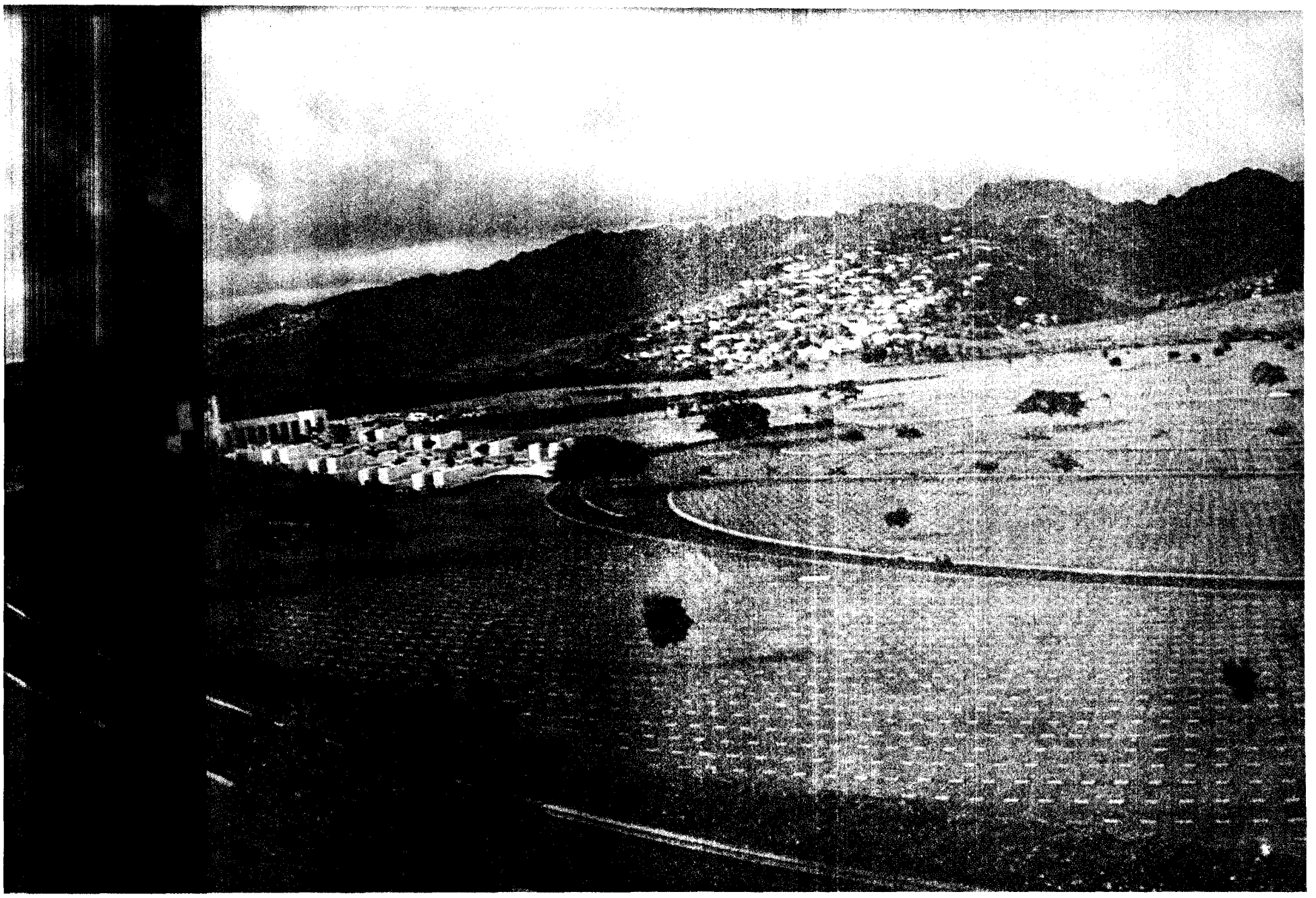

The National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, in Punchbowl Crater overlooking Honolulu, is the burial place of 14,000 American servicemen. The 112-acre site was dedicated September 2, 1949.

A principal reason why Washington and Pearl Harbor were caught unawares was their inability to imagine that Japan would do anything so suicidal. But Ambassador Joseph Grew in Tokyo warned Washington on 3 November 1941 against "any possible misconception of the capacity of Japan to rush into a suicidal conflict with the United States. National sanity would dictate against such an event, but Japanese sanity cannot be measured by our own standards of logic. . . . Japan's resort to (war) measures . . . may come with dramatic and dangerous suddenness."

Mr. Grew's warning fell on deaf ears. Dr. Stanley Hornbeck, Far Eastern expert of the Department of State, in a memorandum to the Secretary dated 27 November—two days after the Japanese carrier force sailed for Pearl Harbor—predicted Japan would "endeavor to avoid attacking or being attacked by the United States."

3. *Why Was Washington Surprised?*

Ever since 1940 Army and Navy cryptographers in Washington had been decrypting and translating documents sent in Japan's secret diplomatic "purple" code. But nowhere in this secret correspondence was an attack on Pearl Harbor mentioned, or even hinted. Tojo's message of 22 November to his Washington ambassador, for instance, said that the twenty-ninth was the deadline for preserving peace by negotiation. "After that, things are automatically going to happen." But what things? He did not even inform his ambassadors what to expect.

Intelligence from consular offices, observers and friendly powers in the Far East, starting in mid-November, indicated a massive southward move of Japanese transports and combatant ships. That is what the Japanese wanted us to know. Thus, everyone in Washington "in the know" expected war in the Far East but was uncertain exactly where. Admiral Stark's "war warning" message of 27 November to Admiral Kimmel mentioned Thailand, Malaya, and the Philippines as possible targets, but not Hawaii.

In retrospect, there was one decrypted dispatch which might have tipped off Washington. This was the so-called "berthing order" from Tokyo on 24 September to the Japanese consul at Honolulu to report not only ship movements in and out of Pearl Harbor but exactly where each ship in harbor was anchored or moored. The consul duly obliged, and at least one of his reports was intercepted and translated at Washington. After the event, it seems almost incredible that nobody thought this worth forwarding to Admiral Kimmel—Pearl Harbor possessed no machine for decrypting the Japanese purple code. But before the event it appeared to be only one of scores of such orders which for over a year past had been sent to Japanese consuls in major seaports of the non-Axis world. Even Capt. Theodore S. Wilkinson, Director of Naval Intelligence, did not notice its significance; he thought it merely indicated Japan's desire to know what ships were ready to sortie, if we declared war. And Rear Adm. Richmond Kelly Turner, the highly opinionated Director of War Plans, was concentrating on the European theater, in which he expected the Navy to be deeply engaged shortly. He did not even notice the berthing-plan document.

Washington, moreover, was determined that the United States would not begin a war with Japan. That was the meaning of a passage in the diary of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, recording the cabinet meeting of 25 November, after it was known that Tojo had set a deadline for peaceful settlement. The President predicted that "we are likely to be attacked perhaps (as soon as) next Monday. . . . The question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves." This has been made much of by those trying to prove a conspiracy between F.D.R. and his cabinet to get us into war. Stimson's use of the verb "maneuver" was unfortunate, but his intent is clear: We would not provoke the Japanese by an overt act; peace would continue unless they chose to strike us. Abraham Lincoln's attitude about Fort Sumter was identical.

On Saturday, 6 December, Tokyo began transmitting to its Washington embassy in purple code a long note for the State Department, breaking diplomatic relations. Army Intelligence had the

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first thirteen parts decrypted, translated and in the hands of Brig. Gen. Sherman Miles, head of Army Intelligence, and Captain Wilkinson, at 10:30 P.M. These thirteen parts were a long rehash of Japanese-American relations, accusing us of warmongering in East Asia. President Roosevelt also read them that evening and exclaimed, "This means war!" But the note gave no hint of an attack on Hawaii. Gen. George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, and Admiral Stark were out that evening and could not be located.

Admirals Stark and Turner were in the former's office at 9:15 A.M. Sunday, 7 December, when CaptainWilkinson and Cmdr. Arthur McCollum, head of the Far East Section of Navy Intelligence, brought in the translation of Part 14, the "snapper" which broke off diplomatic relations; but even Part 14 did not declare war or threaten immediate attack. And about an hour later Commander McCollum brought in the "time of delivery" message, an order from Tokyo to its ambassadors to destroy all coding machines after presenting the fourteen-part note to Secretary Hull at one P.M. That was an odd hour for a diplomatic meeting.

McCollum and his opposite number in Army Intelligence, Col. Rufus S. Bratton, and Lt. Cmdr. Alwin D. Kramer figured it out from a time chart on the wall. One P.M. in Washington was 7:30 A.M. at Pearl Harbor. That might be only a coincidence, but it might also mean an attack there and there only—for one P.M. in Washington would still be night at Manila and Guam. Wilkinson suggested that Admiral Stark at once call Admiral Kimmel on the telephone. Stark demurred, feeling that since the Army was responsible for the defense of Hawaii, Marshall should do it. Marshall, contacted on his return from his Sunday-morning horseback ride, came into Stark's office about 11:30. In tense silence he read all fourteen parts, agreed that they meant immediate war, and that Pearl Harbor and Manila should be alerted at once. Marshall's communicator said he could get the word to Pearl in twenty minutes. Rear Adm. Leigh Noyes, Director of Naval Communications, offered to send it through Navy channels. Stark declined (again, Navy-Army punctilio), and the message, filed at noon—6:30 A.M. in Hawaii—was so delayed by routine clogging of Army channels that it was finally given to Western Union and reached General Short many hours later, after the attack was over. It was an innocuous message, concluding, "Just what significance the hour set may have we do not know, but be on the alert accordingly"; it could hardly have helped much.

4. *Why Was Pearl Harbor Surprised?*

Now the strangest thing about the surprise at Pearl Harbor is the fact that during the first ten months of 1941 both Army and Navy commands there considered a surprise air attack on the fleet a distinct possibility, even a probability. And they had been warned from Washington to be on the alert during weekends. The basic United States war plan, issued 26 May, envisaged the possibility of a surprise attack on the fleet at Pearl. Admiral Kimmel's operation plan of 21 July predicted that the initial action would be "possibly raids or straight attacks on Wake, Midway, or other . . . outlying possessions." And we have already quoted his warning to his fleet. Yet the possibility seemed to fade from everyone's mind.

What, then, was the reason for this "unwarranted feeling of immunity from attack," as Fleet Adm. Ernest J. King later described the state of mind at Hawaii on 7 December? The main reason was that Pearl received the same information that Washington did about the press of Japanese shipping moving southward. As Kimmel's intelligence officer testified, "We saw this movement growing; we had reports from shore observers in China, assistant Naval attachés, merchant skippers, consular authorities, that they had seen these ships loading and going out . . . in a convoy, and the entire movement was noted as going south."

Thus Stark's "war warning" message of 27 November, floating like a chip on this spate of intelligence, conveyed to Kimmel and Short that Washington expected war about to break somewhere in the Far East, but not at Pearl Harbor, and that the only thing of immediate concern to them was to protect airplanes and military installations from local sabotage. General Short

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even notified General Miles that he had alerted the Army planes against sabotage only; and although that message went to Brig. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, assistant chief of staff, and General Marshall, neither took any exception to it. For Washington, as we have seen, was as vague and uncertain about what was going to happen—and where—as Pearl Harbor itself.

Even so, because a surprise raid on the fleet, although improbable, was still a possibility, the commanders at Hawaii should have taken some precaution, such as widening the scope of the very meager air searches out of Pearl Harbor. Kimmel and Short should at least have communicated the 27 November war warning to their air commanders, Rear Admiral Bellinger and Maj. Gen. Frederick Martin. After 27 November, air search was increased from the Panama Canal Zone, and—I have been told—from San Diego and Bremerton, but not from Oahu. Admiral Kimmel did send air reinforcements to Wake and Midway Islands by carrier; but apart from that, everything in Oahu followed peacetime routine.

Secretary Stimson later wrote that General Short was "like a sentinel on duty in the face of the enemy," who is supposed always to be on the alert. The comparison was inexact. A sentinel walking his beat has one first duty, to guard against intrusion or surprise. Pearl Harbor lay more than 2000 miles from the nearest point—Jaluit in the Marshalls—where the enemy was known to be, and the Hawaiian commanders had very pressing training and administrative duties. If any U. S. commands could fairly be compared with a sentinel, they were Gen. Douglas MacArthur's and Adm. Thomas Hart's at Manila.

A commemorative cross stands in Kole Kole Pass, through which attacking bombers approached Schofield Barracks and Wheeler Field (background).

5. *Surprise in the Philippines*

The debacle in the Philippines was never investigated, and many of its aspects are still a matter of controversy. But these facts stand out. In spite of the Asiatic Fleet's having a purple-code machine, which enabled it to crack all the secret Japanese messages, and in spite of General MacArthur's having nine hours' warning that Japan had assaulted Pearl Harbor, his planes were caught grounded at noon. Yet General MacArthur became a national hero, while General Short and Admiral Kimmel were retired under a cloud.

Both commanders in the Philippines took the 27 November war warning seriously and stepped up air search. Admiral Hart, the taut, wiry commander in chief of the Asiatic Fleet, sent his two cruisers and most of his destroyers from Manila Bay to harbors in southern Philippines or Borneo. General MacArthur, commanding general of the Philippine Department, ordered all B-17's around Manila to be flown to Del Monte, Mindanao, for safety from a surprise attack; but by 7 December only half of them had left.

News of the Pearl Harbor attack reached Admiral Hart's headquarters in Manila at 2:30 A.M. 8 December East longitude date, which was eight A.M. 7 December, Hawaiian time. His deployment southward was almost complete, and there was nothing he could do but alert the Asiatic Fleet to prepare for air attack. General MacArthur got the word about an hour later, and official confirmation came from Washington at 5:30 A.M. At dawn a flight of planes from a small Japanese carrier attacked the U.S. seaplane tender *William B. Preston* in Davao Gulf, opening the war in the Philippines. And at 9:30 bombers from Formosa struck Baguio and Tuguegarao airfield in northern Luzon. So there was no possible doubt that we were at war with Japan or that the Philippines were on their list for conquest.

Nevertheless, at 11:30 almost all B-17's and fighter planes in Luzon were "safely" grounded on the complex of airfields about Manila. The ground crews then began loading the bombers with bombs for a raid on Formosa, and the pilots went to lunch. Thus, when twenty-seven Japanese bombers appeared over Clark field at about 12:15 P.M., their delighted pilots found the B-17's all lined up like sitting ducks, dropped their bombs from about 22,000 feet altitude and were off and away, unscathed. Then came more bombers and strafers—192 in all—to pound the airfields. Total losses to our side were seventeen B-17's, leaving only one in Luzon; fifty-six fighter planes and twenty-five miscellaneous aircraft; many installations destroyed; 80 men killed and 150 wounded—at a cost to the enemy of only seven fighters. On the first day of war, despite ample warning, the Far Eastern Air Force as an effective combat unit had been wiped out.

Thus, if the surprise at Washington remains incomprehensible to some and the surprise at Pearl Harbor incomprehensible to others, even less comprehensible is the surprise in the Philippines, nine hours after word had reached Manila that we were at war with Japan. Yet the basic fault lay in the inability of the American people, including the presidential administration, Congress, and many leaders of the Armed Forces, to face the probability of a Japanese blitzkrieg and to prepare for it. How secure we felt, that Sunday morning, with the Pacific Fleet at Pearl as a "deterrent," and the B-17's in the Philippines! What an education in military preparedness and military intelligence the Japanese gave us on that "day of infamy," as President Roosevelt called it!

6. *The Investigations and the Myths*

A disaster so unexpected and appalling required investigation and gave rise to myths, many of which are still firmly believed by a considerable number of people. The President promptly sent to Pearl Harbor a commission of two generals and two admirals, with Justice Owen J. Roberts of the Supreme Court as chairman, to investigate the attack on the spot. They reported early in 1942 that Admiral Kimmel and General Short "failed properly to evaluate the seriousness of the situation"; that their "errors of judgment were the effective causes for the success of the attack." During the war there were one Army and two Navy investigations. Finally came the Joint Congressional investigation, which spent seventy days hearing testimony between November, 1945, and May, 1946, covered every political, diplomatic and military phase of the approach of war with Japan at Washington and Pearl Harbor—but not Manila—and published 39 volumes of documents and testimony. The 500-page report of this committee blamed Kimmel and Short for "errors of judgment . . . not derelictions of duty," and also condemned War Plans and Intelligence divisions of the War and Navy departments for not acting promptly on the one P.M. hint Sunday morning.

In addition there were numbers of personal investigations, of which the most bizarre was that of the astrologer who pretended to have predicted the attack. Certain Army officers early in 1942 became so interested in this man's story that they appealed to Vannevar Bush, and he appointed Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astronomer, to investigate. Shapley called on the astrologer, who had a sheet of figures before him which Shapley recognized as a table of natural sines. With their help, the astrologer said, he had been working out a prediction of the Pearl Harbor attack; but as the Government would give him no money to help in the mathematical calculations, he didn't get it finished until 8 December! His line of reasoning went something like this: Pluto, the ninth planet of the solar system, had been recently discovered; nine is a mystic number; Pluto was a god of the underworld, which suggested ants; ants build conical hills, which suggested Fujiyama; therefore, something sinister was being plotted under the shadow of Fuji; and if he had only been given help, his tables would have proved that this was to be an air attack on Pearl Harbor.

Although the congressional committee repudiated the charge that the President and his advisers "tricked, provoked, incited, cajoled or coerced Japan into attacking this Nation, so that a declaration of war might more easily be obtained from Congress," that did not satisfy everyone. The "Roosevelt Conspiracy" theory seems to have been hatched in the purlieus of the Chicago *Tribune*. During the war, and frequently later, that journal declared that the Japanese attack was instigated by the President, owing to his disappointment over Hitler's refusal to "bite" at the short-of-war policy of helping Britain; that the date and target of the attack were known to him but concealed from the theater commanders.

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One month after the war, the *Tribune* printed an article by John T Flynn giving the full-fledged conspiracy theory. In 1947 there appeared a 400-page book by George Morgenstern, a former *Tribune* reporter, called *Pearl Harbor, the Story of the Secret War.* This was followed by Charles A. Beard's *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War* (1948) and Rear Adm. Robert A. Theobald's *The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor* (1954), all highly selective in their facts, wrong-headed in their interpretations, and almost as wild in their reasoning as the astrologer's.

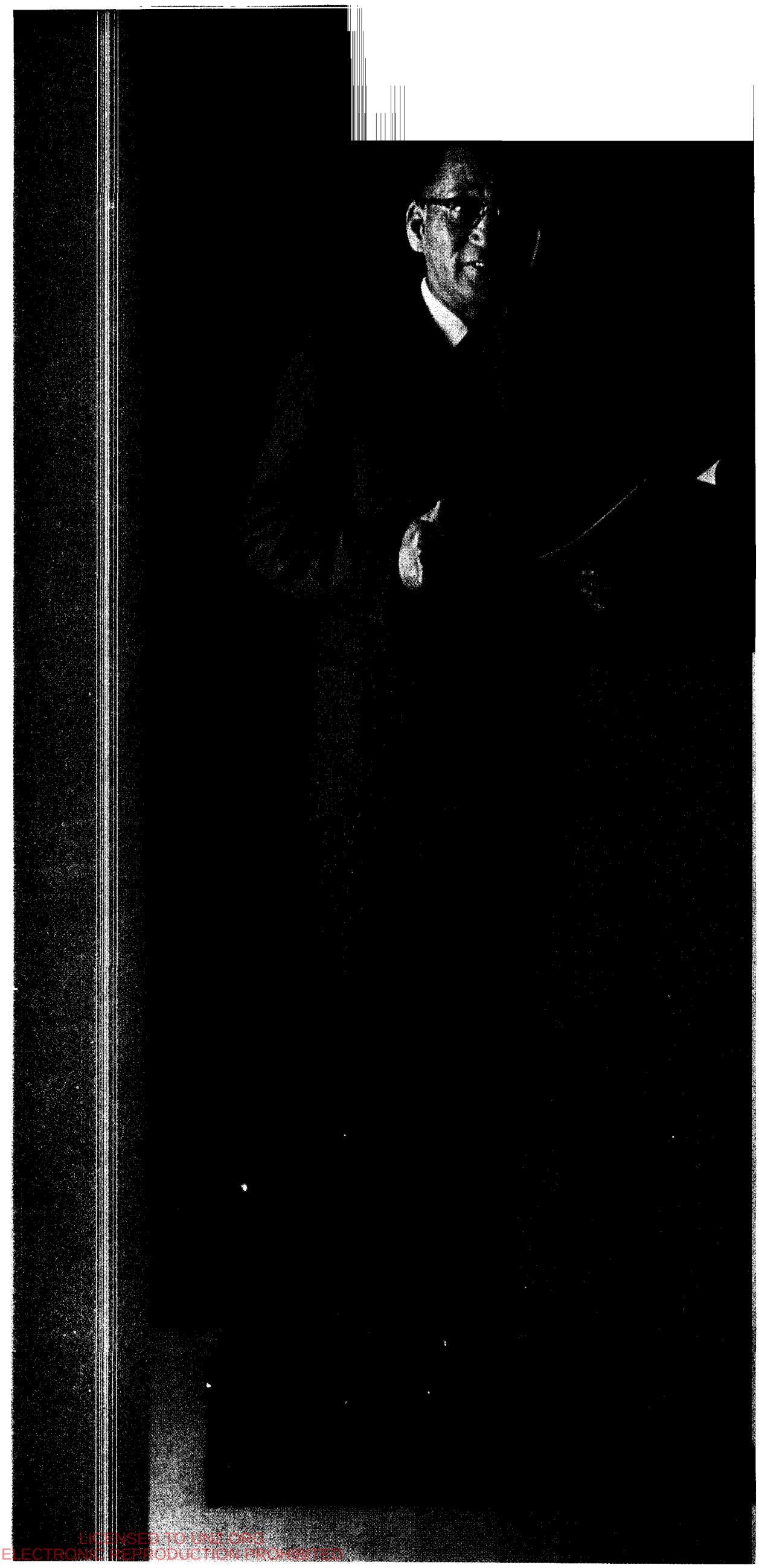
Even if one believes the late President of the United States capable of so horrible a gambit, a little reflection would indicate that he could not possibly have carried it off. He needed the connivance of Secretaries Hull, Stimson and Knox, Generals Marshall, Gerow and Miles, Admirals Stark, Turner and Wilkinson—all loyal and honorable men who would never have lent themselves to such monstrous deception. More reflection might suggest that if Roosevelt and his "service pets," as Morgenstern calls these officers, had schemed to get us into the war, their purpose would have been better served by warning the Hawaiian commanders in time to get the fleet out to sea. Even a frustrated attempt to strike Pearl Harbor would have been sufficient *casus belli* to satisfy the most isolationist congressman.

Justice Roberts's commission spiked several of the earlier Pearl Harbor myths, such as the story that Kimmel and Short were not on speaking terms and the charge that half the men in the armed forces were drunk. Others, such as suppressed reports of sighting of the Japanese carriers by *USS Boise* or an Australian ship, were proved to be false.

In conclusion, Kimmel and Short are to be blamed for not scanning the horizon, as it were, after the war warning. But they were no more to blame than officers in Washington—especially Admirals Stark and Turner, and Generals Marshall and Gerow. It was the setup at Washington and at Pearl, not individual stupidity, which confused what was going on. No one person knew the whole intelligence picture; no one person was responsible for the defense of Pearl Harbor; too many people assumed that others were taking precautions that they failed to take.

Since World War II the methods of obtaining military intelligence and, what is more important, of evaluating it and seeing that the proper people get it have been vastly improved. But we were surprised by the North Koreans in June of 1950, surprised when China entered the war later that year, surprised by the utter failure of the attempt this year to invade Cuba, and surprised by many, fortunately short-of-war, moves by Khrushchev. In a cold war such as the one in which we are now engaged, it is vitally important to find out not only the capabilities of our potential enemy but also his intentions. THE END

The writer is greatly indebted to Mrs. Roberta Wohlstetter for permission to read her yet unpublished study *Warning and Decision at Pearl Harbor* and to Walter Lord's *Day of Infamy* (1957) for many facts that he did not encounter when he made his first study of Pearl Harbor for *The Rising Sun in the Pacific* (1948). That volume and this article are based largely on Congress's Pearl Harbor Report of 1946.



Right: Mitsuo Fuchida, who has become a Christian, led the attack force of 353 fighters and bombers. Photograph by Fred Lyon.

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FORGIVE HIM

He was known as Frank Saddler. His six employees and his many clients respected him, putting him down as a bear for work, a reliable man and fair. He was close-mouthed about his private life, but never so busy or involved in his own affairs that he wouldn't chat with an acquaintance or take the time to exchange a joke. What he had was his own, earned by his sweat and brains, and he took his success quietly. There was nothing discordant in the image of himself that he turned to the world.

But an unusual visitor came to his office one morning, and almost immediately Frank Saddler began to change. He was working at his desk when Clara McIntyre, the receptionist, an innocent girl only six months out of high school, came to his office looking scared.

"There's a man outside," she quavered, "a fat man. He looks like a—a tramp. He wants to see you. He says to tell you it's Chappy."

Frank Saddler stiffened, his eyes widening.

Clara went on, unable to stop. "He says he's your brother! I didn't believe him, Mister Saddler. I tried to make him go away, but he wouldn't. He just smiled."

"He's still in the reception room?" Frank Saddler demanded. Clara nodded unhappily. Her employer rose without a word, snatched his coat and hat out of his closet and strode toward the corridor.

His secretary, Mrs. Merten, a gray-haired woman, came to the office a few minutes later. Clara told her about the upsetting visitor. Mrs. Merten stared. "I've been working here six years," she told Clara. "He's never said a word about a brother."

That was how it started. When Frank Saddler left his office for the reception room, he was too startled to consider any alternative. Chappy it was, with his hands in his pockets and his head tilted back, looking older, of course, and badly used, but still self-possessed, still capable of a superior grin. He wore an unpressed suit of coarse brown wool, a stained gray fedora with a hole at the peak and a rumpled tan shirt with a loosely knotted knit tie. His big-toed shoes were unshined.

Frank Saddler noted that much as he approached and took the other man's arm and firmly turned him around, saying, "Let's go downstairs; we'll have a coffee somewhere."

"I've eaten," Chappy objected. "I wanta see your office."

"No," Frank said firmly. "Not a chance."

So they left the suite and silently took the elevator eight floors down to the busy mid-city street. It wasn't until they were seated in a cafeteria two blocks away, with two cups of coffee before them, that they looked into each other's face.

"Nineteen years, I think, ain't it, Frankie?" Chappy said awkwardly.

"Yes, about," Frank answered remotely, feeling tense and trapped, thinking, *Can this really be my brother?*

"Saddler," Chappy said. "How long you been using that name?"

"Since I had that—that trouble, nineteen years."

"Czäpeko is still good enough for me," Chappy commented.

"That's your affair," Frank said. "How'd you find me?"

Chappy grinned. "I was comin' down Main Street this morning, 'bout eight-forty-five, and you walked right past me. I recognized you right away. You're heavier, you're losin' a little hair, but you ain't changed much otherwise. I just followed you into your building and asked the elevator girl if you were Frank Czäpeko. She didn't know anybody with that name; but when I described you, she said, 'Oh, that's Mister Saddler.' So I looked you up on the directory and came upstairs. Easy."

Easy, Frank thought bitterly. *After nineteen years he finds me, and now we're having coffee as if nothing happened.*

"A coincidence," Chappy said. "I been driftin' around a lot since the last time I saw you, but I never hit this town before until last week." He sipped his coffee. "You look good, you know," he said. "Nice suit, good hat. You're doin' all right, I guess. That's a classy office you got upstairs, what I saw of it." He lowered his cup. "So you're an importer. That's nice goin'. So what else? You married? Got any kids?"

Frank Saddler closed his eyes, thinking of his family. It was nearly ten o'clock. Lucille would be doing her housework. Johnny would be at nursery school. Lucille would be dumfounded if she knew her husband was sitting in a cafeteria at that moment with his brother, Chappy. She wouldn't believe it. There was no brother as far as she knew, never had been a brother, never had been anyone named Frank Czäpeko, a tough kid from a small Ohio mill town nobody ever heard of. He might still be there today, tougher and doing God knows what if there hadn't been a brother named Chappy who'd once seemed so infallible.

Chappy cleared his throat, realizing he wasn't going to get an answer to his last set of questions. "Pa's dead. I don't know if you heard."

"I heard," Frank said. Pa was the key to it. If he had not put so high a value on the dignity of his family name, there might have been an open road back to him. But, furious and feeling betrayed, he had struck his younger son, cursed the boy and walked away from him and his trouble, not wanting to hear any explanations. It was the curse that had shattered Frank's pride. Frank had suffered the humiliation without breaking his promise to Chappy. He didn't hold any bitterness toward his father. He remembered only his shame at having let the old man down.

Frank's memory image of his father was clear: His heat-wrinkled face had been blackened by the giant furnaces he tended at the rolling mill, but there had been a panorama of love in his brown, deep-set eyes and a gentleness in his fuzzily accented, halting English when he spoke to his kids, Chappy and Frankie, in the long, bleak time of their tender years after their mother died. Oh, yes, pa. Frank had tried to put him out of mind during the time he was painfully remaking himself, but he had never managed to forget.

"Yes, I heard," Frank repeated. "I've been subscribing to the home-town paper about ten years. I saw his obituary." And then, because he could not help himself, because the life he had made for himself left no room for openly mourning a father from a mill town, Frank, for the first time, acknowledged his loss; his eyes filled with tears.

"Were you at the funeral?" he asked.

Chappy shook his head. "I was on the move. I got home about six months after." He sighed. "He was in an unmarked grave.

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I had a little dough, enough for a down payment on a headstone. If I ever pay the balance, they'll carve an inscription and put it in. Those stonecutters, they don't trust anybody! It's strictly cash on the line with them."

"He was a good man," Frank said. Then, furiously, he added, "That's more than I can say for you!"

"Ah, Frankie," his brother protested, "give me a break."

"Why? You never gave me one! All you had to do was be a man and say something to pa to set things straight. For six months, when I was in the can, you could have got in touch with me. You didn't, not even a post card. Just before I was due to get out, I wrote to pa, told him the whole story. He sent my letter back to me in a big, brown envelope. It wasn't opened. He never read it. He scribbled a message for me across the envelope—'My son is dead.' That's all."

Chappy shrank against the onslaught, muttering, "I know, kid. But I couldn't say

NEVER

NEITHER KINSHIP NOR TIME COULD DISPEL THE HATRED HE FELT FOR THE BROTHER WHO BETRAYED HIM.

MERRILL POLLACK

anything. You remember my wife, Rose? She was expecting. If I'd said anything at all, the old man would have thrown us both out in the street. I didn't care about me, but hell, where could I have gone? I was broke, remember? That's why I came back home with Rose. That's how I got into that business in the first place. I did it for her and the kid. You believe me, don't you?"

Frank Saddler spread his hands hopelessly. "It doesn't matter any more." His anger ebbed. "How is Rose? You had a kid?"

Chappy continued to evade his brother's eyes. "A boy. Rose, she got a divorce about a year after all that business. Remarried, a wholesale butcher, something like that. I never saw the boy again."

Frank thought of his own son, Johnny, and Lucille and wondered what it would be like to see them no longer. The thought chilled him. "You never remarried, then; never settled down?" he asked compassionately.

Chappy grinned fleetingly. "No. Once was enough."

"What've you been doing all these years?"

"Tryin' to make a buck. You know me. I'll try anything that looks interesting."

"Yeah." Frank looked at his brother's cheap rumpled clothes and was certain he knew. There would have been years of moving around the fringes of the law, searching for the easy dollar, the fast deal.

"When did you get out of jail?" he asked.

"What kind of question is that?" Chappy demanded angrily.

"Don't look so innocent," Frank said roughly. "That suit you're wearing is prison issue. I ought to know. How much do they give you these days? Ten bucks? Twenty? I got five when I got out, but inflation must've made some difference."

Chappy sagged in his chair, his defenses gone. "I had bad luck down in Texas near the border. They put me away for vagrancy. First time they tagged me for *that*." He grimaced. "Sixteen weeks—they're tough in these border towns. I headed up North as soon as I got out."

"Where're you headed?" Frank asked. "You got a job, any prospects?"

"No," Chappy said with a flash of mimicry. "I ain't got a job. I ain't got any prospects. I just got some buddies here and there who'll stake me till I get on my feet again." He looked calculatingly at Frank. "Y'know, a guy like me, all alone, I have no good reason to stay put. One place is as good or bad as another, as far as I'm concerned. What difference? Who cares where I go?"

A feeling of helplessness made Frank's eyes sting. "All right," he growled. "Cut the hearts and flowers." He stood up, knowing that if he didn't act right then on the impulse that had come to his mind, he never would. "Come on."

Chappy remained in his chair. "Where're we goin'?"

"You ask too many questions," Frank said impatiently. "You coming?"

"What can I lose?" Chappy retorted. He rose and faced his brother, his face working with a conflict of puzzlement and faint hope. "You just remember one thing, kid," he said with a flicker of bravado, "I ain't askin' you for any favors."

"You wouldn't get anywhere if you did. O.K.?" Without waiting for a reply, Frank walked to the cashier. Chappy followed.

They stopped out on the sidewalk. "Where're you staying?" Frank asked. "You got any luggage?"

Chappy grinned and patted his jacket pocket. "I travel light, buddy. All I got is what you see and a shaving kit."

"It's about what I expected," Frank said.

It took several hours for Frank to accomplish what he had in mind. They started in the bargain basement of a large department store where, after initial resistance from Chappy, Frank bought his brother several sets of underwear, socks, shirts, a few ties, a navy-blue worsted suit and a new hat. The purchases were not elegant, but presentable. Chappy changed into his new clothing in a dressing room in the department store. Afterward Frank took him to a barbershop and waited again while Chappy got a haircut, a shave and a shine.

Then they were done; it was one-thirty.

"Lunch," Frank said.

"I'm ready," Chappy replied. As they walked along the street, Frank noticed that Chappy kept turning his head toward the glass fronts of stores so he could see his reflection in the windows. He was in high spirits; he walked straighter than he had earlier that day. *I'll take him back to the cafeteria*, Frank thought. *I've spent enough on him.* But when they came to The Blue Room, a restaurant where Frank occasionally entertained his clients, he turned in impulsively. They checked their things and took a table near the windows.

"Drink?" Frank said.

Chappy fingered the heavy linen tablecloth. "I could go for a Scotch." When the waiter left to fill their orders, Chappy sighed emotionally. "It's been a long time since I had a meal in a place like this."

"Forget it," Frank told him. The drinks came, and the brothers raised their glasses to each other in silence. Frank reflected wryly that he was treating Chappy as solicitously as a valued friend. But that made no sense; if he owed Chappy anything, he decided, it was revenge. An ember of ancient bitterness flared in his stomach. Frank gulped his drink. The liquor took the tender edge off his indignation.

They ate in silence for the most part, talking of impersonal things. When they were moodily sipping their coffee,

Continued on Page 94

PAINTINGS BY GEORGE HUGHES

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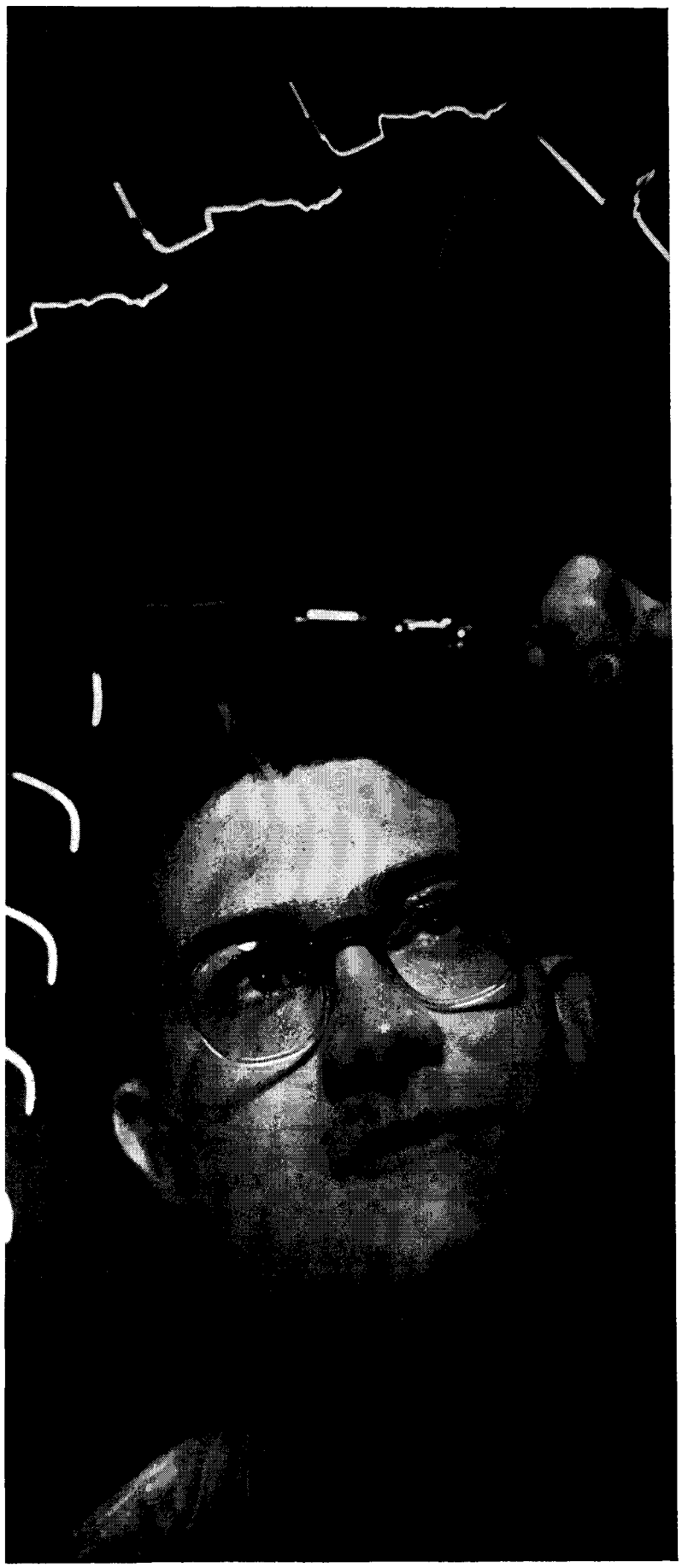
People on the way Up

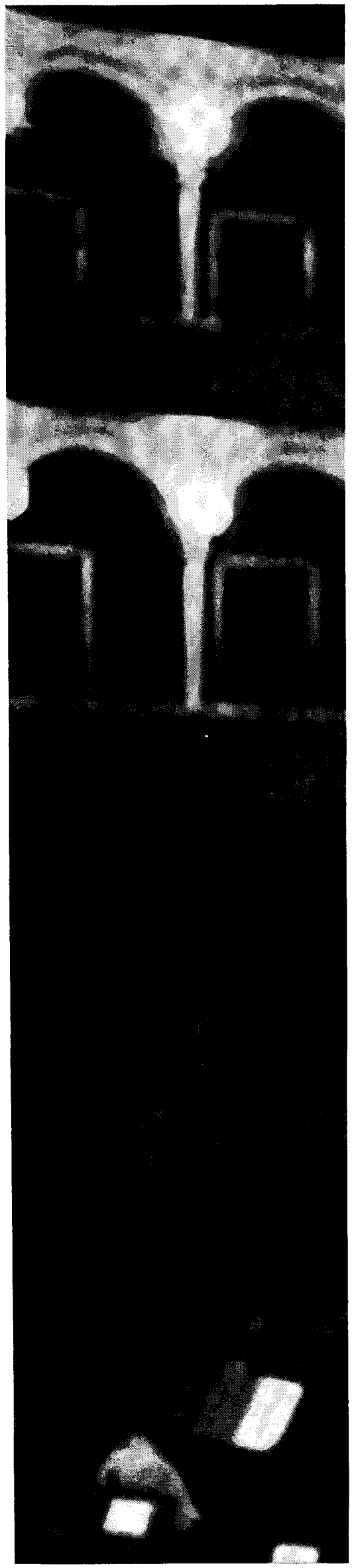


Steve Allen,
Enterprising Innovator

Framed in an electronic halo, Steve Allen, 20, intently observes the outcome of an experiment in his California laboratory. At age 17 Allen founded a small West Coast instrument-manufacturing company. It exploded with success, now grosses $250,000 a year supplying custom-made electronic parts to defense and television industries. Steve first began experimenting when he was four, using dry-cell batteries to make an electro-magnet; at 13 he built his own color TV set. In the tenth grade he finished a year's geometry course in three weeks; he quit school in the eleventh grade because officials wouldn't let him advance faster. Now he teaches himself with books from Stanford University library. His lab equipment has crowded the cars out of the garage at his family's home in Atherton, Calif., and often threatens to crowd his mother out of her kitchen. There are no other children to add to the confusion. "We did have a kitten," says Mrs. Allen, "but we gave it away because we were afraid it would be electrocuted." PHOTOGRAPH BY JOERN GERDTS

Anna Moffo,
Grand Soprano

Rehearsing in the Rome Opera House *bèlla* prima donna Anna Moffo, 26, sings an aria with the *élan* that draws a chorus of praise from critics. "An irresistibly attractive voice," trilled the New York *Herald-Tribune*. "One of the most beautiful women ever to grace the stage of an opera house," warbled *The Times*. This week she returns to the Met to repeat the enchanting *La Traviata* performance which won her such plaudits two years ago. A favorite of European opera audiences and star of her own TV show in Italy, Miss Moffo, daughter of a Wayne, Pa., shoe repairman, once wanted to become a nun. "Then I started to sing," she says, "and that was like a religious vocation." Graduated from Philadelphia's Curtis Institute with honors, she went to Italy, where she now resides, as a Fulbright Scholar. Two days after arriving in Venice, Anna auditioned for a concert part, won it, went on to a succession of singing triumphs—including a role in a televised *Madame Butterfly*, whose director, Mario Lanfranchi, Anna later married. Already a skillful actress (her first movie, *Austerlitz*, will be released in the U.S. this winter), Miss Moffo does not believe she has reached her full potential. "Maturity as a singer," she says, "will cost me five more years of work." PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI



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It was a day in late spring, and a day made for fishing; and, as every angler knows, there are not many such days: a day of shade and shine, with white cloudlets asail in a high blue sky, and a soft zephyr ablow out of the south and west. But I did no fishing that day—nor had I for many days; for more than a year now I had not cast a fly across a pool. The war had put all private cars off the roads, and there was no public conveyance to take a decent angler within reach of any water worth fishing.

So in the sunny afternoon I sat lazily in front of the summerhouse at the garden foot and lazily decided to do some writing. Or would I? I was roused by Thomasheen James's high tenor at the garden gate behind me. "Mother o' Moses! He'll ate us alive if we waken him up."

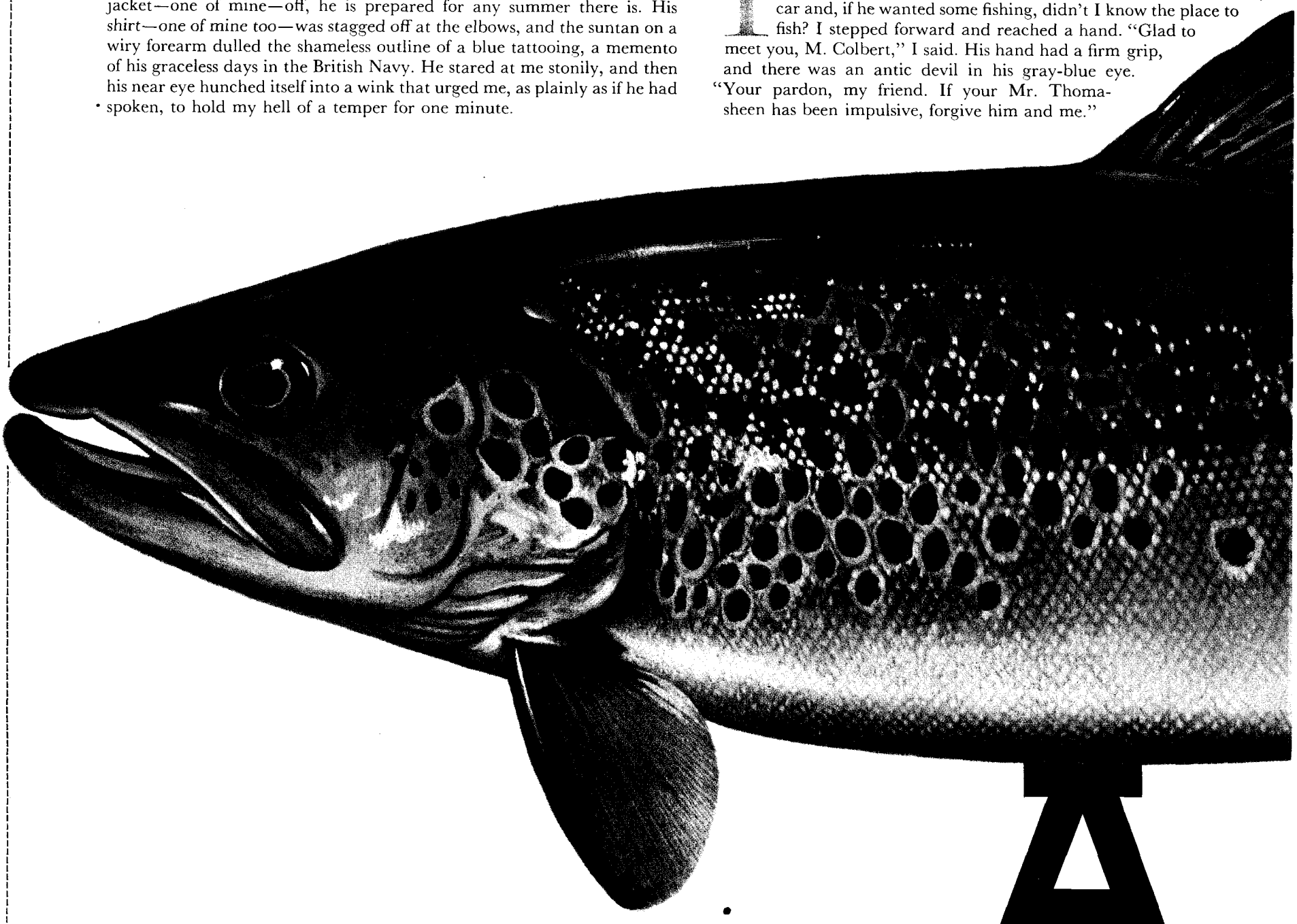
I lifted off the canvas chair and pivoted round. If Thomasheen James and his Dublin-Jackeen friend, Davy Hand, had it in mind to disturb my afternoon by selling me some nefarious scheme, I would throw them over the garden wall. It was time, anyway, that Thomasheen James, my man-of-no-work, my incubus-in-chief, got something of what was coming to him.

He was already in his summer rig. When Thomasheen James takes his jacket—one of mine—off, he is prepared for any summer there is. His shirt—one of mine too—was stagged off at the elbows, and the suntan on a wiry forearm dulled the shameless outline of a blue tattooing, a memento of his graceless days in the British Navy. He stared at me stonily, and then his near eye hunched itself into a wink that urged me, as plainly as if he had spoken, to hold my hell of a temper for one minute.

I held it. For the man who had come into the garden with him was not Davy Hand. He was a youngish, dark man, and his beautifully cut tweeds outlined a decent pair of shoulders; but the cut had a foreign flare to it; and the calm gesture of his hands was not native to Dublin. Thomasheen James moved an introductory thumb and broke into speech.

"Mr. M. Colbert to you, me good sir, a new respected member of one of them foreign legations below in Merrion Square—a foreign legation, no less—and so I'm tellin' you." He winked that near eye again. "Above in Boland's Lounge Bar it was, and the gintleman here was talking about fishing in his own country and wonderin' if there was any fishing of sorts in this vicinity—or farther off—or farther off still, if you get me." He hooded that bright-blue eye again. "So I intruded meself into the conversation to mention a gintleman of me acquaintance who knew fishin' from A to X, or so he says. And, sure, there is no harm in a bit of a *conversazione* between two gents—with fishing in view where fish are, convanient to the use of a motor vehicle."

I understood exactly what Thomasheen James implied: our visitor, being in a foreign legation, would have the use of an embassy car and, if he wanted some fishing, didn't I know the place to fish? I stepped forward and reached a hand. "Glad to meet you, M. Colbert," I said. His hand had a firm grip, and there was an antic devil in his gray-blue eye. "Your pardon, my friend. If your Mr. Thomasheen has been impulsive, forgive him and me."



A SEVEN-POUND TROUT

PAINTING BY MAYNARD REECE

A SHORT STORY BY MAURICE WALSH, AUTHOR OF

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The moment he opened his mouth I knew his nation, and it was not a nation to be taken lightly.

Do you fish then, M. Colbert?" I asked.

Fish! I fish." His hands affirmed it. "In my own country I fish—all day—all the season—lovely."

What sort of fishing?"

Ah, ha-ha! You will not approve. No! That is why I presume. Me, I fish with a two-liter jug of wine that is red—and I look upon it. A stool of canvas, a rod of five meters, many lures—some alive—a sinker and a float of warning. That is my fishing. Fine! Eh? No!"

No. That is only coarse fishing—at its coarsest," I told him.

"Coarse it is called, I know, and yet so smooth in the long day. No! Not delicate and fine and so cunning like your trout fishing, which is of fame. My friend, if you would bear of me, I would know something of the way you angle trout. A trout I have not ever caught, but"—he touched his breast proudly—"many great pikes have bowed head to me."

Pike! Oh, murdher!" cried Thomasheen James.

Not one time did I come home empty-handed," boasted the other.

I did," I said and gestured toward the summerhouse. "Let us sit and talk it over." Then I said, "When, if ever, I get my car on the road again, I'll be glad to show you some trout fishing—if you are still interested."

"Most surely." His hands thanked me. "But a car! I have a car—you call it a station wagon—and a sea of spirit, at your command."

"That's talkin' turkey for you," cried Thomasheen James proudly.

Colbert lifted hands to the sky. "Look! The weather always so fickle with you. It is good now: then why waste it? There is Sunday in two days. What say? After your first Mass, the day is yours—and no more coarse fishing ever. Eh?"

"That part about a jug o' wine didn't sound coarse to me," said Thomasheen James.

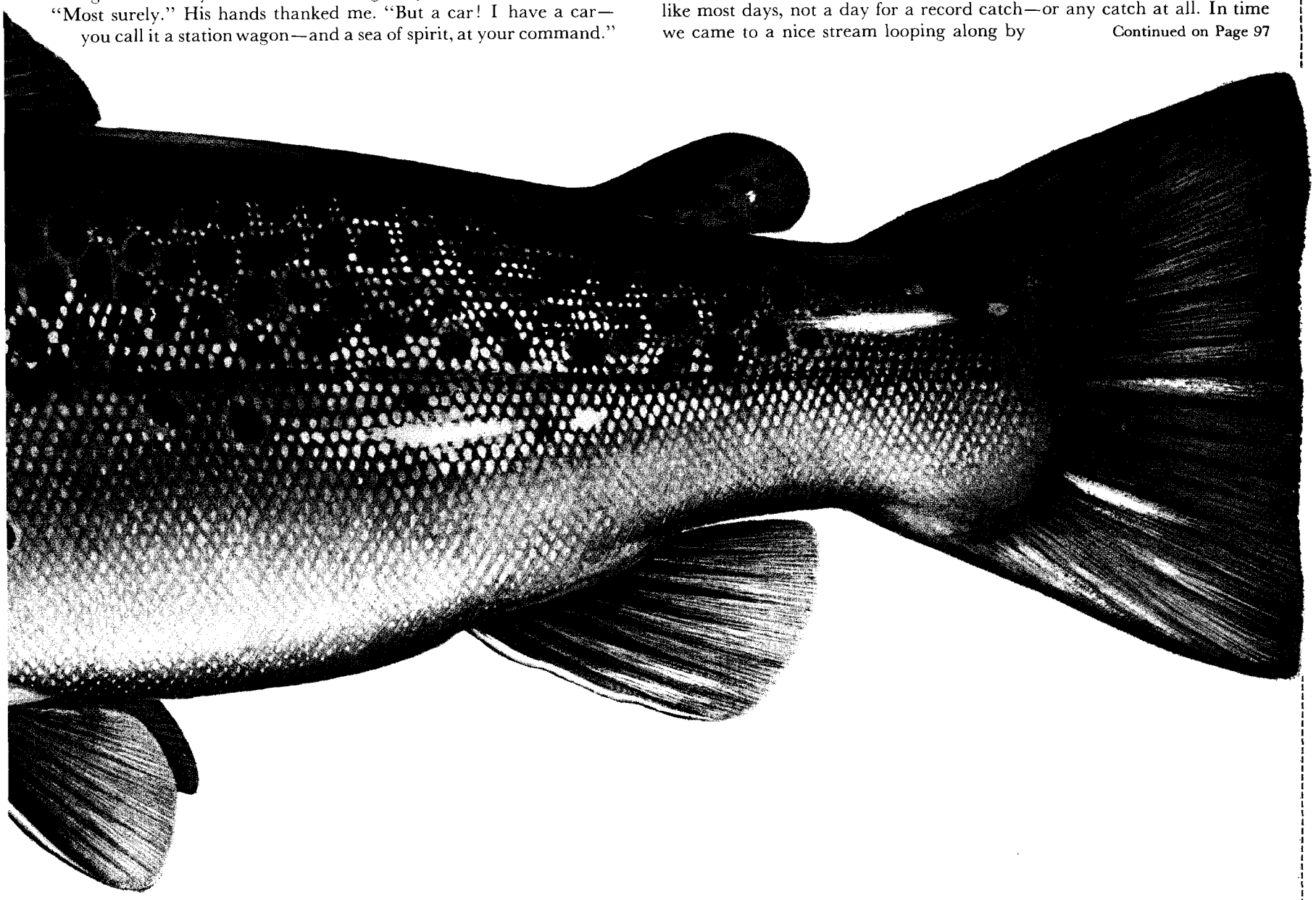
"Wine and bock beer, surely," said the gallant diplomat. "And sandwiches delectable. On me be it."

He stayed the evening, met my wife and had tea with us. He was good company. I saw profit in him as a humble pupil of mine.

This is not meant to be a chronicle of a day's fishing. It is no more than an attempt to display the caliber of my alien friend.

He turned up, as arranged, early on Sunday morning in his big, yellow station wagon, and Thomasheen James and I were ready for him. I got in at his side on the wide front seat: Thomasheen James stowed himself in with the tackle in the middle compartment and laid an affectionate arm along the lid of a capacious luncheon basket. The gravel spurted behind us.

Under my piloting we drove aslant in the green valleys of the brown and rounded Wicklow hills and down into the rolling plain beyond. The day was fine. It was too fine, too bright, too cloudless, too still. In short it was, like most days, not a day for a record catch—or any catch at all. In time we came to a nice stream looping along by Continued on Page 97



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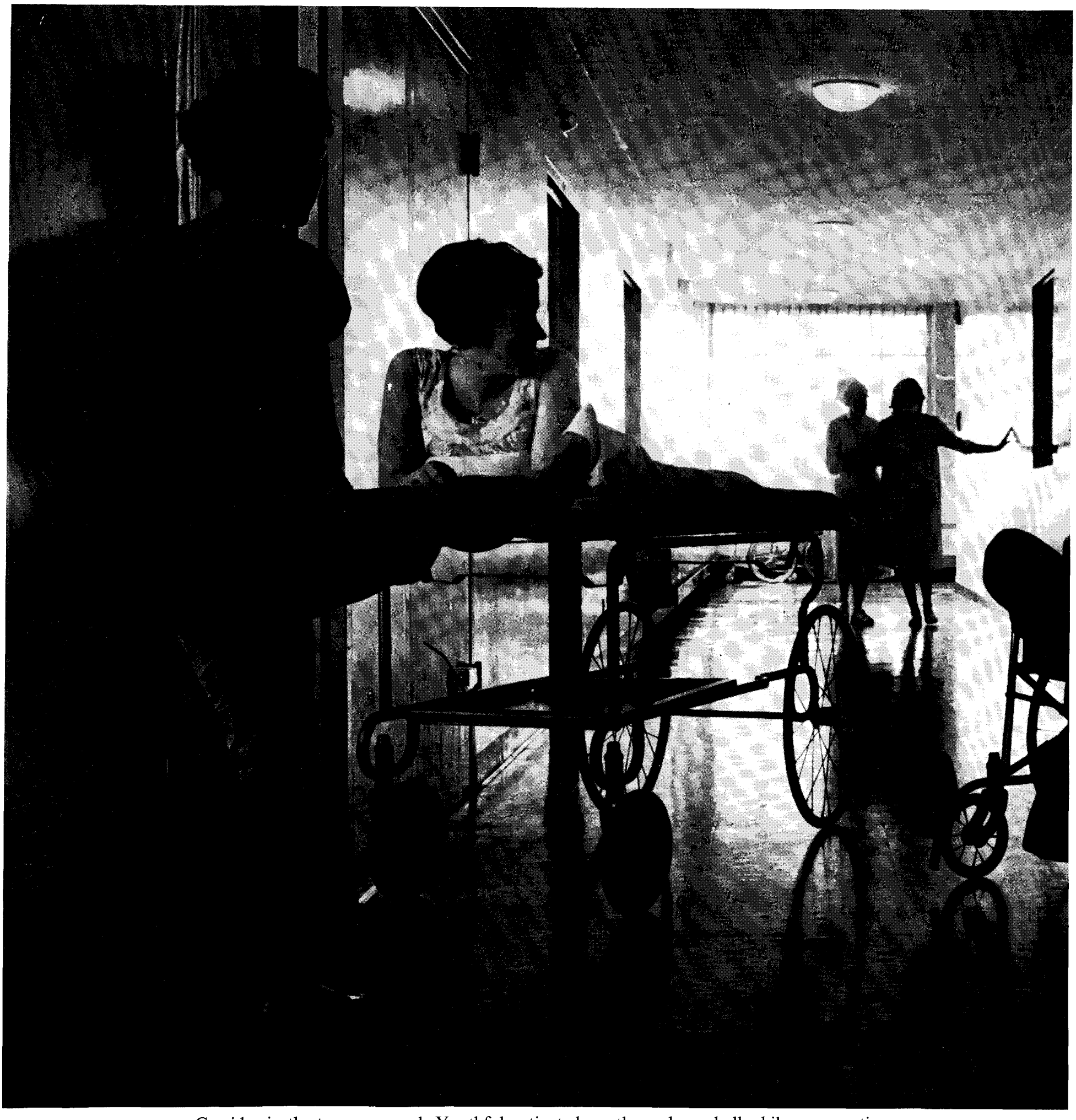
HOW TO HAVE FUN IN



Corridor in the teen-age ward: Youthful patients have themselves a ball while recuperating.

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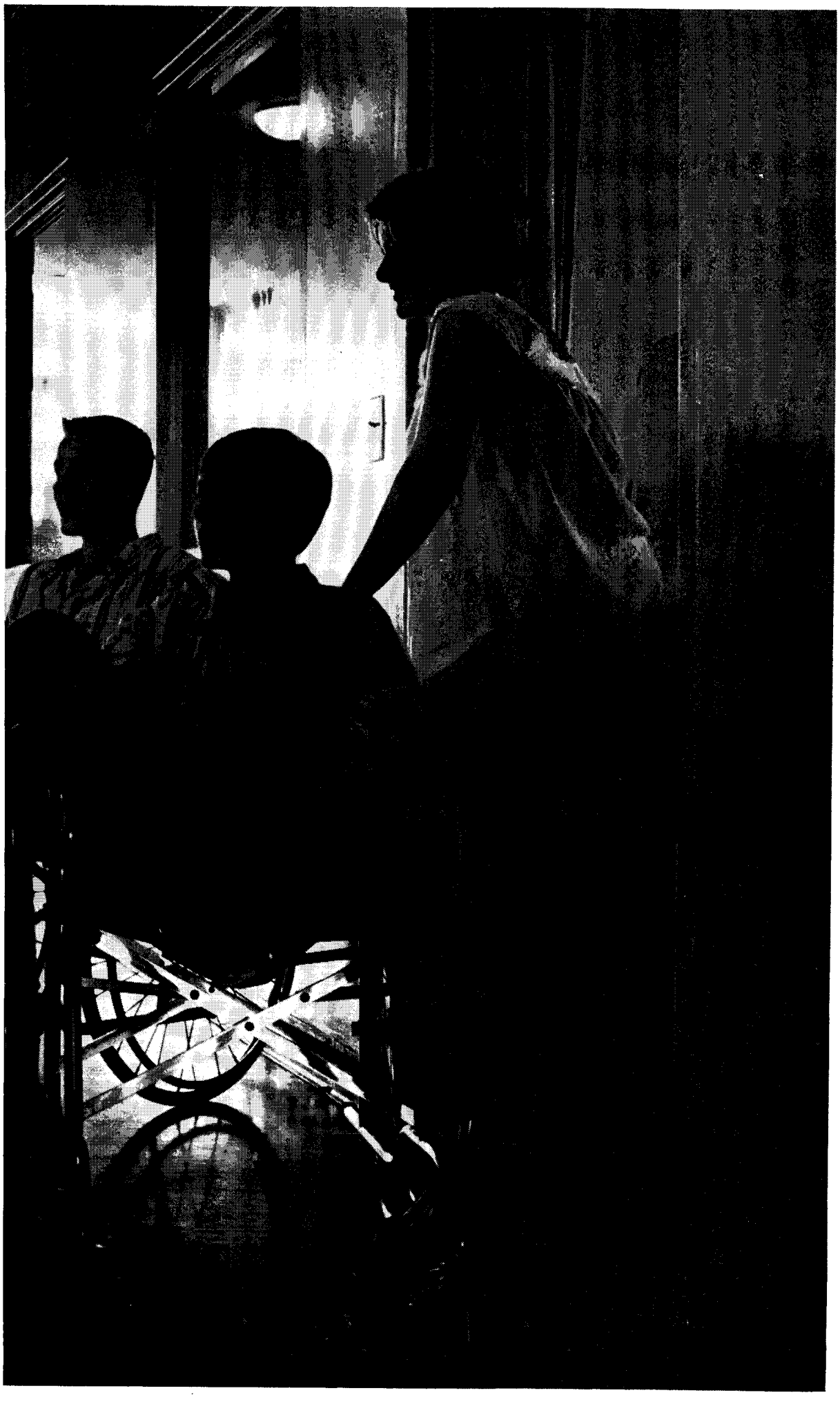
THE HOSPITAL



Unlimited snacks, jam sessions and wheel-chair drag races are the order of the day in this unusual teen-age wing at Emanuel Hospital in Portland, Oregon.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

The liveliest hospital patients in Portland, Oregon, are teen-agers lucky enough to be assigned by their doctors to old but progressive Emanuel Hospital. Every teen-ager admitted is directed to a fifth-floor wing renowned locally for the mild uproar that prevails during the sixteen waking hours of each day. Organization of Emanuel's Teen-age Department, as it is called, was inspired by administrator Paul R. Hanson. The unique idea has worked so well that neither Hanson nor the doctors on the hospital's staff can figure out why no one thought of it before 1957.

Insofar as the eighteen beds in the teen-age wing are concerned, Hanson has tossed the old rule book out the window. Patients have snacks and soft drinks whenever they want them. They hold drag races in wheel chairs in the corridor. They have visitors without limit. They eat hot dogs or hamburgers day after day for lunch or supper. They stage impromptu jam sessions. Boys visit the girls' wards, girls go calling on the boys. The patients have a lingo all their own. Except that it's a hospital, the wing is a teen-ager's dream. Recently a patient discharged at ten A.M. was back at three as a visitor to cheer his pals and join them in sundaes and soft drinks.

The special department for teen-agers, now in its fourth year, is the answer of Administrator Hanson, an original thinker and experimenter, to a universal problem of hospitals—what to do with patients too old to be quartered with small children in pediatric wards, too young to be with grown-ups in adult wards. "Teen-agers, no matter where you put them, live in a world of their own," he says. "They've been the overlooked patients in the hospitals and they have suffered from this neglect."

Hanson didn't set up Emanuel's Teenage Department just to make his adolescent patients happy. He did it to help them get well faster, to save money and to run a more efficient hospital. The record indicates that he hit on a fruitful idea. The joy it has brought to some 500 teen-age patients each year is an unexpected bonus.

Hanson's inspiration was the by-product of an accident. Back in 1955 his son Hub, then thirteen, jumped off a roof on a dare to prove that he could soar like a flying squirrel. Hub soared more like a brick and hit a stump, slicing open his kneecap. His flight ended at Emanuel Hospital, where he was assigned to the children's ward. Surrounded by crying infants and with tiny faces peering at him, Hub Hanson, extra large for a thirteen-year-old, was humiliated and incensed. He protested bitterly to his father about the treatment of teen-agers in the hospital. Taken by surprise, Hanson questioned other teen-agers and their parents, made some shocking discoveries.

One teen-ager, Suzie Howard, who had been in Emanuel three *Continued on Page 72*

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

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THE FACE OF AMERICA

PUMPKIN AT THE PARTY

There's more to a jack-o'-lantern than the leer on his face—a warm spot glows within. He usually glows from a window sill, but our Jack sits at the head of the table—photographer Erich Lessing put his camera inside Jack's hollow head for a pumpkin's-eye peek at the party. And the party is at its peak, with half a cake to go and popcorn enough for everybody. Our forefathers quaked with fear this night—Allhallows Eve—when the dead rose from their graves to seek cheer among the living. Nowadays spooks are rare—except among the small fry, who still see an occasional goblin in the dark—but there is plenty of cheer in the sweet bite of cider, the snap of apples, even the smell of burnt pumpkin as Jack's candle sputters its last.

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BY MYRON COPE

THE COACH WHO BEAT THE MOB

Despite violent opposition from fans, Pitt's coach holds a "lifetime" job . . .

It is Monday night, October 19, 1959, and some students at the University of Pittsburgh have decided the time has come to hang their football coach in effigy. As they see it, John P. Michelosen—pronounced Mike-el-OH-sen—has the hanging coming to him. Only Saturday West Virginia University, which had scored but three touchdowns in its previous four games, upset Michelosen's team, 23–15.

While the students are busy stuffing straw into their effigy—it has to be quite a big one, for Michelosen is a burly former blocking back—word is passed around the campus that the dishonors will be done in the courtyard of Schenley Quadrangle, a cluster of five tall dormitory buildings.

The news reaches Michelosen's football players. Like Federal cavalry arriving in the nick of time, they gallop into the courtyard and put the lynch mob to rout. For several hours the athletes stand guard. Finally, at about two o'clock in the morning, after the football players have gone to bed, the hanging party sneaks back and manages to carry out its mission.

"I was kind of pleased with the boys' loyalty," Michelosen said recently, looking back on the incident. "Naturally it made me feel good." For him this was an emotional statement. On the practice field Michelosen, his brow furrowed, delivers orders with a bark. But off the field he smiles broadly and speaks in the mildest of generalities.

The effigy-hanging, hollow gesture though it was, indicated the climate in which Michelosen has been coaching Pitt football teams since 1955. He is at once the object of bitter criticism and warm confidence. Although Michelosen's teams usually win more often than they lose, thousands of Western Pennsylvania football fans regard him as inept and wish he would go away. On the other hand, the University of Pittsburgh, which outspokenly attaches importance to winning football games, holds Michelosen in high esteem—so high that Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield has given him a degree of security that, so far as the university has been able to determine, is enjoyed by no other nonfaculty coach in big-time college football.

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COACH One evening last November Doctor Litchfield and Pitt athletic director Frank Carver were chatting at a social gathering when Litchfield casually remarked, "Say, Frank, don't we have some contract business coming up soon in your department?"

"Yes," replied Carver, "but personally I don't like that word, contract. John's finishing out his second three-year contract. He's given us winning football for six years, and he's been the kind of guy we want representing the university. If we give him another contract," Carver went on, "it'll be like saying, 'You're still on trial.'"

The chancellor agreed. Accordingly he summoned Michelosen to his office several days later and offered to make him permanent head coach.

Doctor Litchfield, who came to Pitt six years ago as a forty-one-year-old boy wonder, relishes bold strokes. He has vigorously pressed a $100,000,000 expansion program. He also has stiffened the university's academic standards every year. "We've made it harder for the coaches to recruit," the chancellor says with a sadistic chuckle. He personally considers Pitt among the top twenty universities in the nation today and expects the school to advance into the top ten in another five or six years.

"John Michelosen is as permanent here as I am," Doctor Litchfield explained not long ago. "Nor does he have to go when somebody kicks *me* out. He has the same status as I or Frank Carver. We're all members of the university administration and as such are assumed to be capable. You don't ask of a man every two or three years: Is he capable? That's what you do when you have contracts. He's our coach, and if the time ever comes that he no longer wants to coach I'd say, 'Well gee, John, we'll look and see what else we have here for you.'"

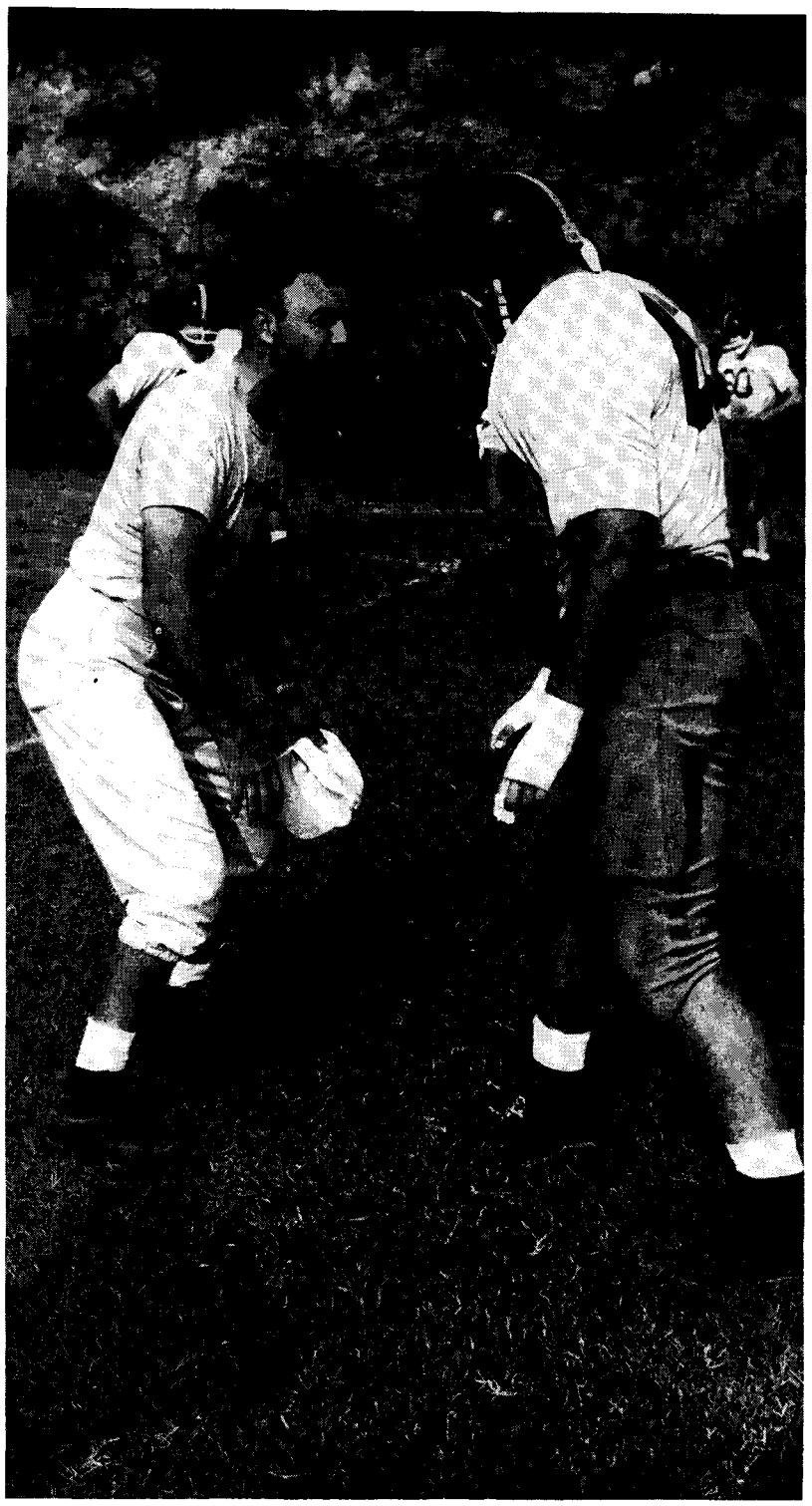
Is there no way that Pitt can fire Michelosen? "Of course there is," the chancellor shot back when I put the question to him. "If a man goes haywire or ceases to do a quality job, naturally we can let him go. But that goes for a vice chancellor down the hall or anybody else."

Michelosen has already demonstrated his loyalty to the university, where, as a young man, he played his own college football. Early in 1957 the late Bert Bell, commissioner of the National Football League, telephoned Michelosen on behalf of the Baltimore Colts and told him the Colts were prepared to fire head coach Weeb Ewbank if he, Michelosen, were interested in taking the job.

Michelosen was not interested. At a time when college coaches were jumping contracts with scandalous indifference, he told Bell, "I'm sorry, Bert. I've got another year left on my contract."

Such solid virtues go largely unrecognized among the local fans. Their chief complaint is that Michelosen's brand of football is boring to watch. In addition, being cognizant of the fact that Western Pennsylvania is perhaps the richest pocket of high-school football talent in the country, Pitt fans wonder how a coach with immediate access to 172 high schools within a fifty-mile radius can fail to win at least seven of his ten games per season.

Football men elsewhere, on the other hand, regard Michelosen as one of the soundest coaches in the nation. They tender him their sympathies because (1) Pitt's selective admissions policy seriously limits his recruiting efforts, and (2) Pitt's football schedule, year in and year out, is a gantlet of terror.



Michelosen shows a player how. Mild-spoken off the field, he barks orders during practice.

Shortly before spring practice began this year, professors flunked five of Michelsosen's players, including first-string quarterback Ed Sharockman—who immediately signed with the professional Minnesota Vikings—and a first-string tackle. Yet the Pitt schedule this year includes four teams that played in post-season bowls last season—Baylor, Washington, Navy and Penn State.

Michelosen doesn't cry about it. "We have to bring in fairly respectable teams to keep the fans interested," he says. In six years as head coach he has had five winning seasons. Twice he coached Pitt into post-season bowl games, and in two other years narrowly missed out on bowl invitations because of late-season defeats. This year Pitt was off to a characteristic start against tough opponents, winning a squeaker from Miami, 10–7, then losing one to Baylor, 16–13.

In his very first year Michelosen restored the Panthers, who had been staggering aimlessly for sixteen years under seven head coaches, to their long-lost status as a national power. Pitt went to the Sugar Bowl that season. Yet in the process he acquired his reputation for turning out dull and uninteresting teams.

"To get things straightened out," he explains, "I had to give that 1955 team a lot of fundamentals. I think that's part of the reason why they've said ever since that I play old-fashioned football."

His associates at the university sometimes twit Michelosen about this too. Last spring Pitt's flamboyant publicist, Carroll (Beano) Cook, dispatched to sports editors across the nation an April Fool's Day list of deliberately preposterous predictions, among which was, "Pitt to add another play to its offense. This will make a grand total of four."

Similarly, athletic director Frank Carver told a banquet audience last spring, "People say we don't have a spectacular offense. Well, we don't. In fact, we are the only team in the country that never takes less than twenty-five seconds to come out of a huddle."

While Carver spoke, Michelosen sat silent, staring into his coffee. This was typical of his reaction to any form of criticism. Friends wish that he were endowed with the gift of articulate rebuttal, but he sees no merit in having the last word and would think himself ungracious were he to attempt it.

Even Chancellor Litchfield, after offering Michelosen freedom from worry over expiring contracts last November, looked the coach squarely in the eye and said, "Now that that's done, let me tell you—I wish you'd play more colorful football."

Replied Michelosen, "You mean more *winning* football."

"No, I mean more colorful football," the chancellor insisted. "Relax. Let's make the game more entertaining. If we lose a few games, that's O.K., but our people will enjoy themselves and go away happy."

Michelosen was unconvinced. "No fan leaves a game happy when his team loses," he said recently in his Pitt Field House office, an austere cubicle of green concrete walls decorated with the usual framed photographs of football squads. (Incidentally, although few people know it, his own taste in wall art runs strongly to impressionist and surrealist painting.)

"We're criticized for not having a wide-open offense," Michelosen went on, "but we're more open than most of the so-called top teams in the country. The past few years even the pros have said they have to develop a running game. We like to run—that's football—but we try to pass too, because if we don't, the defenses will stack up against us."

Actually, statistics show that in all but his first year Michelosen's teams have averaged slightly more passes per game than the combined average of the top ten teams in the wire-service rankings. But he hasn't been able to shake off the "conservative" label, even when, in an attempt to cater to the public's taste for the pastries of football, Michelosen in 1958 gave the fans a melange featuring everything except a Chinese acrobat. Pitt operated that year from the multiple T, the variable T, the split T, the slot T, the winged T, the single wing, the split-end formation and the end-over formation.

One sports writer observed, "Pitt's football team this year has looked at more formations than a freshman geology class." As Michelosen's luck would have it, that was the year the Pittsburgh Steelers obtained passer Bobby Layne from the Detroit Lions, and Layne's spectacular virtuosity made Pitt's attempts at razzle-dazzle seem pale stuff by comparison.

There has been nothing razzle-dazzle about Michelosen's life either. The son of hard-working Ukrainian immigrants, he grew up during the depression in the steel-mill town of Ambridge, Pennsylvania. While his father labored in a mill and his mother scrubbed floors at Ambridge High School, he studied diligently, prodded by his football coach, Moe Rubenstein, who envisioned a medical career for him.

One day Rubenstein drove him to Pittsburgh to watch the university football team work out and there introduced him to Dr. John Bain (Jock) Sutherland, a qualified dentist who became Pitt's head coach during the school's greatest football era (1924–38). Sutherland was a

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COACH tall, tight-lipped Scotsman—an aloof taskmaster whose players referred to him, sometimes sarcastically, as "The Doctor."

Young John Michelosen understandably was awed upon meeting the famous Jock Sutherland. "The thing that impressed me about Jock was he had dignity," says Michelosen today.

Sutherland for his part sized up Michelosen as a workhorse blocking back for his single-wing offense and brought him to Pitt, where for three years—1935, '36 and '37—Michelosen quarterbacked the Panthers with sharp, no-nonsense efficiency, calling the sledge-hammer plays that arch-fundamentalist Sutherland loved. In that period Pitt thundered across the collegiate football scene, winning twenty-four games, losing two and tying four, as Michelosen blasted paths for such running backs as Mad Marshall Goldberg.

Sutherland invited Michelosen to join his staff upon graduation. Michelosen accepted, for he required additional premedical credits to enter medical school.

To his occasional regret, Michelosen never did pursue his medical ambition. Early in 1939 Sutherland had a falling-out with the Pitt administration, which had decided to de-emphasize talent procurement without de-emphasizing the schedule. He quit Pitt and soon was hired as head coach of the Brooklyn Dodgers in the National Football League, taking Michelosen with him.

"John became Jock's shadow," says Chet Smith, the veteran sports editor of The Pittsburgh *Press*, who has closely followed the careers of both men. "Jock would walk out on the field in that long stride of his, and John would be two steps behind, watching to see what Jock would do. If Jock put his hands in his pockets, John put *his* hands in *his* pockets. I don't know that Michelosen ever practiced Sutherland's Scotch burr, but I'd be surprised if he didn't."

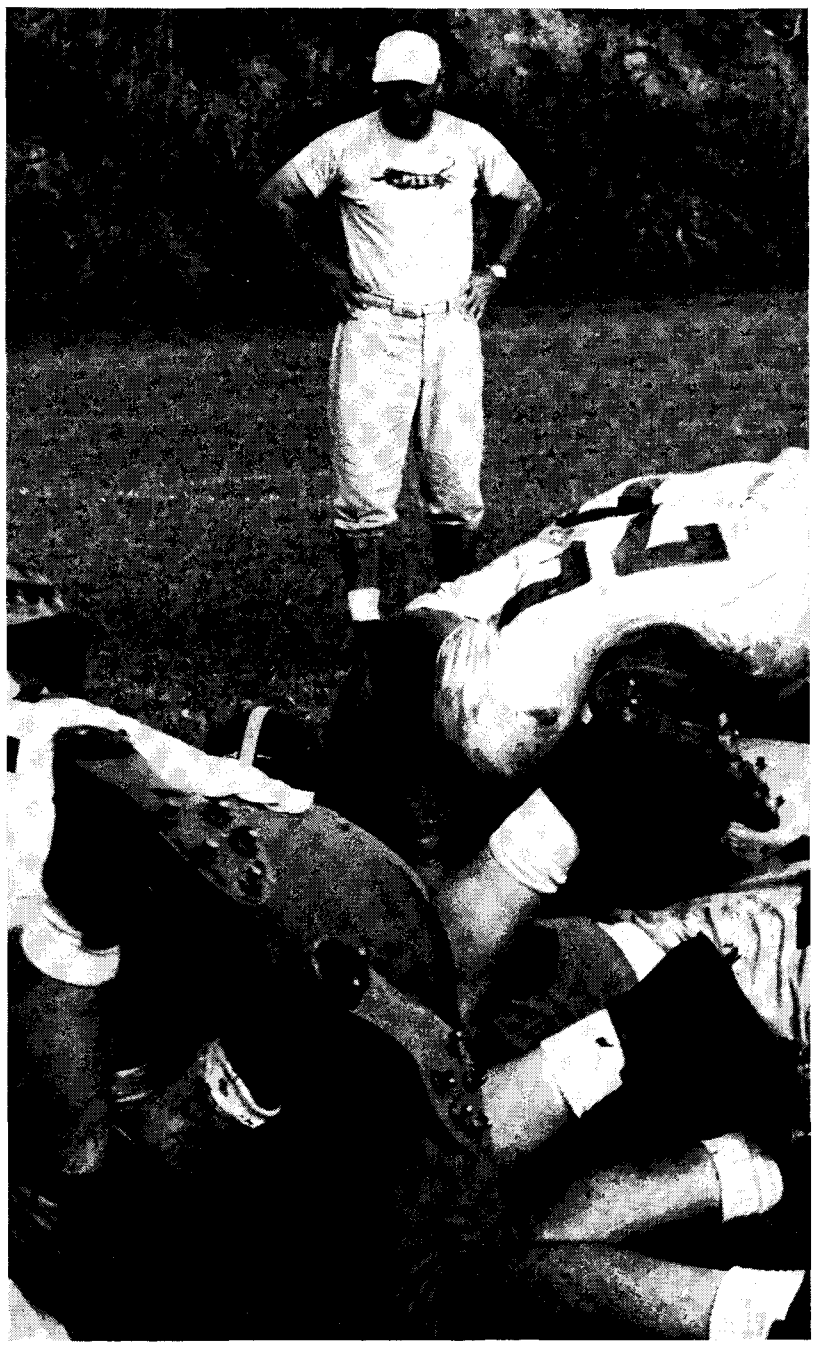
Michelosen, in short, was typing himself as a Sutherland disciple—a reputation that was to prove burdensome in a later day, when Sutherland's methods no longer would be acceptable to fans.

Even in the pro league Sutherland resisted the trend to the T formation. Nevertheless, some of his single-wing teams had winning seasons in the N.F.L., first at Brooklyn and later in Pittsburgh, where he coached the Steelers in 1946 and 1947.

Upon Jock's death in 1948, Michelosen succeeded him as head coach of the Steelers. Only thirty-two and then the youngest head coach in pro football, he made the mistake of trying to boss the professionals with an iron hand, as Sutherland had. During preseason training in 1949, Don Samuel, a defensive halfback who was giving up the game because of a knee injury, burst into Michelosen's office and said, "Quit being so strict. This is a good team just waiting to be reached, but you'll never reach them that way. Just be yourself, that's all. You're not Jock Sutherland."

Michelosen ignored Samuel's advice, shrugged off a suggestion by owner Art Rooney that he abandon Sutherland's outdated single wing, and in 1951 was fired after his fourth season as head coach. His record with the Steelers was twenty wins, twenty-six losses and two ties. Owner Rooney says, however, that the chief reason for letting him go was fan dissatisfaction. He calls Michelosen "one of the best coaches in the business."

Another man with this opinion was Lowell (Red) Dawson, the seventh head coach at the University of Pittsburgh since Sutherland's departure. He hired Michelosen as an assistant. Under Red Dawson, Pitt football teams continued to take their Saturday-afternoon beatings, but meanwhile John Michelosen found himself. The fact was: He never had possessed Jock Sutherland's aptitude for tyranny; now he relaxed and at the same time made his peace with the T formation. He was a new man by 1955 when he succeeded Dawson, who literally had become weak of heart watching the Panthers and had sworn off coaching for life.



Michelosen pounded fundamentals into the Panthers—and got a reputation for playing "old-fashioned" football.

Changed though Michelosen was, the ghost of Jock Sutherland figuratively remained perched on his shoulder and, as he himself acknowledges, has been there ever since. Put yourself in Michelosen's shoes for a typical situation:

The time is October 22, 1960, and you're playing Texas Christian University. Your team scores a touchdown in the fourth quarter, but trails, 7–6. Should you try for a two-point conversion by passing or running, or should you placekick for one point and hope to score again before time runs out?

You have seven minutes left. Your team has been strong on defense and figures to hold Texas Christian in check. You have the wind at your back. You have an excellent field-goal kicker, Fred Cox. All these factors run through your well-trained mind, so you decide to placekick for one point.

Cox kicks the conversion, tying the score, but your defense suddenly tires and Texas Christian's offense is able to move just far enough and long enough to eat up the clock and deprive you of a chance to score again. The game ends in a tie.

The fans cry out that only a coach like Michelosen would play for a tie. *You* know that prior to the Texas Christian game you had gone for a two-point conversion in every trailing situation you had ever faced. You also know that such popular coaches as Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State and Red Blaik of Army had played for ties against your team. You, however, are the only man in town who knows all this. To the citizens you are a pussyfooting conservative.

Such are the entrapments into which John Michelosen falls. He considers it useless to reply to criticism and does not do so unless asked. At times when his players have not performed to their full capacity, Michelosen has been prodded by sports writers and colleagues alike to use the newspapers as a vehicle for blasting them out of their lethargy, but he always has refused. "You gotta remember, they're just boys," he says—this from a coach who is imagined to be a tyrant of the Sutherland stripe.

In a game against Notre Dame in 1957 a student manager was assigned to keep track of Pitt's substitutions—that is, to see that all players who had used up their legal number of entrees sat on the "dead" bench. He goofed. A player entered the game illegally, causing the referee to assess a penalty that halted a Pitt touchdown drive. Notre Dame took over the ball and hung on to a 13–7 lead. After the game Michelosen took the blame for the illegal substitution and was widely denounced as an idiot incapable of simple arithmetic.

If John Michelosen does not build character, he at least defines it for his players by his example. "He is an asset above and beyond the mere teaching of football," says Chancellor Litchfield. Still, the chancellor desires winning teams, and when asked how many victories per season it takes to satisfy him, replies, "I'm never satisfied."

Doctor Litchfield says, "There are three ways a school can look at football. Some schools regard it as unimportant. Other schools regard it as important. And still others regard it as *the* most important thing. We're in the middle group. It's important.

"But I don't like the idea of saying a coach is going to be kept depending on X number of victories. In the kind of company we play, as long as you make most games tough for the opposition, O.K."

Of the sixty-two games that Pitt has played under Michelosen's coaching, the Panthers have failed to make it "tough for the opposition" in only three—a 21–0 defeat by Navy in 1955, a 26–0 defeat by Oklahoma in 1957 and a 35–0 defeat by national champion Syracuse in 1959.

Although it has become increasingly difficult for Michelosen to recruit talented players who can meet Pitt's academic standards, he merely says, "We're very hopeful that our high schools will raise *their* standards. I think they should. Then more of their boys will be qualified for the university, and their athletes won't suffer."

In his own rather inarticulate fashion, John Michelosen describes the greatest pleasure he derives from coaching collegians. "It's a great kick to see some of these kids who come in as great high-school stars get knocked down a peg and become humans and members of the team, and then to see the others who come in clumsy lose their awkwardness and gain poise. Football is a great equalizer. Kids grow up and find out that perhaps they're not as important as they thought they were, and others, who need to, grow important."

And as Michelosen's boys have grown, their university has been inspired to grow with them, for Pitt has turned deaf to the cries of capricious fans. Columnist Henry McLemore once wrote, "Scratch a coach and you'll find a crybaby." Pitt, however, has scratched John Michelosen and found him no part crybaby, but all man, and has cast its football future with him. Significantly the university's decision to make him permanent head coach was protested by only a handful of letters. The howling mob may be losing its voice.

THE END

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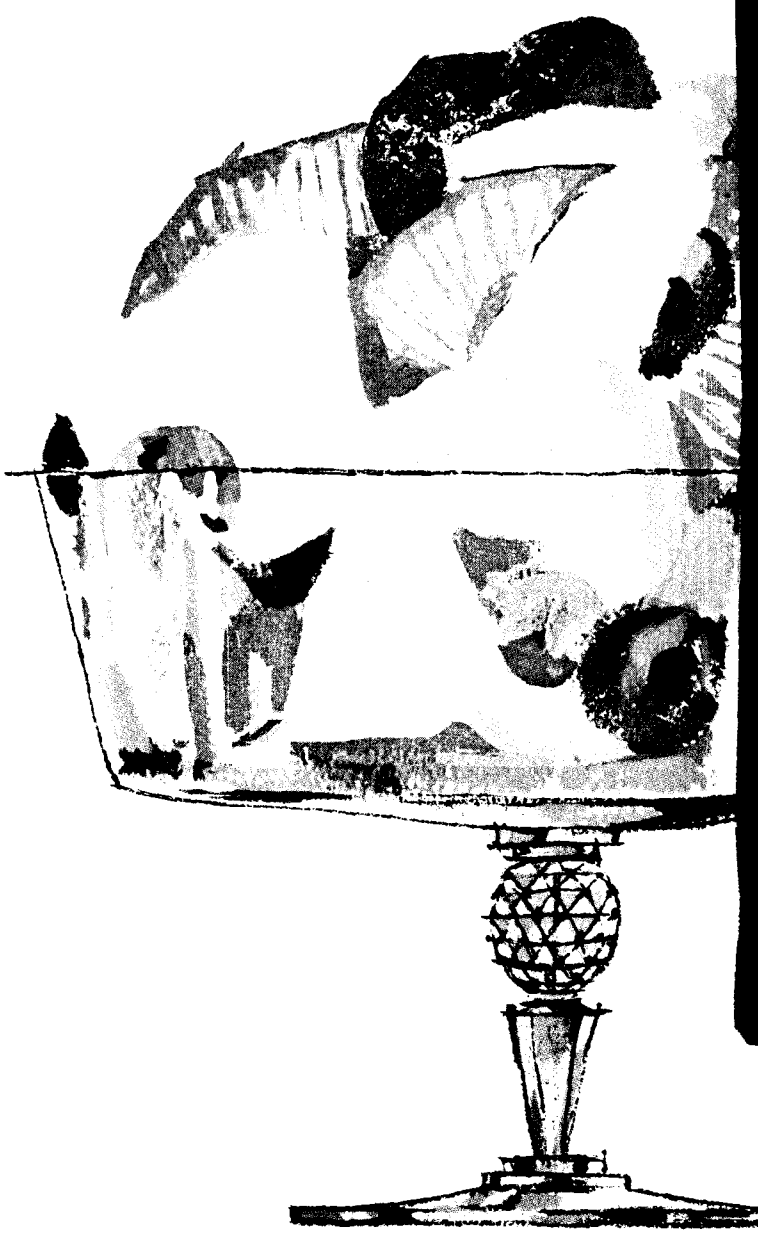

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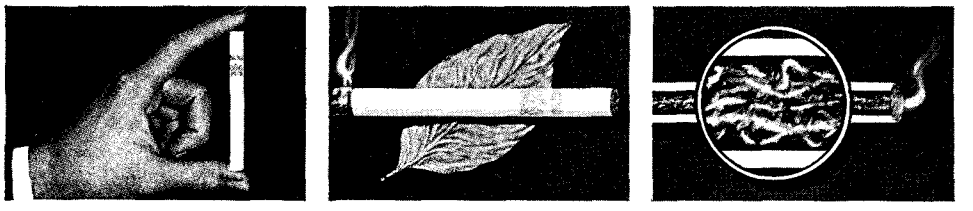

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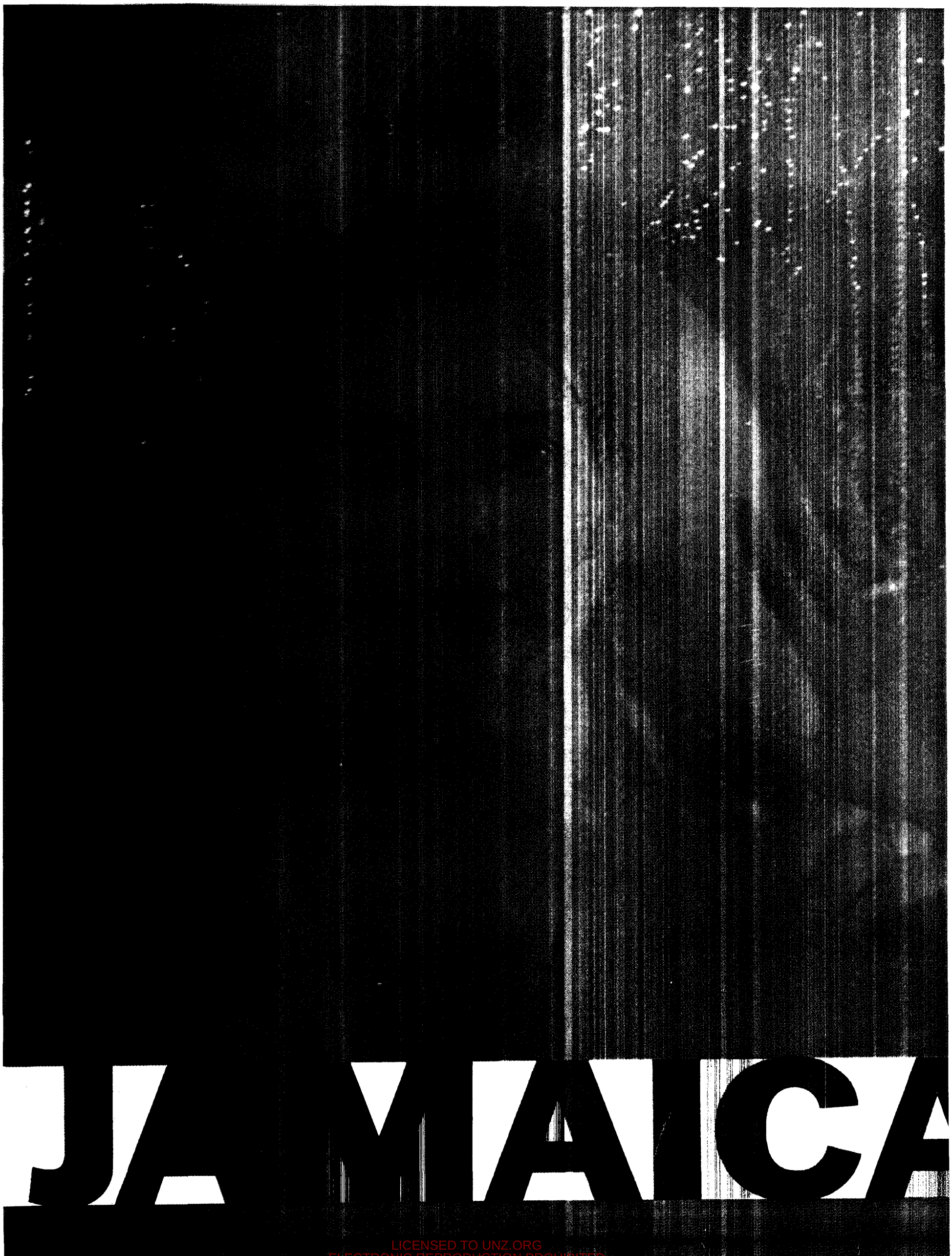

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STORM

Now, close to death, they learned how much they meant to each other.

By Hugh B. Cave

For me the
though Martha
the day, three
drove into the
I was prunin
heard Dan cussi
rattled. Marvale,
is one of the
Kingston or Montego Bay. A voice like
carry a long way in mountain stillness.

"Blast it, Tom," he croaked, climbing
twitching—though there wasn't much of him to
twitch—"why don't you get this road paved?"

I shook his hand. "I don't have your influence
or money, man. Why don't you stop driving and
use a chauffeur?"

"I'm too old to trust some fool at the wheel."

Martha came from the house and we led Dan
to a drink on the veranda—his standard drink: a
touch of old Jamaican rum in ginger ale. He was
eighty-one, and any man that age who can drive a
big American car up that narrow Marvale road is
entitled to a drink. It was over the rum-and-ginger
that he sprang the Great House on me.

"My boy is getting married," he said. He meant
Freddie Lawton, his grandson.

Martha and I looked at each other. "Oh?"
Martha said. "Who to?"

"Who to? Diana, of course."

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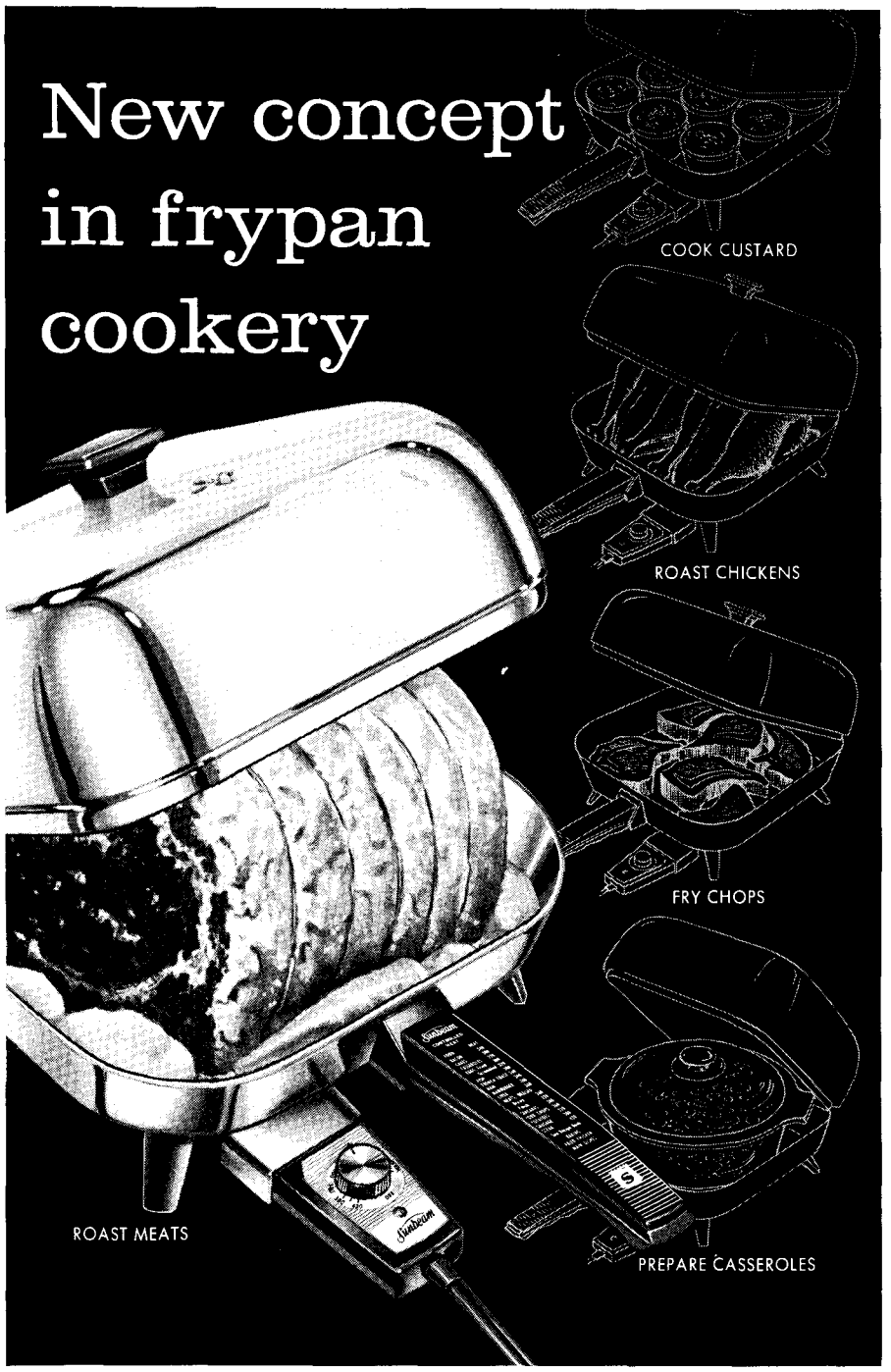

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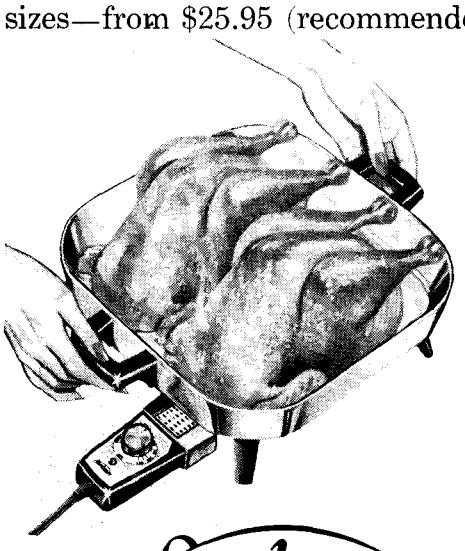

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JAMAICA

"Why, that's just—just wonderful," Martha said.

"Of course it's wonderful," Dan rumbled. "But they don't want to spend their honeymoon at the hotel. You see?" Dan had lived in Jamaica so long, he talked like a Jamaican, hanging a "you see?" on the end of every other sentence. Actually, though he owned a fancy hotel on the north coast, he was as American as—well, apple pie, isn't it?

"They want to come up here to the Great House," Dan said.

I said, "It's not even furnished now."

"I can send furniture up from the hotel."

I didn't know how to answer him. I could let him have the house, of course. It belonged to the Marvale Coffee Co-operative, and I was manager. But that place was one of the oldest in Jamaica: the owner's residence of a slave-days coffee estate. True, it had been used as a guesthouse off and on, but the wires that supplied electricity from the factory were down now; the pipe that brought water from the river was broken in at least three different places.

But Dan Lawton was an old friend. For years I had managed a sugar estate next door to his hotel. I knew his grandson, Freddie, and the girl Freddie was marrying—fine kids, both of them, though I hadn't thought they would ever marry each other, even for Dan's sake.

"All right," I said finally, "But you foot the bill."

"See you at the wedding," Dan said, grinning.

When he had gone, Martha frowned at me in silence for a minute, then said, "Tom, I never thought they'd do it. He's been trying to get those two married for years—trying so hard, if you want my honest opinion, that he actually turned them against each other. I never thought —— Why do you suppose they finally gave in?"

"Dan's old. They're fond of him."

She shook her head. "It will never work, Tom. You can't marry just to make a third party happy."

I thought about it. This Diana Jeffries was a nice girl, a lovely, friendly, no-pretense kind of girl, twenty-three years old, who had come out from England some years before with her parents. Her father had been in banking, but gave it up to become Dan Lawton's right-hand man in the hotel business.

The boy, Dan's grandson, had grown up in the States, but had come to the island every summer while in college and had worked at the hotel full time since his graduation three years ago. So there'd been plenty of opportunity for them to fall in love if they'd been going to.

Martha was right, I felt. If Dan Lawton had let things alone, Freddie and Diana just might have hit it off. But he—and Diana's dad with him—had pushed too hard, and the kids had quietly but firmly rebelled. Young people are like that today.

I thought of something. Old Dan had had a heart attack a couple of months back. A bad one. It was supposed to be a secret, but I knew about it. Maybe that was the answer.

I fixed up the old Great House as best I could and arranged for a cook, a housekeeper and a garden man, but when Dan sent a truck up with furniture, I had a problem. He sent twin beds. Now, Marvale Great House may be historically interesting and surrounded by some of the handsomest mountain scenery in the West Indies, but its rooms are small. There are lots of 'em, but they're little.

Even the master bedroom would be thought puny by our standards today. Besides, that room contained the one respectable piece of furniture left over from guesthouse days: a big, old, mahogany four-poster bed that I couldn't get apart without reducing it to kindling.

I left the four-poster where it was and put the twin beds in other, smaller bedrooms. The kids could have their choice: modern comfort in separate rooms, or lumps in a hard mattress. As for the rest of it, Dan sent up a gas stove with two cylinders of gas, a brand-new kerosene fridge, and enough living-room and dining-room furniture so they could entertain the West India Regiment.

As I've said, Martha and I went to the wedding, a handsome affair that took place in MoBay. We missed the reception at the hotel; I had to get back to Marvale to see to an important coffee shipment. It was about four in the afternoon—I had just returned to the house—when Diana's little sports car came sizzling up the road and swung into our drive.

"Hello," the girl said, reaching me a hand while she gave Martha a hug. "Can I have a cup of tea before I go up to the honeymoon manse?" She didn't look like a girl who'd just got married. Under a pathetically artificial surface brightness, she was

so tense you could almost hear the twanging.

"Where's the lord and master?" I asked, trying to play her own game of keep-it-jolly.

"Oh, he's coming in his own car."

We had tea on the veranda and talked about the wedding, and were just finishing when Freddie arrived in his Rover. He was keeping it jolly too. He said, "Hi, neighbors!" and kissed his new wife on her nose and plunked himself down—a long-legged, clean-looking lad with a big grin and one of those awful bristly haircuts. "Got all the bats cleaned out, Mr. Griswold?" he asked me.

"No, man. You'll find a whole colony of them under the eaves."

"Good," he said. "Keith Sanders and a gang are coming up tomorrow. Keith's doing a book on bats."

"Oh, my," Diana said. "I asked a crowd up too."

"Plenty of room for all in that old place," Freddie said, waving his hands. "We'll be all right."

I tried not to look at Martha, and I'm sure she tried not to frown, but I looked and she was frowning. I knew what she was thinking. A honeymoon with crowds of people around? When the two youngsters had gone on up the road in their cars, Freddie leading this time because that stretch to the road's end is steep and rough, I said, "Well, now we know why they wanted Marvale."

"Yes." Martha looked off into space the way she does sometimes. "Down below, at the hotel, they'd have had to keep up a pretense, wouldn't they? Here it'll be just their own friends, and they won't have to."

That was it, all right. There was a crowd of young people at the Great House every day. Martha would see the cars pass while she was on the veranda sewing, or in the garden. I'd see them from my office at the factory. Mr. and Mrs.

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Freddie Lawton were two of the most popular youngsters in Jamaica.

When we had a chance, Martha and I compared notes. "Diana had a crowd up today," she would say. "They came about ten—three carloads—and went down again at noon in beach clothes, Diana with them. I didn't see Freddie."

"He's got a gang coming tomorrow for a wild-pig hunt in the hills," I'd say. "I met him up at the river, looking things over."

Or—"Freddie went by this afternoon with three in his car," I'd say, "and four more in a car that followed. I didn't see Diana."

"She walked down to pay me a visit," Martha would say. "She and some of her pals are going orchid-hunting, and she wanted to know the best spots to go to."

They were alone at night, I guess. There were only those two beds in the house, other than the old four-poster. When we were asked up to tea one day, I wondered if they would try to fool us about how things were between them.

I suppose they did try, in a way. "We aren't using the big bedroom," Diana said a bit too breezily. "That old bed is just too full of rocks, and anyway, the ceiling leaks. But we're getting on nicely, and we do like the house."

I said, "You ought to buy it and fix it up as a guesthouse again. The Co-op would let it go cheap."

They both laughed.

"Why not?" I pressed. "In the old days it was Kingston people who came up here mostly, to get away from the heat for a week or two in summer. But you'd have tourists now. Jamaica's been discovered."

Freddie looked thoughtful for a minute, then shook his head. "Too many problems."

"Besides," Diana said, "we're just working people, you know. When the honeymoon's over, we'll both be back working for Dan again."

They obviously weren't interested, so I let it go. It was a sound idea, though. Especially sound for them, I thought, because the Great House could be run in conjunction with the hotel.

We spent a pleasant three hours at the house that day, and there was no strain. If I felt anything, it was only a sort of artificial brightness. On the way home I said to Martha, "You'd never know it was a game they're playing, would you?"

"I would," Martha said.

"How?"

"Well, they're naturally nice youngsters behaving naturally, though not as if they were married, of course. But underneath it they're scared. I don't think they gave this a lot of thought before they went into it, Tom. Now they're beginning to realize what they've done."

"You think they'll get a divorce?"

"Not while Dan is alive," she said. "And I hope never. Dan is right, you know—they ought to be married to each other, those two." She shook her head. "If only he'd had sense enough to let them find it out for themselves."

They had rented the house for a month. It wasn't until the end of the third week that we sensed a slackening off in the number of cars going up and down the road. About that time Freddie began coming down to the factory, to sit and chat with me. I suppose he was bored.

We talked about the hotel business and the coffee business and other things, but not about marriage. Never about marriage. One day he asked an odd question. "What would you think of a solar heating system at Marvale House, Mr. Griswold? Would some copper tubing under glass on that back-yard slope do the trick, do you think? Provide enough hot water for guests?"

"What guests?" I said.

"Oh, I was just speculating."

I told him I thought a solar system would work well enough, provided he could devise some way to store the heated water. "We have long, hard rains up here, remember."

Another time he said, out of the blue, "You know, Mr. Griswold, the power from your factory turbine wouldn't be enough if Marvale were a guesthouse. We'd need our own turbine. If you had to install one for the house, would you put it at the river with remote controls or pipe the water to one on the grounds?"

I reached to the office bookcase for a book on turbines and handed it to him. "You changing your mind about the place?"

"No, no. It's just something to think about, to pass the time."

"Have you talked to Diana about it?"

"Oh, she wouldn't be interested."

He might have been surprised had he known what Martha was telling me, evenings. While Freddie was visiting me at the office, Diana was driving down to chat with Martha. You know what they talked about mostly?

"If you owned Marvale and wanted to fix it up, Martha," the girl said one day, "where would you start?"

"I'd knock out some of those partitions and make the rooms larger," Martha told her. "I'd paint the place."

"What colors?"

"Well, my taste in colors mightn't be yours. Why don't you talk it over with Freddie?"

"Freddie wouldn't be interested," Diana said with a laugh. "I was just wondering what I'd do *if*."

So they didn't do anything. In fact, we learned later they never even talked about it. The final week of the honeymoon passed, and on the next to the last afternoon old Dan stopped by.

He looked tired as he got out of his car, I thought. Tired and stiff. Martha fetched him his drink, and he seemed glad to ease himself onto a veranda chair. "Been up to see the kids?" he asked.

We told him we had, but mostly it was the kids who came to see us.

"How are they getting on?"

"They seem to be just fine," I said with a glance at Martha.

"Good, good." He heaved a sigh and let himself relax all over. "I had to be up this way and hoped to pay them a call, but I can't face that road. Must be getting old, Tom."

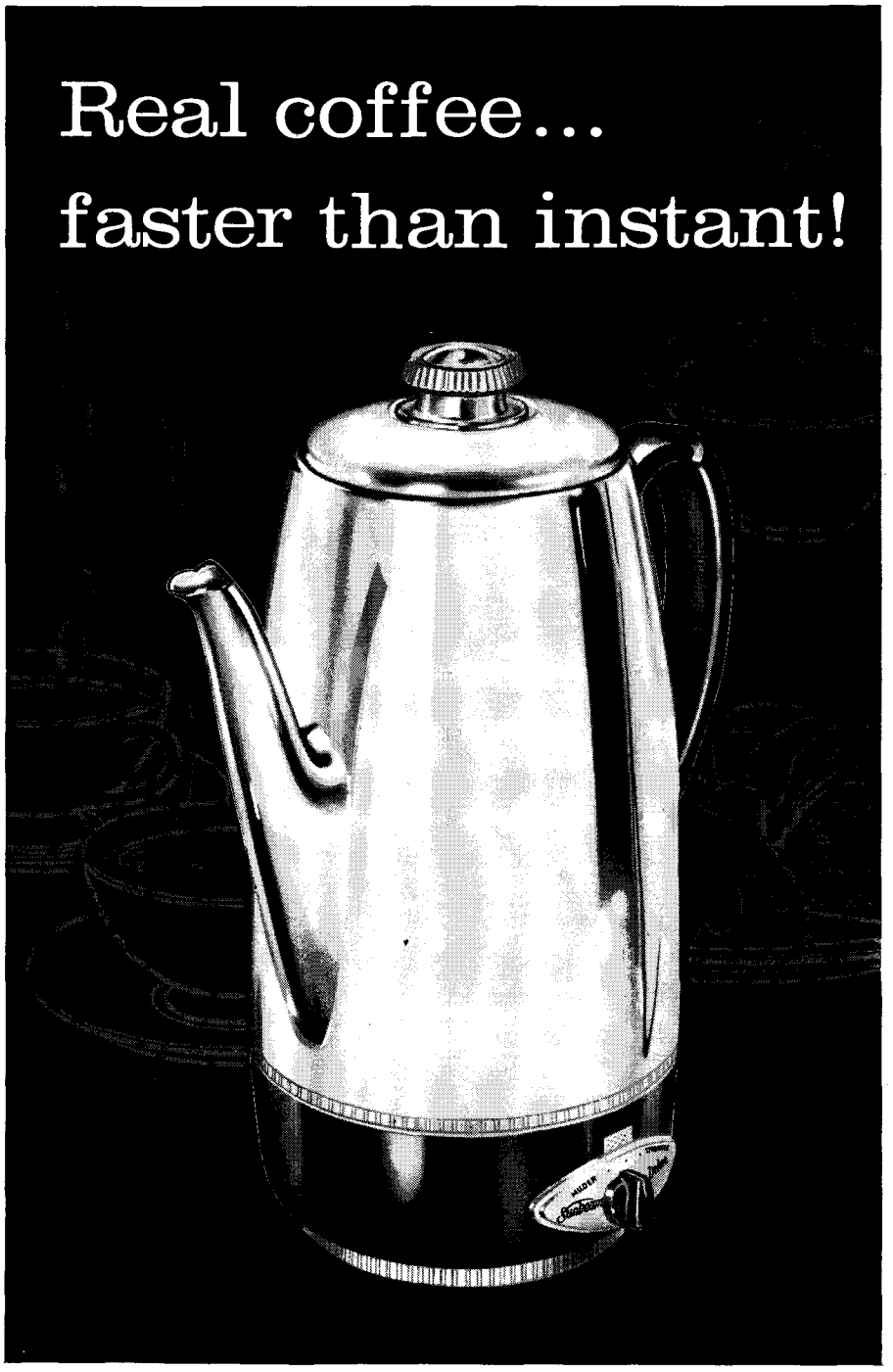
"I can drive you to the house," I said.

"Uh-uh." He shook his head. "You can't pad these old bones against the bumps. If you say the kids are fine, that's enough for me. They'll be back at the hotel tomorrow." He sighed again. "You know something, you two? I'm the happiest old codger in the world since those youngsters got married. They were made for each other."

"They're very fond of you, Dan," Martha said.

"They're wonderful kids." He finished his drink and creaked to his feet. "If you see 'em, tell 'em I called, hey? Give 'em my love."

"Dan," I said, worried by the look of him, "why don't you let me drive you back? Someone at the hotel can run me home."



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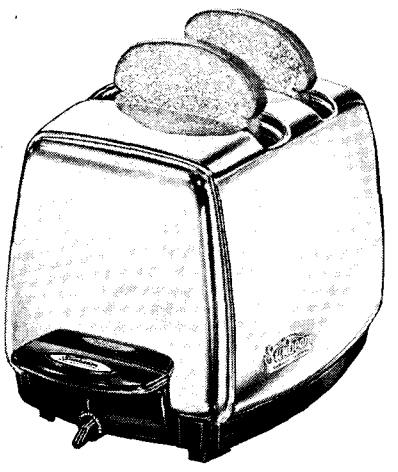

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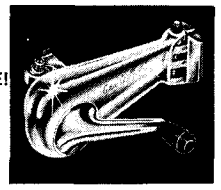

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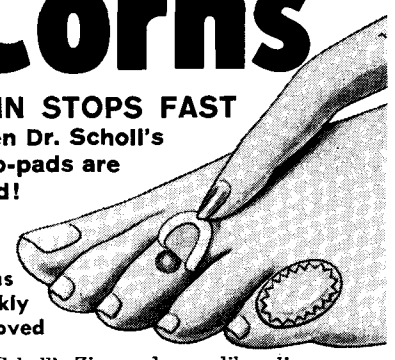

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He dismissed the offer with a wave, and drove off. Drove very slowly, I noticed, over the driveway bridge. We heard his car going down the road. The sound died away. Then we heard another sound that was to last a long, cruel time. Rain.

Well, sir, I've lived in Jamaica my whole life, and I'm no stranger to rain. But this was a storm. It began about five o'clock. Before dark my yard was a lake and the stream under the bridge had gone wild. By ten o'clock we were discovering leaks where there had never been leaks before, and when we went to bed at midnight we were exhausted from trying to cope with them.

In the morning I splashed out to the bridge, thinking I'd better get the Prefect out on the road, just in case. But I'd waited too long. The bridge was a hundred feet downstream, standing on end against a breadfruit tree.

I walked upstream and crossed on a footbridge higher up, where the stream runs deep in a gully. When I got to the road, that, too, was a river. I floundered back to the house. "You be all right here, Martha, if I go up to the factory?"

"I'll be all right," she said. "But what about Diana and Freddie?"

"I shouldn't think they'd stay. They were leaving today anyway."

"Can they get out?"

"Not in cars," I said. "But they can walk down and go back for their things later."

"You'd better look in on them," Martha urged.

I put on a raincoat—it didn't do one blessed bit of good—and went back over the footbridge and up the road. Just down from the village the steep bank at the road edge had collapsed, spilling red mud and boulders over a chain of roadway. I had to climb it; couldn't get round. Nothing on wheels would be traveling this stretch while the storm lasted; that was sure. I had a truckload of coffee to send to Kingston too.

I wondered what the really bad stretch, to the Great House, would be like. But I wasn't to find out then. When I stopped at the factory, I found trouble.

The place was a mess, with water everywhere and my factory crew working like demons to move the coffee to safety. We had never faced conditions like this before, even in the wettest of Octobers. I tossed off my raincoat and worked with the men, wrestling those heavy barrels—Blue Mountain is always shipped in barrels, never in bags—until I ached. Then I took a crew outside to plug the worst leaks in the roof and trench the back wall of the building, where water was pouring in on the pulper.

I was a tired man, trudging up the road to the Great House. And it wasn't a road any more. The water had washed it to bare boulders and was rushing through the boulders like a mountain stream. I half expected to find the kids' cars mired along the way. Freddie and Diana would have tried to get out, I told myself, and got stuck, and either finished their flight on foot or fled back to the house.

I didn't find any cars on the road. They were parked like a pair of bugs side by side in the garage, visible through the garage-door windows. Freddie, his feet bare and khaki pants rolled up to the knees—pants were all he had on—was in the yard with a shovel, furiously digging a ditch to keep the gardens from being washed away.

"Are you out of your mind, man?" I said, halting beside him.

He waved me toward the house and went on working. "Go on inside, Mr. Griswold. Be right with you."

In the house I found Diana moving furniture. The ceiling dripped, and the floor was a checkerboard of pots and pans to catch the drips. She, too, was barefoot. Her dress looked as though she had put it on soaking wet—I seem to remember it was white, with yellow flowers that looked drowned—and her hair was around her face.

I helped her to move a table, and she said, "Thanks, Mr. Griswold," and then, "Whew!" She sat down and pushed the hair out of her eyes and let her arms go limp. "You shouldn't have come all the way up here," she said.

"Where's Myrtle?" I demanded. "Where's Mavis?" Those were the girls I had hired to do the cooking and housework. "Why aren't they helping you?"

"I sent them home. They both have small children to look after."

"Why isn't Victor helping Freddie?" Victor was the garden man I'd hired.

"His wife came up to say he was needed at home. Freddie sent him packing."

"My Lord," I said. "You two can't manage all this trouble alone. Go and get some of your things together. You're coming to my place."

Before she could answer, Freddie appeared in the doorway, halting there to wring some of the water out of his pants legs. He came in grinning, but he looked exhausted. They

both looked exhausted. "How are things down below?" he asked.

"Bad, man."

"Anything I can do to help?"

"Yes," I said, "clear out of here."

"We can't do that," he said. "Can we, Di? Somebody has to look after things here."

Well, I thought, all right. It was bound to stop soon, and if these kids wanted to stay, why not? I asked if they had food, and they said they had enough. Water? "Potfuls," Diana said, laughing. "And there's still some coming from the taps, though it needs straining now."

"You may lose your lights," I warned. "Got any candles?"

They had candles. I shook my head at their folly and left them, but I was pleased with them too. They were wonderful kids, as old Dan had said. All this talk about the younger generation being soft. . . .

The rain didn't stop. It should have, but the downpour continued all that day and through the night. In the morning, when I walked up to the factory, I found we had no power. "No water comin' t'rough de pipe, Busha," Zackie Davis told me with a long face. Zackie was in charge of the turbine. "Intake mus' be clogged, sah."

As I've said—or have I?—we take our water from a mountain stream up in the bush. There was a track along our pipeline to the intake, but in a downpour like this I thought it best to use the road as far as Marvale House and follow their pipe. The total distance would be longer, but the bush track shorter.

With Zackie I trudged up the road, what was left of it. We reached the top of the Great House drive. There, even with the rain doing its cruel best to drown me, my mouth fell open.

Diana Lawton stood there by one of the juniper poles that carried wires from the factory to the house, handing tools up to her husband. Freddie was up the pole, perched on the crosspiece.

"A wire came down, Mr. Griswold," Diana said, her gaze fixed on Freddie. "We're trying to fix it. Can you manage, Freddie?"

"Be through in a minute if I don't get electrocuted," Freddie called down. "Let me have that tape, Di."

"Be careful," she said. "Don't get hurt."

He finished and descended, landing with a splash at my feet and adding mud to my miseries. He looked proud of himself, I thought—if it's possible for a man to look proud while drowning in a deluge. Diana just looked relieved.

I told them the wire was only part of their trouble. "The intake for the turbine is clogged."

He nodded. "Ours must be too. We've got no water now."

"That's just fine. How are things otherwise?"

"We're holding our own," Diana said cheerfully. "We think."

I said I was going to the river to clear the intake, and Freddie decided to come along and clear his—"if you'll show me where it is." Diana thought she had better go back to the house and battle the leaks.

"I'll try to have some hot coffee when you turn up," she said. "The stove's under water, but maybe I can move it."

"You be careful with that thing," Freddie said, scowling.

We watched her go striding down the drive—it takes an English girl to walk like that in a downpour—and then we set off along the pipeline. The rain came down in sheets. We just blundered through it, grabbing at the pipe, at trees, at anything handy in order to keep our feet under us.

It's a half mile from Marvale House to the river, and we heard the stream long before we reached it. You can always hear it there; it falls a hundred feet in twenty chains, over cascades and rapids. This morning it made a thunder I could feel in my stomach.

When we had clawed our way up to the two intakes, which were just a few yards apart in a pool under a cascade, I saw we were in real trouble. The river had brought down a fantastic tangle of trees and bush trash. The pool was packed solid.

"We'll never clear mine until the water goes down," I said. "The screen is smashed, anyway; it would just fill up again. Let's have a go at yours." And with a nod to Zackie I started to ease myself into the water.

Freddie caught my arm and held me. "That's my intake, Mr. Griswold," he said. "You get back here." He meant it too. He wouldn't let go until I stopped and waved him on. Then he and Zackie slipped into the pool and began to tug at the debris.

It took them an hour, and my heart was in my mouth every minute. Even the place itself gave me the creeps—the river crashing down over those huge boulders, the gorge turning the sound to thunder and that mass of trash churning and straining wildly in the pool as though it were alive.

Two or three times I called out to them to be careful. Once, when a big bullet-wood log came lurching over the cascade, I yelled in panic, "Freddie! Watch out!" But they worked without rest, side by side in water up to their armpits, until the intake was cleared. And when they clambered out at last and sank onto the rocks to rest, I saw Zackie, a two-hundred-pound black man with the strength of an

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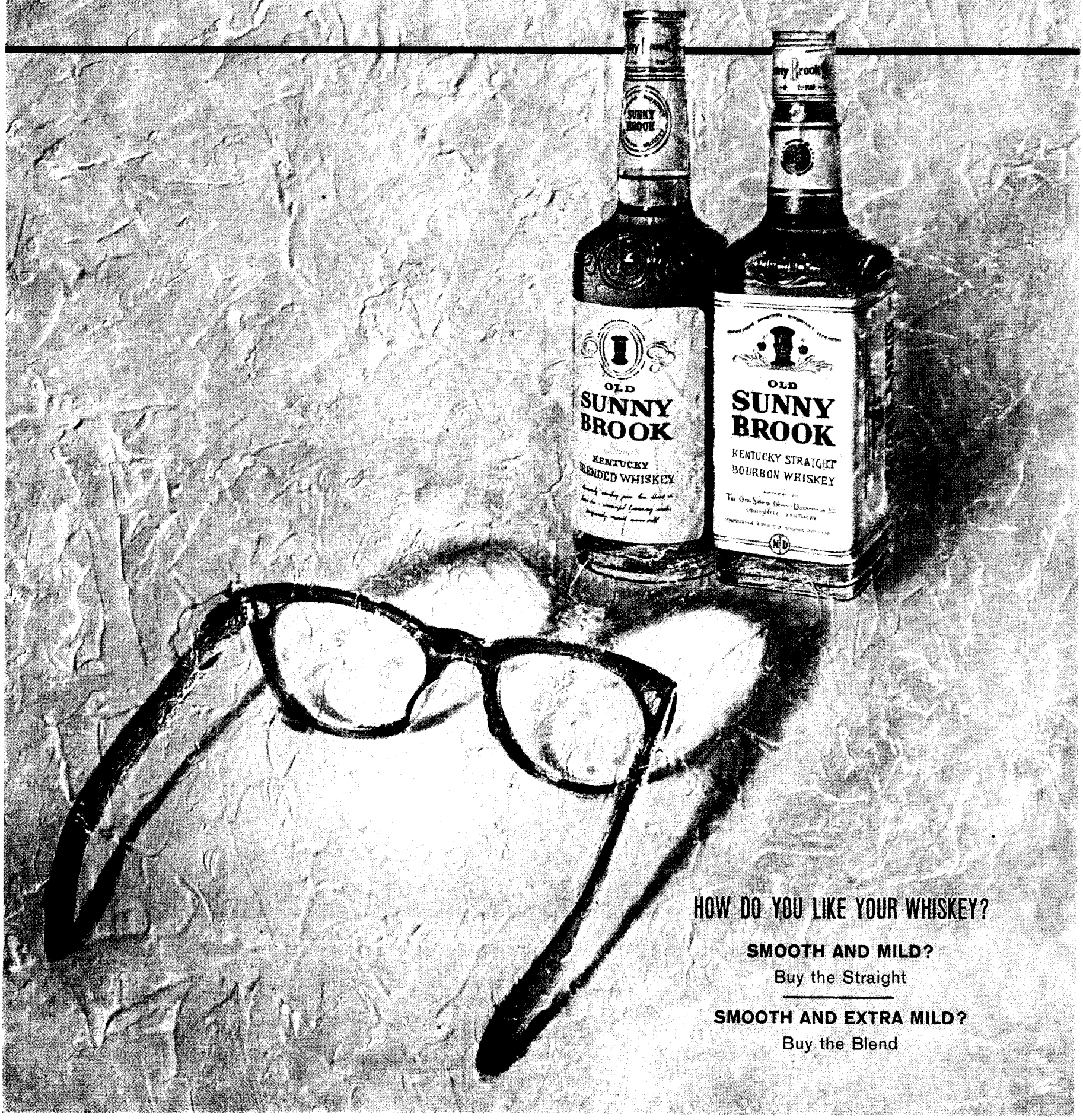

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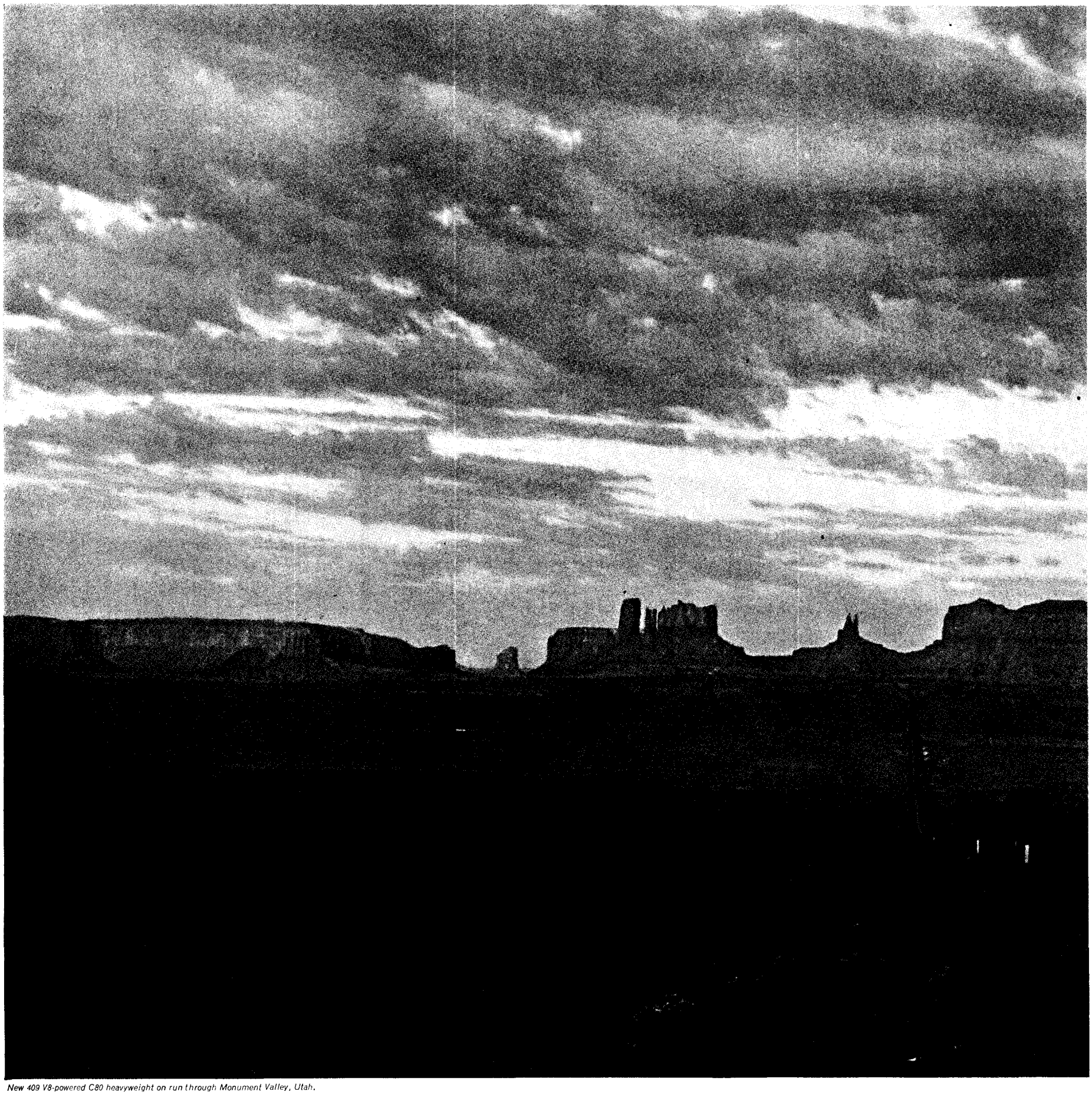

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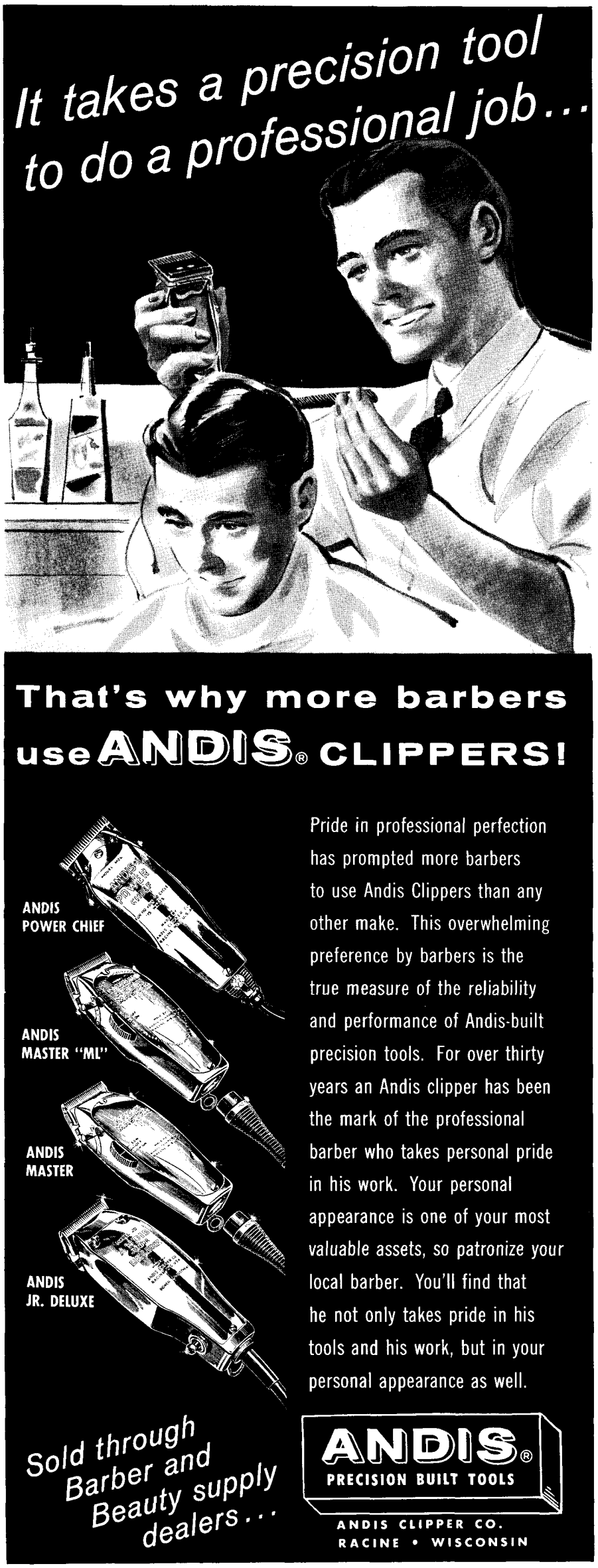
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ox, looking at slim young Freddie Lawton with admiration.

"What do you mean, your intake?" I said. "You going to buy the house?"

"I might, you know," Freddie said.

"What will your wife say?"

"I don't know, Mr. Griswold. I haven't asked her." He suddenly frowned. "Let's go back, shall we? Di shouldn't be alone there."

We went back. I remember thinking I'd start screaming if we didn't get out of that rain. It ran down my back. It was in my shoes. It made my clothes flap against me, cold and heavy, with every stumbling step. You couldn't light a cigarette. When I tried to, the pack just filled with water. You could scarcely breathe.

We dragged ourselves to the house and found Diana in the kitchen, working in three inches of water. The stove wasn't going. The ceiling had perversely sprung a big leak directly over it, and it couldn't be moved because the tube from the gas supply was fast to the wall. The girl had a charcoal fire in an iron pot, the kind the peasants roast their coffee beans in, and a pan of coffee steaming over it. "We could stop all these leaks with a new roof, couldn't we, Freddie?" she said.

Freddie didn't answer. He was slumped on a kitchen stool, too tired to lift his head.

When we'd had coffee, I went through the house to assess the damage, and knew I had to do something. There was water in every room. The whole place was damp and musty.

"Look, you two," I said. "You're exhausted, both of you, and I can't spare anyone from the factory to lend you a hand. You can't get help from the village either; those people have troubles of their own. Come down to my place where Martha and I can look after you."

Freddie looked at Diana. "We'll be all right. Won't we, Di?" he said.

"It can't rain forever, Mr. Griswold," Diana said.

What could I do?

That night was the worst. I thought we'd end up in the bay. Martha and I never went to bed at all, just sat and listened to the rain pounding. We thought of those two in that big old house without lights, just a few candles flickering, and water dripping from the ceilings, water on the floors. Only a charcoal fire to make a hot meal on. And being married to each other when they didn't want to be, but trying to make the best of it, to be cheerful about it, because they were that sort. We thought about it and talked about it, and when daylight came, we went into the yard to see what the rain had done to us.

We didn't say much. The rain was only a drizzle then, but we could see months of work ahead, repairing our lawn and restoring the gardens. Our prize pear tree was flat across the drive with its roots in the air. It was a budded tree with three kinds of pears on it. You call them avocados, I guess. My coffee trees and young citrus, were just bits of green above a sea of mud. Martha reached for my hand, and I put my arm around her.

By nine the rain had stopped. "I'll take a walk up to the Great House," I said. "See how they managed."

"I'll come with you," Martha said.

"All that way?"

"You won't be walking fast."

We went up the road, not hurrying. People were out sizing up the damage, and we spoke and they spoke, but no one had much to say. Daughton, the public-works fellow, had some men out digging away the slide below the village. In front of the post office the *Gleaner* man, McNulty, stopped us to say he was sorry we hadn't got our papers, but none had been delivered from Kingston.

"It's all right," I said. "We understand." McNulty was a bit odd, but conscientious.

"You did hear about old Mr. Lawton, Busha?" he asked.

"What about Mr. Lawton?"

"Him was found down de road, sah, just after your place."

A chill touched me. I remembered watching old Dan drive out of our yard, just before the rain. I recalled how tired he had looked, and how I'd wanted to drive him home.

"You mean"—I was almost afraid to say it—"he had an accident?"

"No, sah, it don't seem so. Him was just sittin' in his car like him asleep. But him dead."

Martha caught my hand, and we stood there a minute, just staring at McNulty and saying nothing.

"Poor Dan," Martha whispered then.

I thought of the two kids in the Great House. They could stop pretending now.

"You remember what he said?" Martha was

saying. "That he was the happiest man in the world?"

"He deserved to be happy." *But so do those kids, and now they can be too. They gave it a try and, thanks to the rain, they've had a good, sound look at each other, working side by side to survive. If they aren't in love, it isn't their fault; they just weren't meant to be.*

McNulty was saying he thought the *Gleaner*s would be delivered that day and he would surely bring ours down to us, so I thanked him and we went on up the road. Martha still held my hand. We didn't talk. We just walked until we got there.

The old Great House stood wet and bleak in the first wash of sunlight, with a mist rising from the drowned gardens. Behind it the mountains were emerging from their own mist. The Blue Mountains after a hard rain always set me thinking of a certain passage in the Bible: "Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." What kind of tidings were we bringing? I wondered.

We climbed the steps. The big front door was closed, and when no one came in response to my knock, I tried the knob. The door opened. We stepped inside, and I called out, "Hello. Anyone home?" No answer.

"They must be still asleep," Martha said.

We went through the living room—the floor was still puddled—to the two bedrooms the kids were using. Both doors were open; both rooms were empty. We looked at each other, the way old married people do, and turned to the master bedroom with its ancient four-poster.

They were on the bed, not in it—fully dressed, but with their shoes under the bed in a row. Freddie Lawton had an arm around his wife, and she had her head on his shoulder, and they were sound asleep—as though they would sleep forever.

I opened my mouth to speak, and Martha squeezed my hand to stop me. "Come on home," she said. "They don't need us now."

THE END

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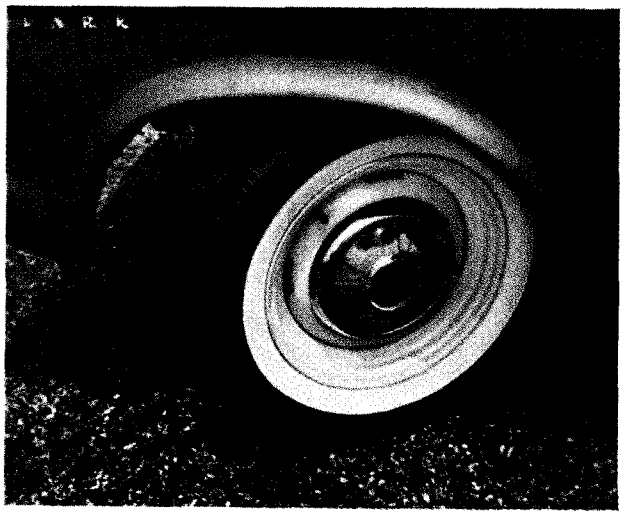
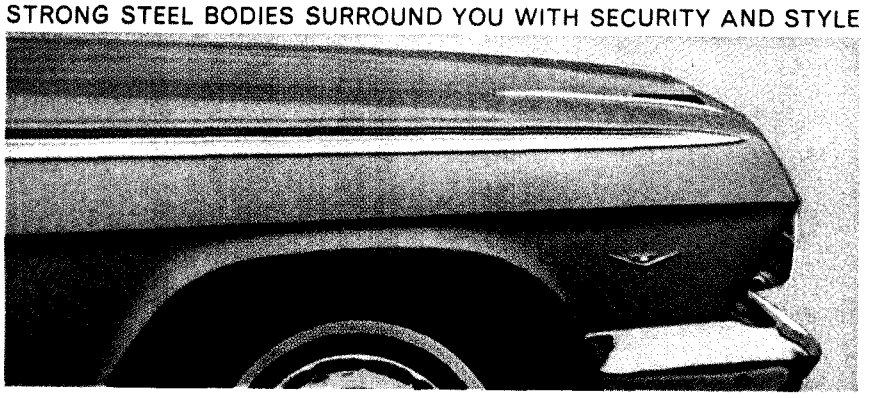
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

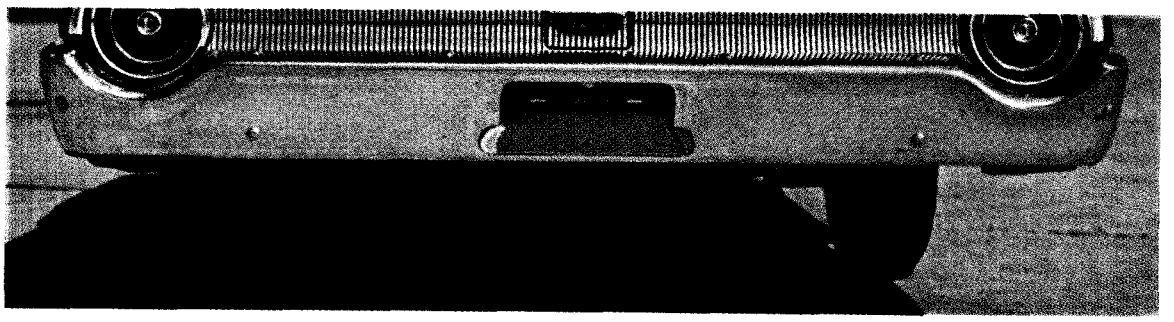
TOUGH STEEL WHEELS
SOAK UP THE ROUGHEST ROAD SHOCKS

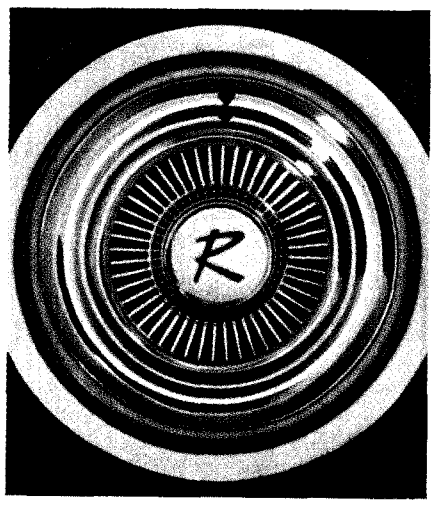


STRONG STEEL BODIES SURROUND YOU WITH SECURITY AND STYLE

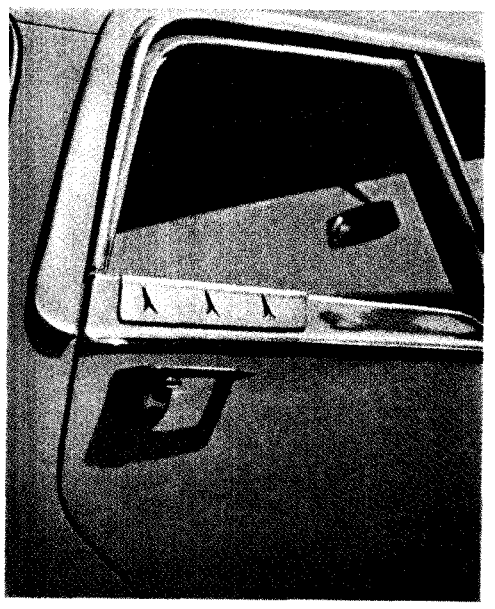


RUGGED STEEL BUMPERS PROTECT
YOUR CAR FRONT AND BACK





SOLID STAINLESS STEEL WHEEL
COVERS STAY SHOWROOM BRIGHT



GLEAMING STAINLESS STEEL TRIM RE-
SISTS DENTS, SCRATCHES, CORROSION

There's only one thing better than steel in a new car.....

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. . . and that's you!

Steel

This mark tells you a product is made of modern, dependable Steel.

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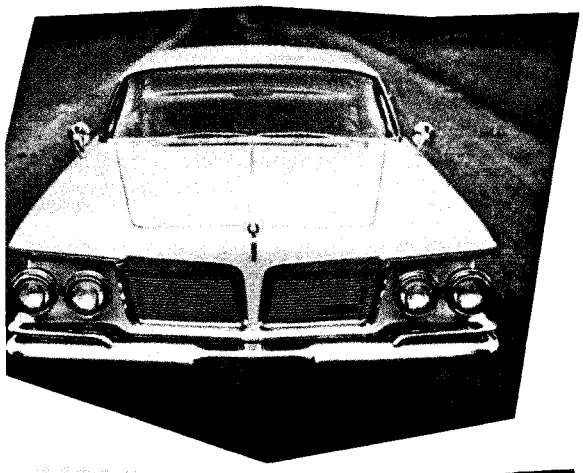

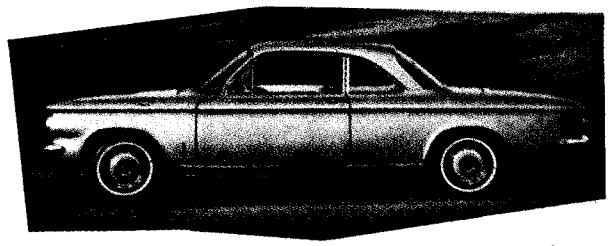

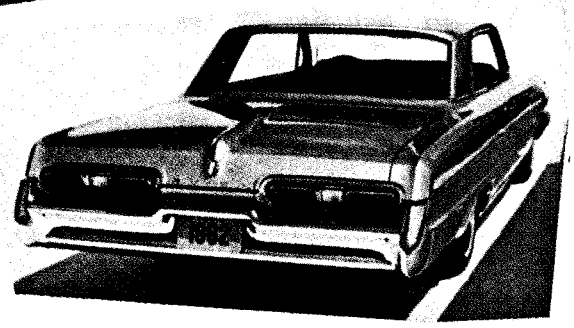

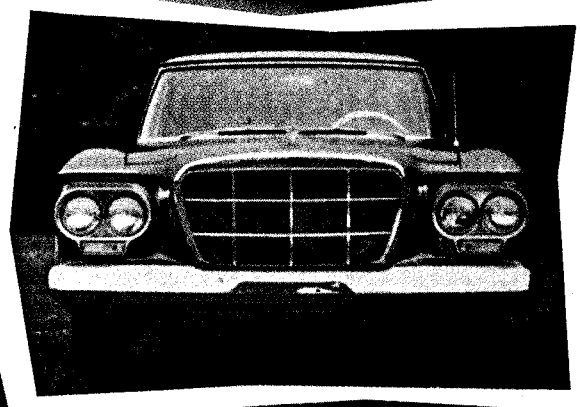

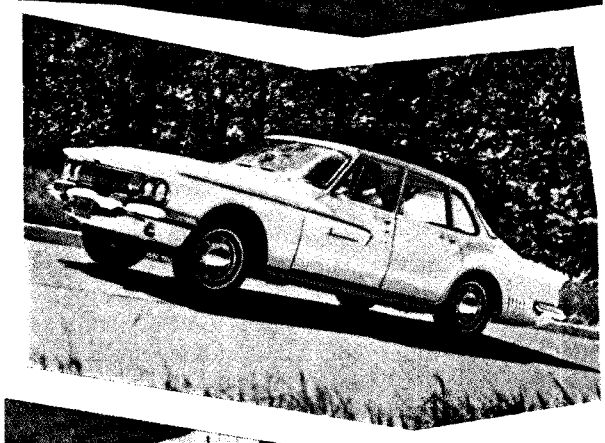

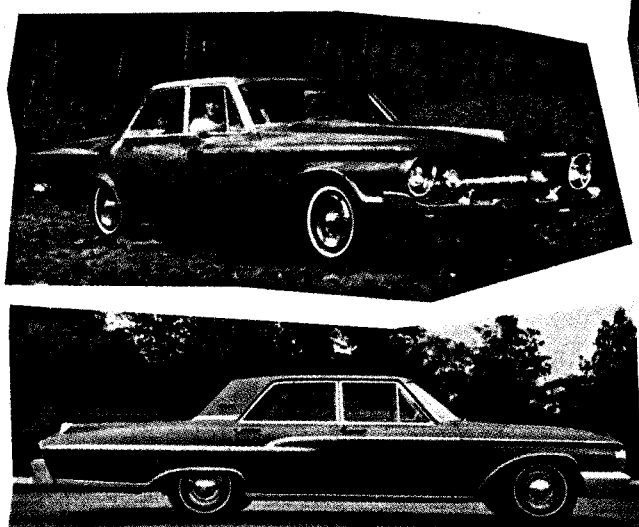

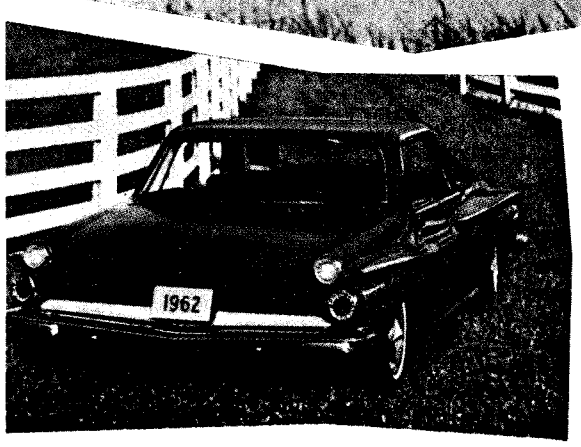

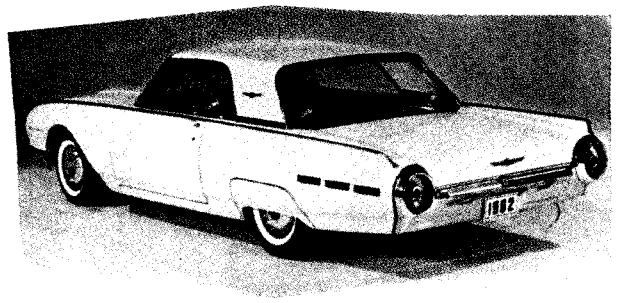

EE THE ALL NEW, STRONG-ON-STEEL '62 CARS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALERS NOW

Plymouth Valiant	Studebaker Hawk	Ford	Imperial	Rambler Classic	Corvair
Oldsmobile	Chevrolet	Buick Special	Rambler American	Buick	Dodge
Ford Falcon	Cadillac	Chrysler	Dodge Lancer	Plymouth	Lark by Studebaker
Pontiac Tempest	Rambler Ambassador	Oldsmobile F-85	Dodge Dart	Mercury	Chevy II
	Mercury Comet	Lincoln Continental		Thunderbird	Pontiac

United States Steel

USS

TRADEMARK

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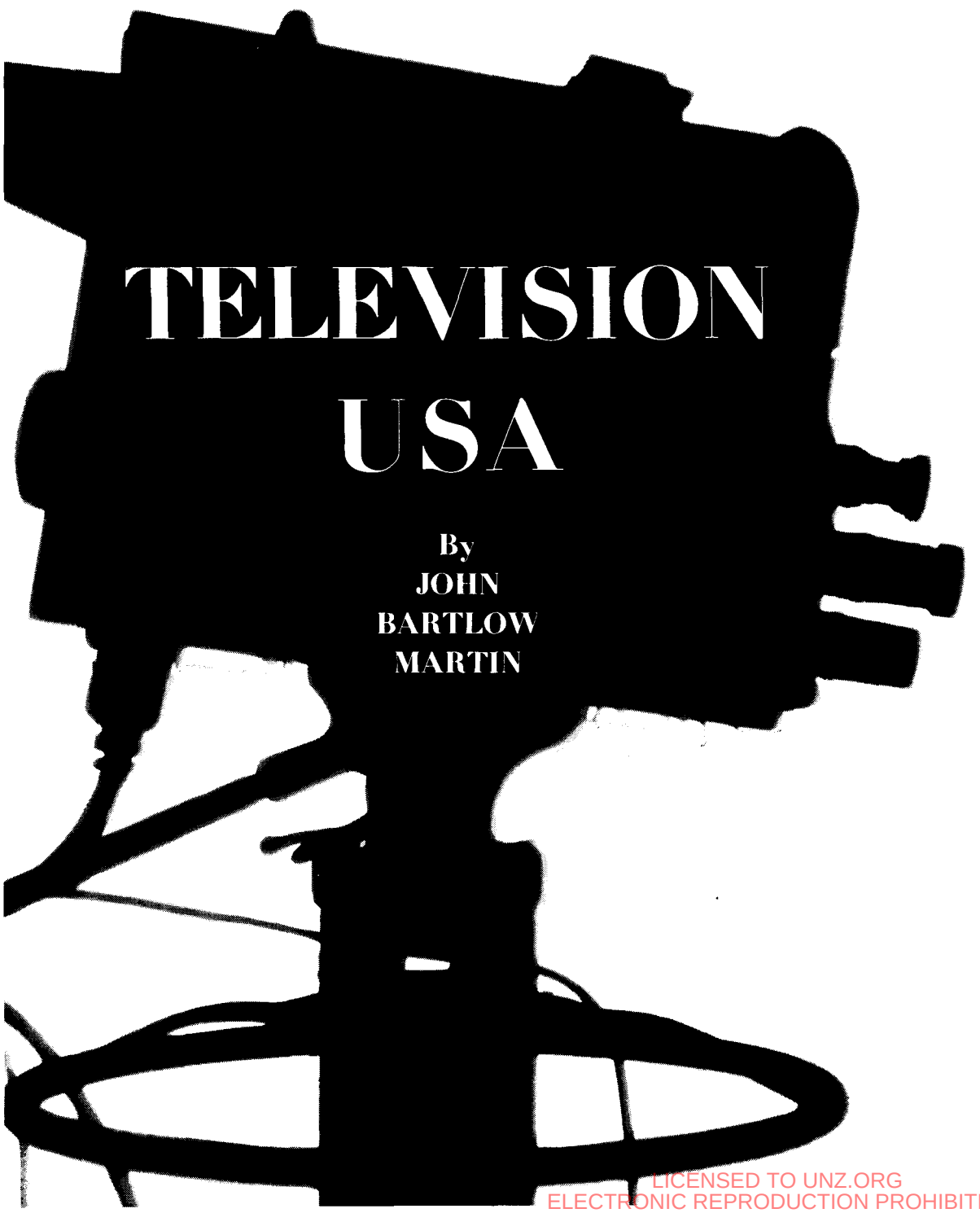
Battle of the BIG THREE

PART TWO

An inside look at one of the mighty, fiercely competitive networks and its top bosses.



At 9:30 o'clock on a weekday morning, midtown Madison Avenue in New York City is packed with twisted, tortured traffic, trucks and buses and taxis now racing along, now crawling, people on foot threading their way among them, each person, each car, separated only by inches. The Avenue is in shadow; between high buildings sunlight slants down the narrow cross streets. The sidewalks are filled with young men wearing the latest-model suits, advertising men commuting from Westchester County and carrying attaché cases, young women hurrying to work, messengers delivering manuscriptlike packages to the shining towers. Already the din of riveting hammers has begun; everywhere workingmen are pulling down old buildings and putting up new. The hurrying young men with attaché cases seem oblivious. Here on the Avenue are three leading book publishers, several national magazines, numerous advertising agencies and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The heart of nationwide American television is its three networks. They created it. They dominate it today. They are highly profitable and highly risky—failure to sell a single hour of prime evening time each night for a season may mean a year's loss for the network as a whole. They are extremely powerful. They tend to monopolize talent. They have been accused of refusing to broadcast some programs unless given a financial interest in them.

To television people each network possesses a distinctive character. They consider CBS "the most solid," heavy on public affairs and led by two statesmen, Frank Stanton and William Paley. They consider ABC a brash young upstart, pressing the other networks hard with such "action-adventure" junk as *The Untouchables* and 77 *Sunset Strip*, led by a young buccaneer, Oliver Treyz. They consider NBC less clearly definable, "big in color," highly skilled at entertainment specials, excellent on news. The three networks compete fiercely.

Let us examine CBS-TV in detail.

CBS's hierarchy is rigid. The network is broken up into divisions, each headed by an officer of the company. "There is a jungle warfare between divisions," says a former executive. "It invites panic. It kills creativity." Executives spend days seeking to learn who killed their pet projects. Even a top-notch producer said of his program, "I think it went on because Paley himself ordered it on. But I'm not sure."

CBS is first of all a business. More, it is a tough business, as auto making is tough. These men deal with numbers—ratings, cost per thousand, millions of viewers, program costs, revenues, profits. They must; CBS is owned by 26,471 stockholders, who demand profits. Theatrical people sometimes do uneconomic things because they want to or feel they ought to. Publishers still publish poetry. But in the television industry as a whole, such sentimentality is rare.

CBS and the television sections of the advertising agencies and film studios are filled with a new breed of businessmen—young, polished, educated, soft-spoken, courteous, gentlemanly and totally unsentimental. Courtesy pervades. When the boss goes to lunch, his secretary says, "Have a good lunch." Perhaps only such little human gestures make life bearable in an industry so full of tension and razor-edged competition. Executives' rises are meteoric, their plunges sickening. A CBS executive says, "The pressures here are unbelievable." And another, "We're all

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ciphers. Faceless men. All frightened to death. The basic instinct is to protect the corporation. It's the basis of our whole American corporate life. I'll be leaving some day, and I'll be glad to leave. This is a business. And I think broadcasting should be so much more than a business." Fear pervades. Will ABC defeat us? What will FCC do? And what will please the great unknown beast, the viewing public? For on that, on ratings, depend executive lives. Small wonder they come to hate as well as fear the public. Small wonder they cling to ratings. Ratings, shaky as some consider them, are the only solid ground under network executives' feet.

CBS is run from the Madison Avenue headquarters. No television broadcasting is done from here. Actually, the network does no wireless broadcasting at all. From a master control room in Grand Central Station, it transmits programs over A.T.&T. wires to its 199 affiliated stations in the United States. To buy an hour's evening time on CBS's full line-up of stations costs $130,330. The network produces a few of the programs live in studios scattered around New York. The rest are filmed or taped.

The company that became CBS was organized as a radio network in 1927. It never got off the ground. A year later William S. Paley of Philadelphia bought it. Paley's father owned a cigar factory. While vacationing, Paley experimentally advertised the cigars on radio. Results proved spectacular. So Paley bought CBS, built the network and launched radio's golden era. Television was coming. Paley took the plunge. "We went in," an executive recalls, "and $53,000,000 and three years later we hadn't earned a dollar. We finally turned the corner in 1952."

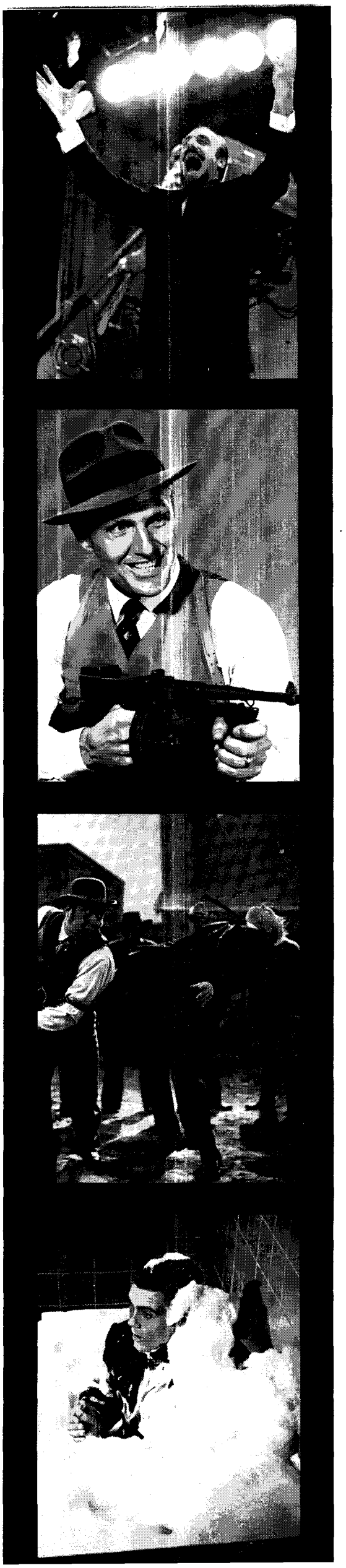
That year CBS was presenting *Omnibus* and *See It Now* and eight programs listed among the top ten in ratings—two Arthur Godfrey programs, Ed Sullivan, Jack Benny, *Life With Luigi*, *Our Miss Brooks*, *What's My Line?* and *I Love Lucy*, which one night was watched by 41,000,000 people. In 1953 it broadcast twenty-one new programs—Herb Shriner, Red Skelton, *The Lone Ranger*, *The Big Payoff*, *Person to Person* and, as happened every year, some that have long since been forgotten. From Washington it broadcast President Eisenhower's inaugural, and from Nevada, an atomic-bomb explosion.

In its annual report CBS said that in 1954 CBS-TV became "the world's greatest advertising medium." It reported gross income of $101,000,000 in 1947 and of $464,500,000 in 1960. During these years it captured the mass audience. One could almost see it developing a sixth sense as it followed a tortuous trail from comedy to quiz shows to drama to Westerns to action-adventure shows, always pursuing, though rarely leading, shifts in public taste. Censured for its Westerns, CBS attributed the criticism to jealous newspapers and magazines whose advertising it was capturing. It declared that less than an eighth of CBS's evening programs were Westerns.

CBS's 1959 report said that net sales and income were the highest in history, that its audiences

THE MANY FACES OF TELEVISION

Left, from top: Leonard Bernstein, (CBS, NBC); Verdi's opera *Macbeth*, (NBC); Fred Astaire, (NBC); Alistair Cooke, (CBS, NBC); Right: Mitch Miller, (ABC); *The Untouchables*, (ABC); *Zane Grey Theatre*, (CBS); *77 Sunset Strip*, (ABC).



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I took my doctor's advice!

NOW MY CONSTIPATION WORRIES ARE OVER!

Doctors recommend Milk of Magnesia —the gentle laxative-antacid that gives complete but carefree relief.

• THOUSANDS of doctors—general practitioners, pediatricians, obstetricians and surgeons, coast to coast—were asked: "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia for your patients?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!"

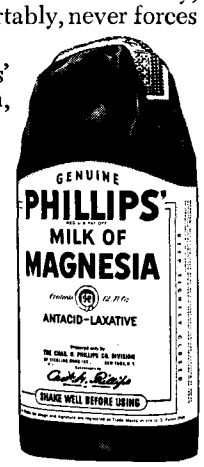
Yes, doctors consider Milk of Magnesia effective and gentle enough even for infants, maternity and surgical patients.

And no wonder!

As a laxative, Phillips' works leisurely, thoroughly but comfortably, never forces the system.

As an antacid, Phillips' relieves upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other acid distresses accompanying constipation. *No single-purpose laxative can give such complete, yet gentle relief!*

Ask *your* doctor! No home should be without Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!



• REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

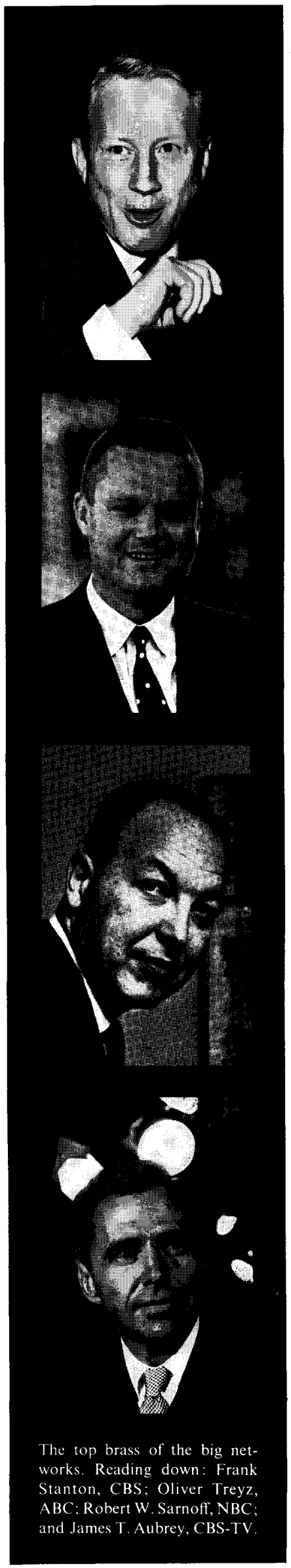
TELEVISION, USA

were bigger than any others, that the Old Vic production of *Hamlet* had been seen by more people than had seen *Hamlet* previously in all history, that CBS had broadcast forty-nine entertainment specials starring such people as Marian Anderson—but that, in spite of all this, television was in trouble: The quiz scandals had exploded.

At that time, what shocked the public was evidence at a congressional hearing that the quiz shows were rigged. In retrospect, what shocks is the cynical exploitation of human beings for commercial gain. The first hearings dealt with *Twenty-One*, a show broadcast by NBC. Herbert Stempel testified that one night in 1956 he and his wife watched *Twenty-One* in their apartment and, as Stempel had been told by friends that he possessed a "photographic memory," he applied to *Twenty-One* as a contestant. Stempel, twenty-nine, with a fourteen-month-old son, was a GI senior at City College of New York. One evening Dan Enright, co-producer of *Twenty-One*, telephoned Stempel and told him to come to his office on "a very urgent matter." Stempel couldn't—his wife was out and he was baby-sitting. Enright, who lived in a fashionable suburb, went to Stempel's home in Flushing. Enright refused a drink and, "without further ado," Stempel testified, opened his attaché case, pulled out a bunch of "category cards" used on *Twenty-One* and proceeded to rehearse Stempel in the questions and answers. Finished, he sat back and said with a smile, "How would you like to win $25,000?" Stempel, "sort of taken aback," said, "Who wouldn't?" Enright said, "Play ball with me, kid, and you will do it." Then, Stempel testified, "He went and checked all my suits and selected a blue double-breasted ill-fitting suit which had belonged to my deceased father-in-law, which I was intending to give to charity. Then he . . . picked out a frayed-collar blue shirt. He also instructed me to wear a wristwatch which ticked away like an alarm clock. . . . He also instructed me that I had to get what is known, as I understand it, a Marine-type white-wall haircut. This was the way I had to dress up."

In this testimony—and much more—was revealed nakedly the shabby fakery that pervaded television, the utter contempt for both "contestants" and audience, and the widespread willingness among the bright young producers to do almost anything for a rating.

To many people, looking back, the years when CBS was sending forth *Playhouse 90* and *Studio One* seem the best years of the network's life. *Playhouse 90* was a program of weekly dramas—each ninety minutes long—broadcast, initially, live. The dramas were original, written for television. They were of uneven quality, but they dealt with serious and sometimes delicate subjects—bigotry, mental illness, fascism. They were fiction but they dealt with reality—with life as it is lived, not life as it appears in situation comedies or Westerns, whose very purpose is to offer escape from reality. *Playhouse 90* started in 1956 and ended in 1960, although films of it were shown last summer. Few programs have been so honored. It collected around it some of the most talented producers, directors, writers and actors in television—indeed, in the theater. It gave them freedom. They fervently believed they were creating a new kind of theater, serious drama for the millions, something that was new in the history of world art. They may have been right.



The top brass of the big networks. Reading down: Frank Stanton, CBS; Oliver Treyz, ABC; Robert W. Sarnoff, NBC; and James T. Aubrey, CBS-TV.

Why did *Playhouse 90* go off the air? "The rating battle," says an advertising man. But in its heyday *Playhouse 90* reached huge audiences—14,500,000 families one night—and though other programs beat it week-in week-out, it did pretty well. Indeed, no CBS program on Thursday night last season did so well. "Cost" killed it, says a broadcast executive, and indeed *Playhouse 90* was expensive—but so are other shows. "Sponsor trouble," says an advertising man. "*Playhouse 90* was a controversial show." Once, a sponsor, The American Gas Association, demanded that *Playhouse 90* delete the word "gas" from *Judgment at Nuremberg*, a show dealing with the Naxi extermination of Jews in gas chambers. The director and producer refused. So while the show was on the air live, when an actor was about to utter the word "gas," CBS threw the master switch and cut off the sound. Undoubtedly, *Playhouse 90* producers and directors, full of fierce integrity, caused the network many headaches. Nevertheless, other programs have survived sponsor quarrels. To understand fully *Playhouse 90*'s demise, we must turn elsewhere.

In 1958 a chain of unrelated events began that profoundly affected not only *Playhouse 90* but indeed all of television.

Oliver Treyz became president of ABC-TV. ABC had lagged far behind CBS and NBC. Treyz, by presenting such programs as *77 Sunset Strip*, *The Untouchables* and *Maverick*, eventually captured the mass audience and hence the advertising millions. This put enormous pressure on CBS to compete. Such shows can be done best on film. And film can be resold, as live shows cannot. Live television was doomed. In 1958 Stanton, president of CBS, appointed Louis G. Cowan, who had been corporation staff vice president, president of CBS-TV. And to fill Cowan's old job, Stanton hired James T. Aubrey. It was Aubrey who, with Treyz, had developed ABC's powerhouse shows. Hubbell Robinson, programing vice president and *Playhouse 90*'s champion, left CBS, apparently because he differed with Cowan and felt that Aubrey, not he, would be the next president of CBS-TV if Cowan left. One of the shows involved in the quiz scandals was *The $64,000 Question*. It had originally been produced by Louis G. Cowan, Inc. Cowan said that, after becoming president of CBS-TV, he had severed his connections with Louis G. Cowan, Inc. Nonetheless he resigned as president of CBS-TV. And Stanton, outraged at the scandals, replaced him with Aubrey. Stanton expanded the public-affairs programs. And at the same time Aubrey, to keep pace with ABC, presented programs similar to ABC's. This finished *Playhouse 90*.

Today, asked why *Playhouse 90* went off the air, Aubrey says, "Basically because the public lost interest in it completely." And Stanton, "Because the audience turned its back on it. The fatigue factor. Television wears out ideas and men faster than anything."

The people who made *Playhouse 90* feel differently. They believe that CBS simply decided it was easier, cheaper, safer, more popular and more profitable to present filmed junk. John Frankenheimer, formerly a *Playhouse 90* director, says, "*Playhouse 90* went off because Aubrey didn't want *Playhouse 90*."

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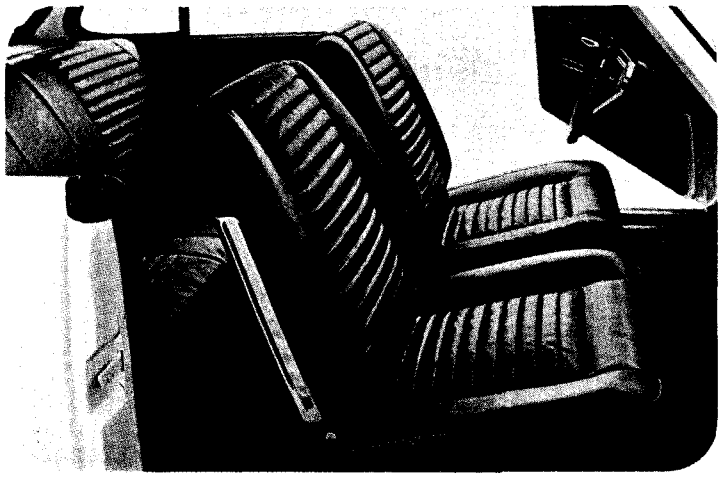
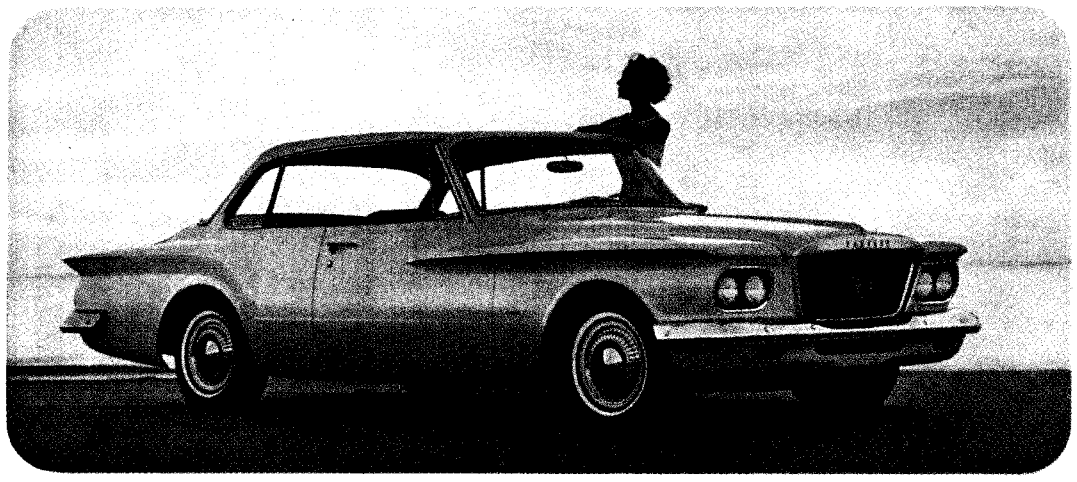
Here it is: Valiant's new Signet 200, and the price of personal car luxury has never been lower!





King-size bucket seats to delight any queen, Trim-Line Design, hardtop styling and fashionable interior decor combine to convince you: this Valiant Signet 200 is America's most luxurious low-priced compact hardtop!

And there's a lot more to this limited-edition Valiant Signet 200. Look behind its distinctively designed jet-scoop grille. You'll see how beautifully this new compact combines economy and performance. Take Valiant's 170-cu.-in. inclined Economy Six. An engine just like it recorded 26.13 mpg in the last Mobilgas Economy Run!

AND GO! IF YOU SAY SO!

Pep? This nickel-nursing Six knows how to run. A special version of this same basic engine powered Valiant to two consecutive victories over all compacts, American and European, entered in the 1960 and '61 Daytona Beach compact competitions. This is what you call proved performance—the kind that leads many a car fan to rate Valiant "King of the Compacts"!

WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

Try Valiant for ride and handling ease. Compare its smooth-riding torsion bar suspension with the independent coil spring design found on most other compacts. Some difference! The new 1962 Valiant combines big-car ride and comfort with compact-car response and control in a way that makes it fun to drive!

ADD UP THE DIFFERENCE!

Take low initial cost, low insurance rates, oil changes half as often, 32,000-mile lubrication cycle on major chassis points, plus Valiant's exceptional resale value, and you see why so many full-size car owners are switching to Valiant these days. Go see your Valiant dealer this week. See the low-priced compact that's quality-engineered by Chrysler Corporation . . . Valiant for '62 . . . with the exciting new Signet 200, America's lowest-priced hardtop with bucket seats!

Nobody beats VALIANT for value

STYLE LEADER OF THE COMPACTS

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TELEVISION, USA

George Roy Hill, another *Playhouse 90* director, says, "As soon as Hubbell Robinson was out they changed to film and built this sausage machine that grinds out the Westerns, the slick, safe, formula shows, to the exclusion of everything else."

Many creative people have left television for the movies or the theater. Ethel Winant, formerly of *Playhouse 90*, has said, "They left because it was no longer any fun there. I remember when the audience used to root for us. I think they liked it when an actor went up in his lines. On film they know it's going to be perfect. How can you root for *Have Gun, Will Travel?* There aren't going to be surprises. You know Paladin is not going to get killed. You've watched him for about five years and he never has. What is the conflict? But maybe they don't want to be surprised. They feel secure if Paladin always comes out on top. Maybe in the United States people want to be lulled. Television hit its high point and declined in ten years. It's incredible."

James T. Aubrey is a good-looking, slender, youngish man of forty-three who wears dark suits, striped ties and polished shoes. He was educated at Philips Exeter and Princeton. He is married to an actress. He restricts his eight-year-old son's television viewing—"His mother objects to violent programs." But some programs, Aubrey feels, educate children—"When I was a kid I knew nothing about Russia or the elections, but kids today know; they saw it on television." Aubrey reads omnivorously. When young he wanted to be a writer. He enjoys swimming, tennis, golf, fishing. Summers he sends his family to Long Island and spends his own weekends there. He lives in a midtown apartment and often walks to work. He arrives at his office at eight A.M. and works till 7:30 P.M. or later. He is paid $140,000 a year. He is courteous to strangers. Some business associates consider him, as one said outright, "the coldest man I ever met." Outside business he sometimes seems shy and sensitive, a somewhat reluctant businessman.

Like most television executives, Aubrey watches a great deal of television, but not for relaxation. Like them, he has other relaxations. Like them, he is in early middle age, well educated and financially well off. Yet he and they select programs for the mass of viewers whose relaxation is television, who are younger, less educated and poorer—people with whom, by and large, the Aubreys have little in common. The mass audience must be an enigma to them. Again, no wonder they cling to ratings.

Aubrey started out selling magazine advertising space, switched to selling radio time, became general manager of CBS's Los Angeles station, then program manager at its West Coast studios. ABC hired him away as programing vice president. Aubrey recalls, "Ollie Treyz and I did it all. Some of the programs I put on the air have come home to haunt me—*77 Sunset Strip*, *Maverick*, *The Real McCoys*." He became president of CBS-TV in December of 1959.

CBS, Aubrey said, is given its direction by Stanton and Paley. "Stanton is acknowledged to be the symbol of a responsible broadcaster. You have to maintain responsibility, though it's difficult and costly. At the same time you have to maintain leadership in audiences. Competition is fierce. The eggheads, they criticize no matter what, because in general they just don't like television."

To some observers it has appeared that while Stanton was making lofty speeches about broadcasting's responsibilities, Aubrey presented programs designed solely to keep the ratings up. Aubrey said, "I'm a businessman. I have to be. We have to give the public what it wants to stay solvent." Who is responsible for what is broadcast? "Ultimately the network must decide. But it's a result of a lot of pulling and hauling among the network, the stations, the advertisers, talent, the agencies, everybody. Really no one decides."

CBS has tried to meet ABC's competition but keep some program balance. "It's been tough," Oscar Katz, programing vice president, has said. "It would have been easy to just increase the amount of action-adventure. We weren't about to go that route. This past season action-adventure was only thirty-three per cent

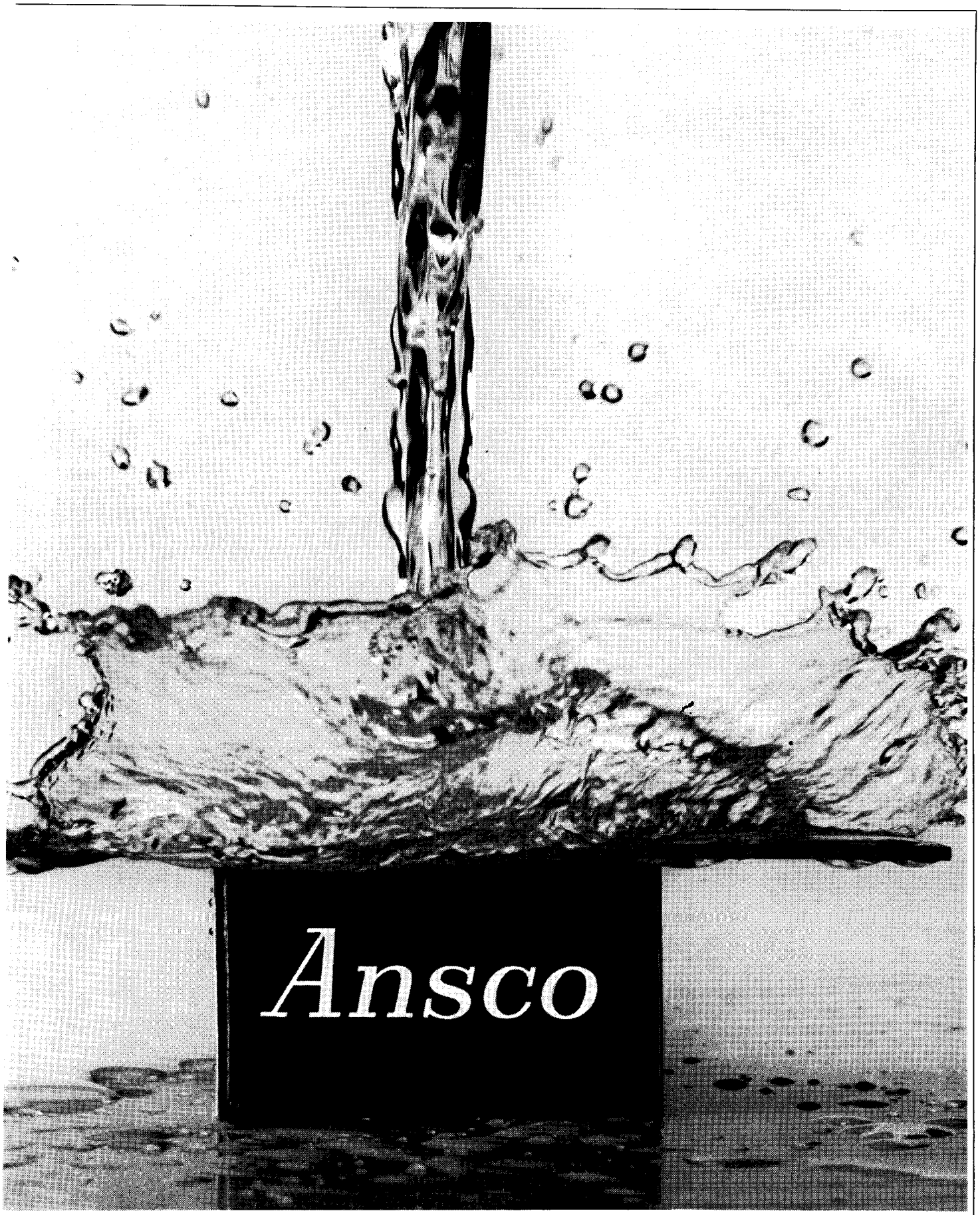

PHOTO BY IRVING PENN ON ANSCO SUPER HYPAN® FILM

high speed: *(in black and white film)* **1.** the ability to record a good image under poor lighting conditions and a sharp image under normal lighting conditions, **2.** the opening of a new world of available light so that everything the eye can see—the camera can capture, **3.** the allowing of a faster shutter speed so that high speed action can be recorded without blur, **4.** the permitting of a smaller lens opening, greater leeway for focusing, a better opportunity to achieve clear, sharp pictures . . . *(as in Ansco Super Hypan).*

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of our nighttime schedule. ABC was sixty-eight per cent and NBC forty-eight per cent. We've managed to stay on top." This season CBS is presenting seven new scattered dramas and replacing about fourteen regularly scheduled shows. Its new shows would be five situation comedies, including one starring Robert Young and one starring Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Gertrude Berg; a cartoon show; A Western, *Frontier Circus; The Bob Cummings Show*, a cross between situation comedy and an action-adventure show; *The Investigators*, a private-eye show; and *The Defenders*, the only new show produced entirely by CBS. (The première of *The Defenders* received a very favorable review in *Variety* last month.)

Aubrey, Katz and all CBS executives are proud of *The Defenders*. They consider it serious drama. It is a series about two lawyers, father and son. It takes up such touchy subjects as euthanasia and the scruples of a religious sect against surgery. It is well acted. Its producer, directors and writers are first-rate. But they have compromised. Some scripts refuse to face squarely the issues they pose. It is filmed and so loses spontaneity; it was shot fast and so lost some quality; and it contains continuing characters and so tends to fall into patterns. *The Defenders* seems to be a compromise between *Playhouse 90* and action-adventure. Whether it will please the audiences addicted to each or will please neither remains to be seen.

One morning last spring Frank Stanton arrived at CBS before six A.M. That day the United States was shooting a man into the air in a missile, and the preparations were being televised live from Cape Canaveral. Stanton, eating breakfast in a small private dining room on the twentieth floor, was watching. Appraisingly Stanton said, "We'll do more and more of this, especially as television becomes intercontinental. Public affairs will increase, and private-eye and action shows will exhaust themselves. All entertainment goes in cycles. Fatigue sets in—audience fatigue. But there is no fatigue for this."

Stanton, a blond pipe-smoking man in a gray suit who looks younger than his fifty-three years, played a leading part in persuading Congress to suspend the equal-time law and permit the presidential-campaign debates last year. He talks frequently with high officials in Washington. He displays the kind of concern about America's position abroad that only a person can who feels he may influence it. Indeed he may. Few people have a greater leverage on American public opinion than a network head.

When young, Frank Stanton hoped to study medicine but lacked the money. Instead, he received a Ph.D. in psychology from Ohio State and taught it there. At CBS he is called Doctor Stanton. In 1935 he went to work for CBS's research staff. Eleven years later he became president of CBS. CBS pays him—and pays William Paley, board chairman—$300,000 a year. An associate has said, "Paley is the creative behind-the-scenes genius of the network. Stanton has the organizational ability. Paley's not a good detail man. Stanton's very neat. Stanton makes sure Paley's creative shows come off. Their talents dovetail perfectly—but Paley's the boss."

Around CBS Stanton is held in some awe. Frequently he serves as television's spokesman and apologist. He is one of the few in television with the temerity to debate television's intellectual critics. He has asserted, "Some sort of hostility on the part of the intellectuals toward the mass media is inevitable, because the intellectuals are a minority, one not really reconciled to some basic features of democratic life." Stanton once wrote and submitted a 209-page book to supplement his testimony before a Senate committee. In it he said, "It would be difficult to find any industry or business activity with so clear and explicit a stamp of public approval." That was in 1956, before the quiz scandals. He also wrote, "But good as film programs are, it is the live quality . . . that is the real magic of television." That, too, was in 1956; live television has since virtually disappeared from Stanton's network.

Stanton's public utterances are filled with such passages as this: "By making available throughout the country information, education and the best of our culture, network television has brought about a cohesion among the people of the United States which has never before existed, and has given them a firsthand knowledge of the entire country which has never before been available to them. And it has provided the potential of an incalculable benefit in terms of the national interest, for it makes available a means by which in times of national crisis the nation is afforded a mobility which is needed to meet totalitarianism." Stanton's friends consider this statesmanship; his detractors consider it self-serving rhetoric.

Watching the Canaveral shot, Stanton said he detected some feeling of uneasiness

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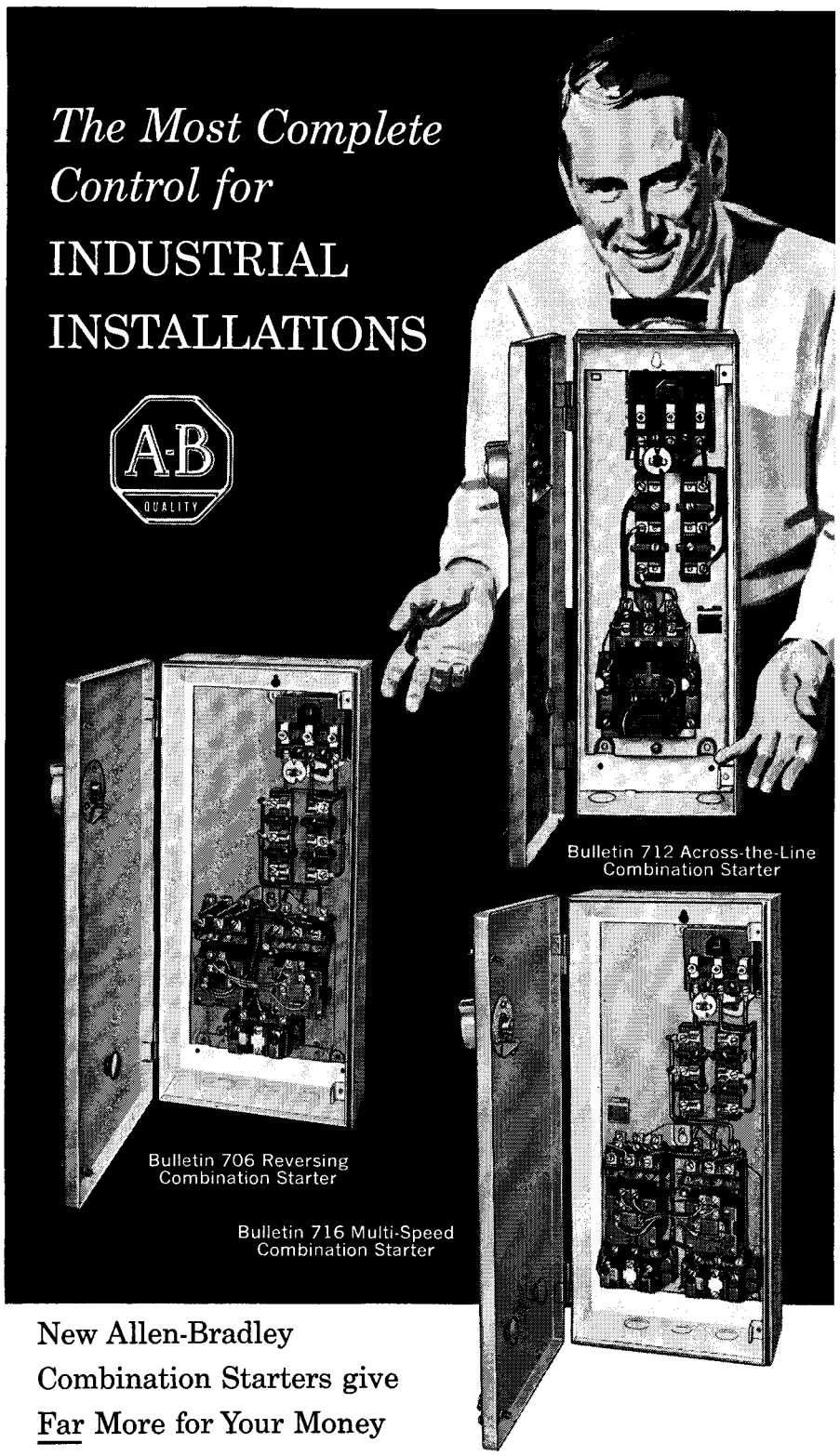
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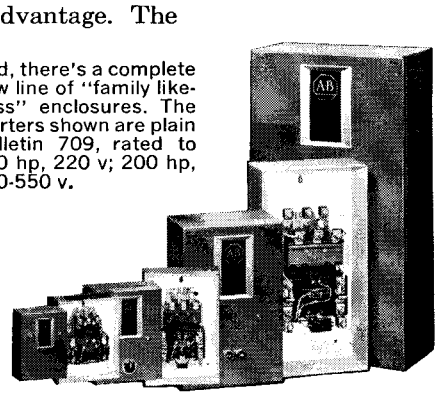

And, there's a complete new line of "family likeness" enclosures. The starters shown are plain Bulletin 709, rated to 100 hp, 220 v; 200 hp, 440-550 v.

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in the industry about Chairman Minow of FCC and President Collins of the National Association of Broadcasters, but he detected no widespread feeling that the industry was in trouble with the public, though some people objected to the increase in public-affairs programs. Stanton said, "You can like hell force people to look at these programs. You can expose them to them in small doses, but that's all. If someone down in Washington orders us to program too much public affairs in prime time, viewers will simply turn away from television." Was it true that while Stanton made lofty speeches about public affairs, Aubrey's task was to keep the ratings up? Stanton said briskly, "Ratings have to stay up. It's my concern as well as Jim Aubrey's. In the end, the public controls. Our obligation is to keep giving the public what it wants and also to introduce them to new ideas. When Mr. Paley introduced the Philharmonic on radio years ago, he didn't think it'd end up with a top rating. The public ought to hear and see everything and have a chance to decide for themselves. But if you're going to be able to afford to do the things you want to do, you've got to have a mix that gives them what they want. Or you won't have the audience and the wherewithal to do anything."

About 15 per cent of CBS's evening schedule is news and public-affairs programs. CBS is proud of them. Sometimes it seems to use them to excuse the junk it broadcasts. It expects they eventually will occupy 25 per cent of evening time.

Fred Friendly, a tall, intense, rumpled man, has been called "the last of the real rugged individualists among public-affairs producers." Last season he produced nineteen *CBS Reports* at a cost of almost $2,000,000, two thirds unsponsored. The time he used could have been sold to sponsors for a net of about $1,000,000 more. CBS received nothing for the programs themselves. So *CBS Reports* cost CBS about $3,000,000. Why did CBS spend this kind of money?

Friendly explained one rainy night last spring. After viewing some raw film on the Algerian crisis flown in from France, he walked over toward Broadway to a little basement French restaurant. Poking with a spoon at the red tablecloth, he said, "It isn't just do-goodism. In my darkest cynical moments I think that because of the quiz scandals and the FCC the network wants to look good. But I don't really believe that. I think they're genuinely aware they have a responsibility. Besides that, they're aware they have a valuable property in television, and if they diminish it, it will get like Times Square. Times Square real estate used to have great value. But today it's all gaudy and trashy, with jukeboxes and popcorn and junk, and much of it has lost property value and gone down, down, down. And television could go the same way.

"If you breed a generation of Americans that wants to see excitement and violence all night, that's all the audience you're going to get. Serious people don't watch television any more. And it won't work to throw the whole load on public affairs. There's got to be good drama on television, too, every night. Of course, a quiz show is going to get a better rating than a drama. But what's better for the advertiser—15,000,000 people who think and who watch *Requiem for a Heavyweight* on *Playhouse 90*, or 30,000,000 who watch a quiz show and don't think and maybe don't buy either? The quality of the audience counts too."

CBS Reports is seldom sponsored because its audience is so small—from 1,763,000 homes to 8,536,000—and because it deals with controversial subjects. "Some sponsors are wonderful," Friendly said. "Even when we did McCarthy, Alcoa said, 'You make the program and we'll make the aluminum.'" When it is sponsored, 144 stations broadcast it; when it's not, only 105. This holds its rating down, a vicious circle. Did ratings bother him? "You can't mix ratings and journalism. I know *The Untouchables* has a higher rating than I have. I also know that Governor Rockefeller is better-looking than I am. It's not my job to get the highest ratings or be good-looking." This fall *CBS Reports* would compete with *The Untouchables* on ABC and *Sing Along With Mitch* on NBC. How did Friendly think he would fare? He shrugged. "I'm sure we'll be there when *The Untouchables* is long gone. Let them do their worst. We'll do our best."

Next week Mr. Martin describes the forces that determine what you see—and what you don't see—on television. —The Editors.

Fred Friendly, producer of *CBS Reports*. Seldom sponsored, this program cost the network about $3,000,000 last season.

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A different home in a different place. But despite these differences, you have taken your way of life with you . . . for this was a North American move. And that means it wasn't only the furniture and household items that were moved . . . it was all the things that mean home. Everything just like it was—the way you would do it if you had the experience—the skill—the facilities of North American Van Lines. You know when you move again, you will call your North American agent. Remember, he's listed in the yellow pages under "Movers."

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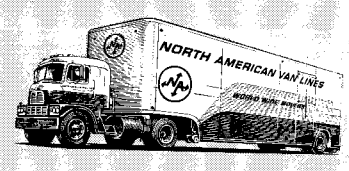

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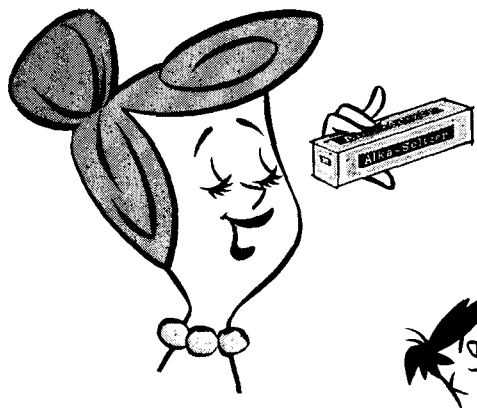
headache pain is a problem



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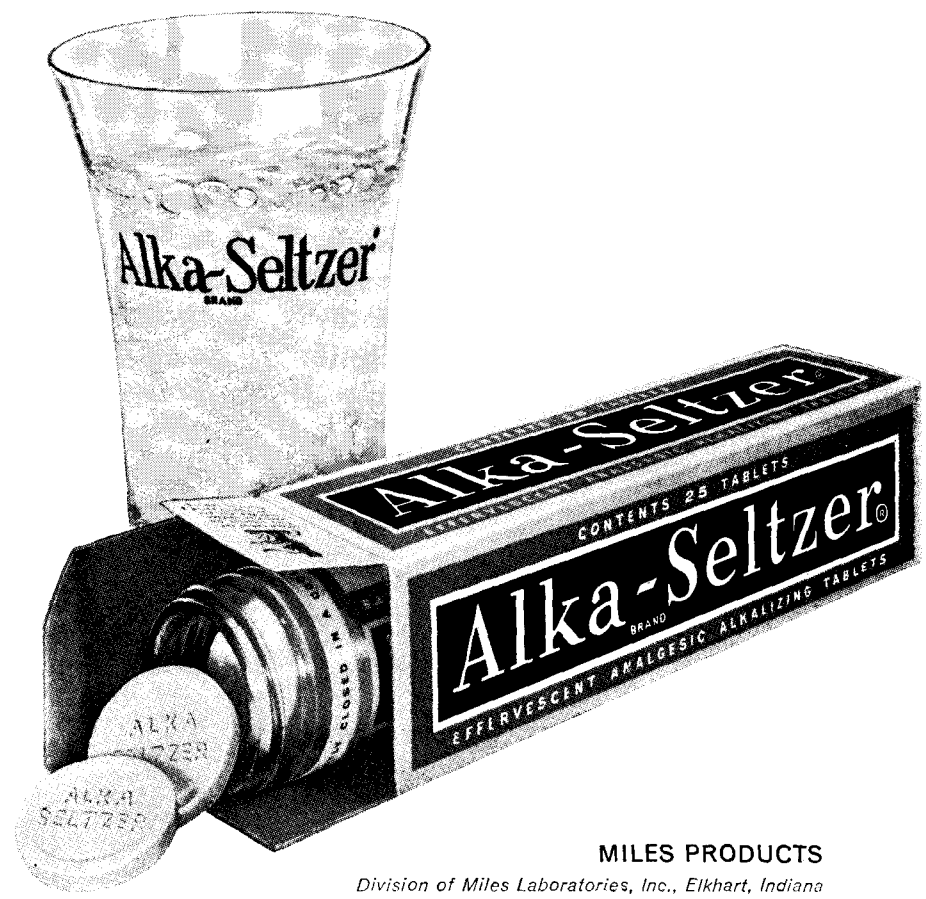

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The author, buffeted by spray from five hoses

THE LADY IS A FIREMAN

A grandmother of five tells how she heads a fire department.

BY MARION PECK I was sleeping peacefully when the garage alarm bell started clanging, signaling me to answer my bedside telephone. A customer was calling, and his message was cryptic and urgent: "Mauldeth Road. Hurry!" I scrambled into my clothes and in sixty seconds was backing my car out of the garage. It was early morning, but next door my grandchildren already were playing in the sand pile. As my tires sprayed gravel I heard Chris shout, "Grandma has another fire."

Another fire it was, and I was off on my 500-yard dash to the fire station—my fire station. For I am owner and operator of a fire department, so far as I know the only woman in the country who is.

This odd circumstance came about quite simply. The department was started in 1955 by Jim Peck, to whom I was married at the time, to provide protection in this growing unincorporated suburban area outside Chattanooga. There is no county fire department, and the Chattanooga firemen are not allowed to cross the city line. Our modest enterprise, the Hixson Pike Fire Department, was established with my accumulated savings, and I became its president. But I was no more than a figurehead and knew nothing about the operation, except that it seemed to absorb more and more of my money. I was then, and still am, a full-time reporter on the Chattanooga *Times*. I've been an AP wire editor in the South, a foreign correspondent in London during the war, a military-government official in Berlin during and after the blockade. And I'm the devoted grandmother of the five youngsters next door.

When I divorced my husband more than two years ago, I would gladly have divorced the fire department as well. But because my savings were sunk in the department, I had to bail it out, or sink with it.

So one fine day I became the boss of a fire company. In addition to the headquarters building, on Hixson Pike about three and a half miles outside Chattanooga, my responsibility included a smaller station across the Tennessee River at Hickory Valley.

Two formidable problems faced me, other than the racking financial ones. First, because my husband's connection with the fire department was altogether dissolved, I needed a "chief"—a man who could direct the fire fighting, recruiting and training, the way no woman ever could. Chance provided him immediately in the person of Lester Mullins, a chemical worker who had moved to my area when a new Du Pont plant opened. "Leck" Mullins lived near the fire hall and was accustomed to helping out at critical moments. I persuaded him to buy in as a partner—he owns 49 per cent and I own 51 per cent—and since then the Hixson Pike Fire Department has begun to thrive. There still are debts to be paid off, but our operations have gone into the black.

The other hurdle, I thought, was my relationship to the firemen. When I walked into the fire hall for the first time as the real boss, I told the men that I couldn't hope to run the department without them. Every one of them stood by me. Perhaps the peculiar psychology of firemen led them to help this lady in distress just as they would carry a trapped and helpless female down a ladder from a burning building.

Leck's deputy, Roy Johnson, brought me his fireman's manuals to study. Leck even taught me how to drive a fire truck. Of course, I don't drive the trucks very often. My job, aside from the bookeeping and the overseeing of contracts, is to run the fire hall while the men are out fighting the fire. If we're fighting a house fire, I send our Hickory Valley trucks to help. I always report the location of the fire to the Hamilton County sheriff, Bookie Turner. If human lives are in danger, I call the Safety Council of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce, the Red Cross and the firemen who are off duty. Finally I telephone my paper.

While I'm waiting for the men to return, I put on the percolator, a giant thirty-five-cupper. I get out the burn ointment and the bandages. I pace the floor. I wait. I pray.

I never, never try to tell the men how to put a fire out. They know that I can pull a hose and wouldn't shrink from doing it. But I go to a fire—perhaps to one out of every five or six—only when there is someone to leave in charge of the fire hall, or when I must lead the Hickory Valley men to a location unfamiliar to them on the Hixson side of the river. At the fire I run errands, such as calling the power company to send a lineman, alerting the fire hall for another truck of water, keeping children from getting under electric wires.

I'm not just an armchair fire fighter, but I must admit that most of my work concerns the company's finances. We are one of 100 or so "independent" companies, not financed or run by municipal or county authorities or manned by volunteers. Unlike fire outfits that rely on municipal financing, an independent must get its working capital from the people whose property it protects.

Behind the independents is a history that goes back to pre-Revolutionary fire-insurance companies. The first successful one, the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire, was formed by Benjamin Franklin in 1752. It still is doing business. Others like it were organized in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, each with its own metal plaque, or fire mark, which subscribers attached to their houses. Today those old fire marks are treasured antiques. Our company doesn't issue fire marks, but, like the insurance companies of old, we put out fires for property owners who subscribe to our service.

I wouldn't recommend the fighting of fires as a way to riches. Ordinary pumper

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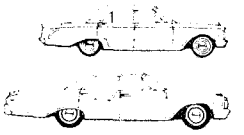

THE COMPACT MERCURY COMET

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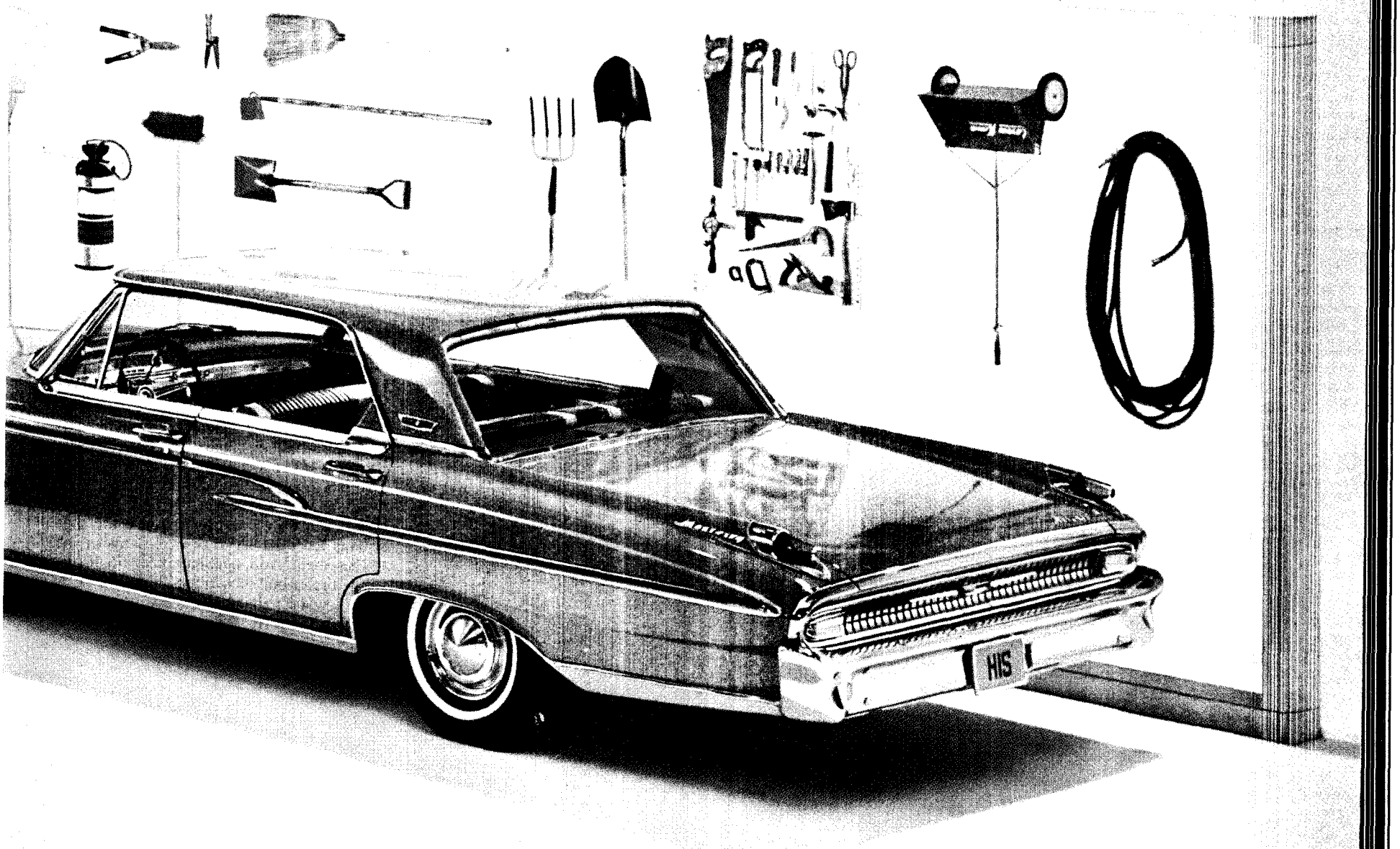

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way to furnish a two-car garage?

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LADY FIREMAN

trucks cost at least $10,000; elaborate ones bring more than $20,000. Fortunately, with some do-it-yourself customizing, we were able to convert four stock one-and-a-half-ton trucks into serviceable pumper trucks at a total cost of about $7000 apiece. Another $3000 paid for a pickup truck and its conversion to a small auxiliary pumper. Our nine firemen draw from $35 to $62.50 for a five-day week, according to experience. When on duty they get room and board as well, cooking their own meals in a kitchen in the fire hall. I have made a point of not drawing any salary for myself until full financial health is certain, though I have begun to draw repayment for my original investment and someday I'll begin to draw some back pay. I set that hypothetical figure at $50 a week; if I had known how hard the work was going to be I would have set the figure much higher.

On the day I found myself bossing the outfit in fact as well as in name, the department had only 1500 subscribers and was taking in less than $20,000 in annual fees. Monthly costs averaged $3000. I could have done as well by staging an annual bonfire of 16,000 one-dollar bills, but I chose another way. That was to convince more homeowners and businessmen in the area that they needed the protection of the Hixson Pike Fire Department. I took on a salesman, persuaded two of the younger firemen to do some selling on their days off and went about our territory proclaiming the benefits of our service. Within a few months we had added to our list most of the business establishments in the vicinity, at annual fees ranging from $10 to $400, depending on size and fire hazards. Subscribers included the Esso oil and gasoline depot and the Du Pont nylon plant, plus many factories, motels and shopping centers. We have on a contract basis the small city of Ridgeside, an incorporated "island" within Chattanooga with a population of about 450. But most subscribers are householders, whom we charge ten dollars a year.

Our original subscription list of 1500 was barely enough to classify Hixson Pike as an "approved" department under Tennessee Inspection Bureau standards. Today we have more than 5000 subscribers, and the number is growing. It won't be long before we can rate Hickory Valley as "approved" too. This is important because, if householders subscribe to an approved department, they can deduct part, and sometimes all, of the fee from their fire-insurance premiums.

Surprisingly, about half the householders in our area do not subscribe. This fact brings us painful moments unknown to ordinary fire companies, which automatically cover every fire in their territory. We sometimes have to say "no." We hate to do it. In fact, we give free coverage to churches, schools and all county property within range. We put out grass and wood fires in our territory, and automobile fires on the public highways. We will go to any fire if there is life in danger. We try to cover people who plainly can't afford to pay. We always respond when the sheriff asks us to help prevent a general disaster in a built-up area, even out of our territory. But when a call comes in from a householder not on our list, we often must refuse to send the trucks.

One reason for refusing is that the Tennessee Inspection Bureau frowns on our fighting nonsubscriber fires unless we have enough extra men and trucks on hand to protect subscribers. The other reason is a business one. If word got around that we worked for nothing, subscribers would begin peeling off.

Of the 13,000 lives and more than $1,000,000,000 in property lost by fire in the United States in 1960, considerably more than half was lost in cities of less than 50,000 population and in suburban and rural areas like ours that lack extensive hydrant systems. We fight an average of about two fires a week.

Most of our fires seem to start from overloaded electric wiring. Grease fires are common and usually begin because a housewife neglects to clean out the ventilator fan over the stove, or because she panics and lets a small flash fire from the frying pan whoosh into a big one. If you don't keep a small extinguisher in the kitchen, a good substitute is a large box of baking soda. While I am handing out advice—for a simple, improvised fire alarm in the children's room, tape a few small firecrackers to the top of the curtains, which are always quick to blaze when a fire starts.

In addition to rattling around the county in pursuit of fires and subscribers, we turn out for parades, and we wet down ball fields for community games—and, of course, we've rescued dogs from wells and cats from trees. Last summer an incredulous subscriber detected a snake in an electric furnace in his bedroom. We got it out.

Far and away our worst emergency so far was the Esso fire not too long after I took over. We were rolled out early in the morning. The oil-loading dock was a sheet of flame. In the immediate area are sixteen big oil-storage tanks, and only a step away is the Bonny Oaks Home for dependent children. I left the station in charge of my daughter, Mrs. Francis Steinhice, who lives next door with her husband and children, and sped out in my car. A mile away in each direction the highway patrol had set up roadblocks. The rescue squad was there, and plans were afoot for evacuating everybody within a three-mile radius. "Lady, you can't go through there," an officer at the roadblock shouted. "It might blow any minute."

"Those are my firemen and my fire trucks," I told him, "and, if they blow, I might as well blow too."

"It's your neck," he said and let me pass. I watched and prayed for three hours as Leck and the men moved in painfully, laboriously, crab-walking and crawling with their hoses beneath the heat and smoke. They smothered the fire. I was so proud and impressed that tears ran down my cheeks. No one was hurt, and Esso's loss, which might have been in millions, was only $100,000. We did a good job and have a letter from Esso to prove it.

As a matter of fact, we have failed to contain only one fire, a house fire that was fed by a series of explosions in the basement. And there have been no deaths by fire in our subscribers' homes.

I suspect that one or two of the fires we have dealt with may not have been altogether discouraged, shall we say, by the insured owners. But we have been spared the firebug.

I wish we could say the same for the false-alarm criminals. We average about one false-alarm call a month. Only one of them indicated a motive. Some moonshiners, we heard later, did it to divert the sheriff's attention while they ran a load around the other side of the mountain. But most of them are viciously senseless. To force firemen out on the roads at terrific speeds in fog, or on ice, amounts in my estimation to attempted murder. Back at the fire hall after a false-alarm run, the air is faintly blue until I leave. Then, I understand, it turns dark purple.

But fire fighting is, after all, essentially a melancholy occupation. There is no smell worse than the smell of a burning house—literally, because the blend of burning mattress, furniture, clothing, food and painted wood is sometimes more than the nose can stand. And there is nothing sadder than the weary end of a house fire—the look of disbelief on the faces of the victims as they search among the smoldering remnants for loved possessions.

Every fire is a separate ordeal. As the engines roll back into their stalls, the men climb down, stiff, disheveled, dirty, often hurting. "Boy," says one of them, "I'm as tired as a whole crowd of people." I look at them and think of the easier, safer things they could do for a living, and then I'm proud to be a fireman. I didn't say firelady; I said fireman. THE END

1:30 A. M. alert: "Every fire is a separate ordeal."

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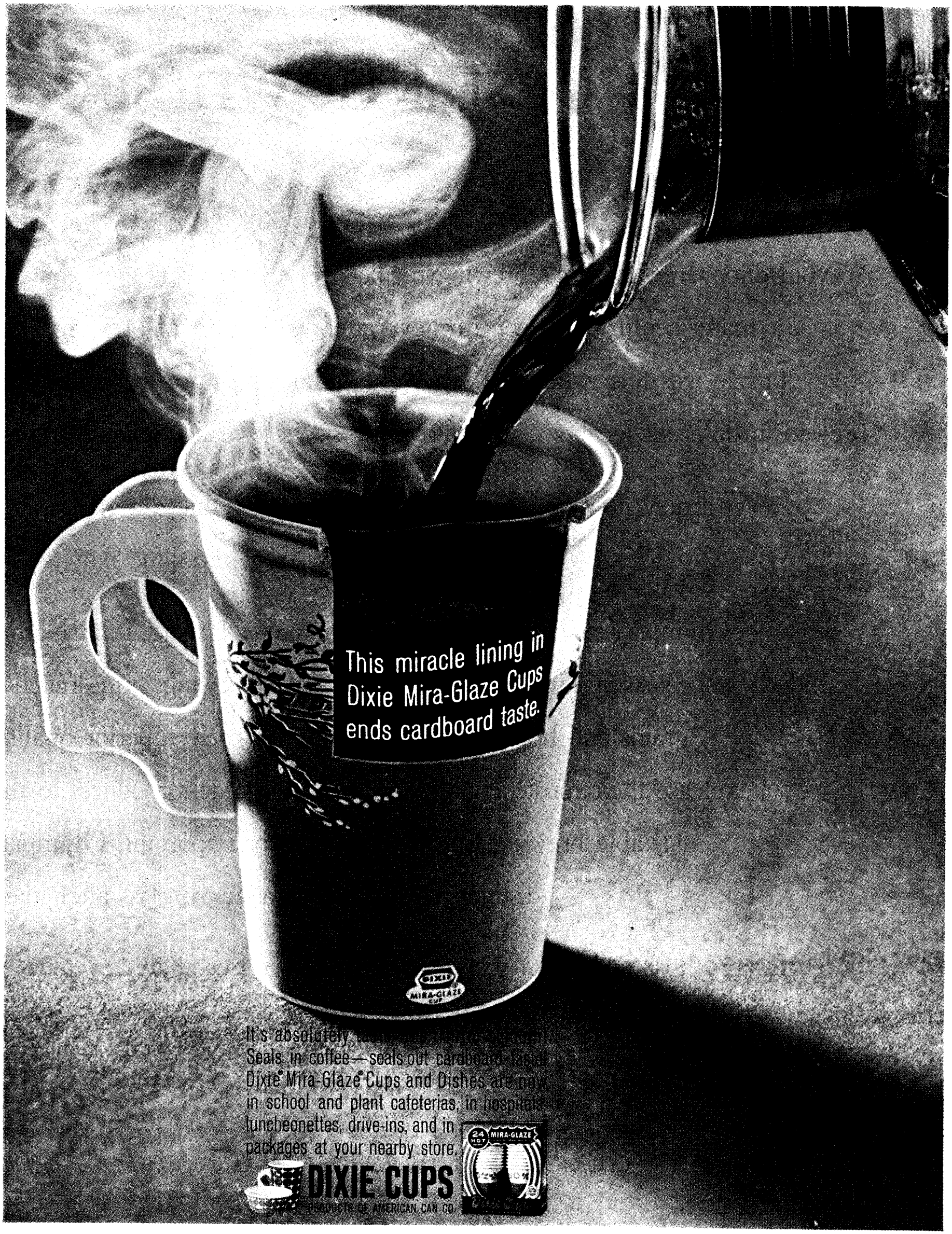

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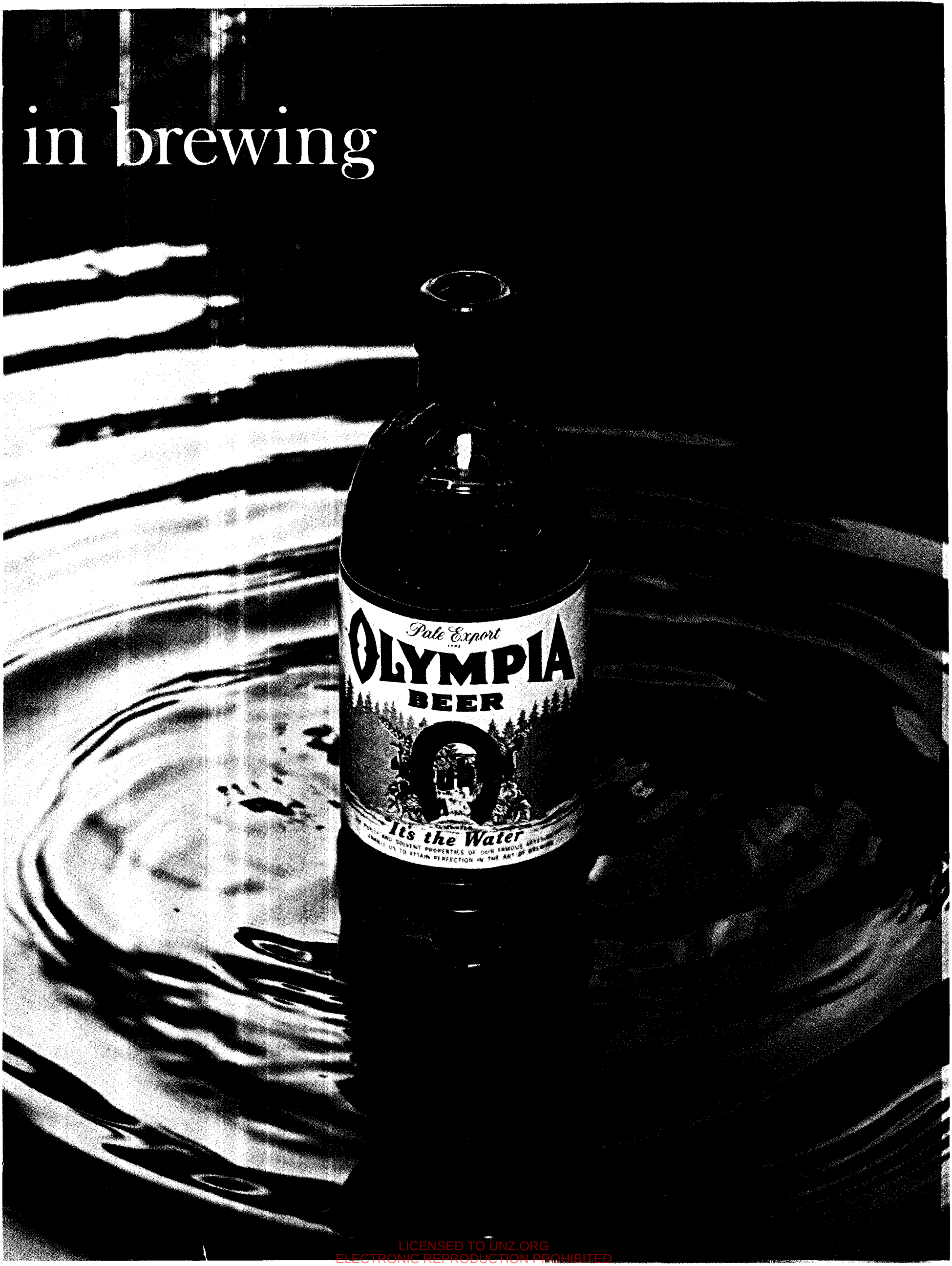
in brewing



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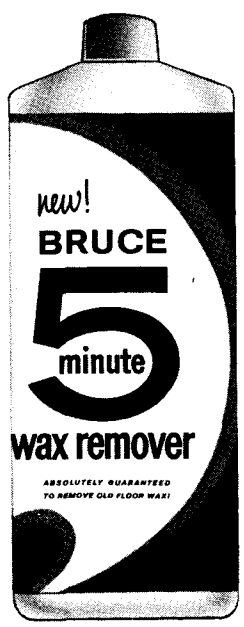

Made by E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis, Tennessee, makers of famous Bruce Cleaning Wax and Bruce Floor Cleaner for wood floors.

HOSPITAL

continued from page 35

times for prolonged treatments, had once spent two weeks in a room with an elderly woman who pulled the curtain around her bed and spoke not a word in all that period. Another time she was in a four-bed ward with three older women in the hospital for gynecological treatments; they talked almost incessantly about their various troubles.

"Suzie learned enough about the facts of life to frighten her thoroughly," recalled Hanson.

Hanson heard of dozens of bad experiences of teen-agers in Emanuel and other hospitals. One fifteen-year-old boy, hospitalized for corrective surgery on both legs following poliomyelitis, spent ten weeks in an adult ward with a senile, incoherent patient with a fractured hip, a paraplegic who had been in an auto accident, and an alcoholic who had delirium tremens following surgery. Another lad who had been in an auto accident was in a room with three rough-talking loggers who amused themselves by telling dirty stories.

All of these unfortunate incidents could be blamed on the common practice in hospitals of grouping patients in wards by services required—Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, Urology, and so on. Only the young children had their own department, Pediatrics. Bewildered and resentful teen-agers were scattered all through the hospital. Shaken by what he had learned, Hanson vowed to get the teen-agers into a wing of their own as soon as possible.

A lucky break enabled him to act promptly. The trustees had authorized the remodeling of the top floor to make room for an enlarged children's department. Overestimating the need, they gave Hanson more space than he required, a rare experience for a hospital administrator. He earmarked for teen-agers an eighteen-bed wing—two four-bed wards, one three-bed ward, three two-bedders and single—then talked the trustees and doctors of the hospital into letting him try out his idea.

At the time, in-patient wards for teen-agers were a rarity. Phelps Memorial Hospital in North Tarrytown, New York, maintained an eight-bed unit for youngsters twelve to fourteen years old. The Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C., had a wing for the eleven-to-twenty-one age bracket, which included college students and young marrieds. The Children's Hospital in Boston had its famous Adolescent Unit (*The Saturday Evening Post*, July 10, 1954), but it was operated largely as an out-patient clinic, with only a few beds for out-of-town youngsters. Hanson's idea was to limit his new department strictly to teen-agers, nearly all of them high-school students. He excluded youthful married patients and obstetrics cases.

"If they're married, or are having babies, they're old enough to be adults," he ruled.

The trustees of Emanuel, which is a hospital sponsored by the Lutheran Church, went along. So did the doctors who frequently sent youthful patients to Emanuel, a half-century-old institution in which more than 100,000 babies, approximately a third of the progeny of Portland, have been delivered during the past five decades.

With the wing available, Hanson's next problem was rounding up a staff of nurses and supervisors who understood teen-agers and sympathized with them, and who thrived on pandemonium. To his surprise he had more volunteers

Two youngsters flash to the finish line neck and neck. If wheel-chair racing gets too hot, patients are "grounded."

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HOSPITAL

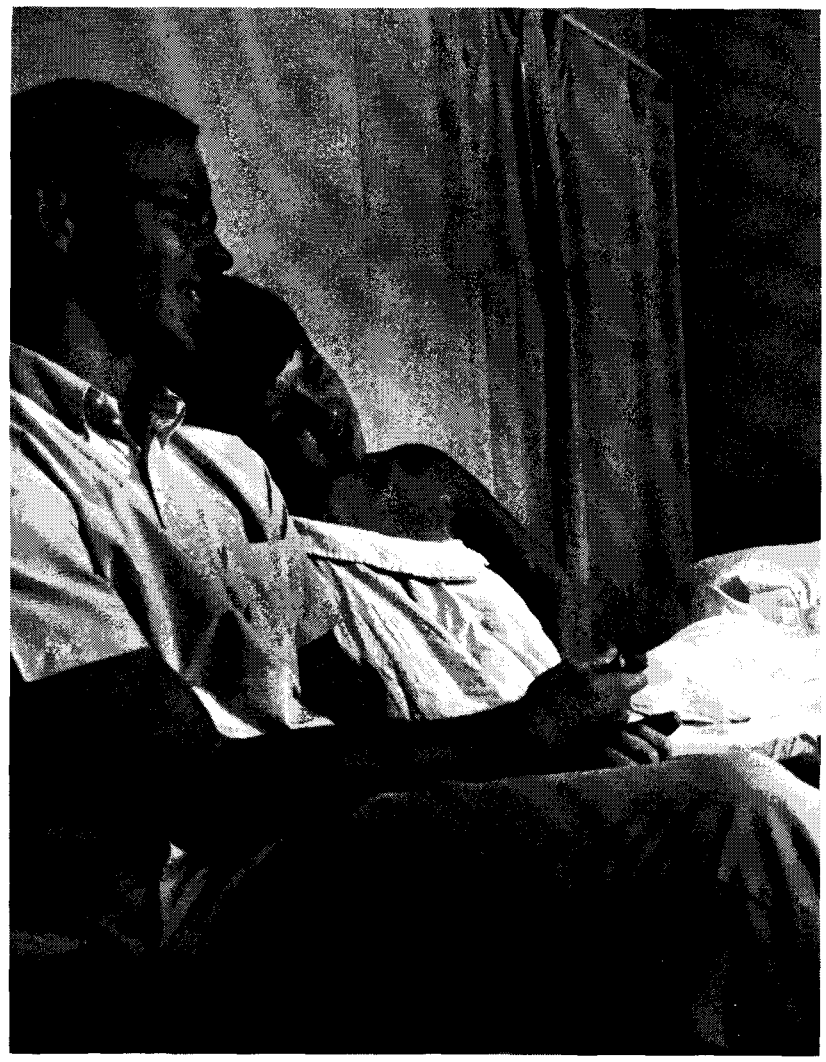
than he needed, and acquired a waiting list of nurses who would like to work in the teen-age wards.

"It's like a new lease on life since I came up here," said Mrs. Mary Burtis, head day nurse. "There's never a dull moment. We're just substitute mothers. The girls are more demanding and messy. The boys think up more devilment. Unlike adults, the teen-agers don't talk about their operations. They all encourage each other, and they get well faster."

Soon after the teen-agers had been transferred to the fifth floor the fun began. Kids with legs in casts discovered that they could tool around in wheel chairs and race the length of the corridor. Mrs. Mary Colcher, who supervises the department and the adjoining pediatrics wards as well, let them race so long as they didn't pile up in the improvised library of books and magazines at the end of the hall.

"If they get too boisterous, we just ground them—make them get back into bed," she explained.

One bright embryo scientist discovered that with gobs of mashed potato on the ends of straws he could turn his ward into a grotto, with the straws for stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Another, with a bent for physics, came up with a scheme for planting a glass filled with water upside down on a service tray. Mrs. Burtis still doesn't know the trick, which has been handed down word of mouth through three years of teen-age patients. Another wizard for mischief poked his head down the laundry chute, yelling, "Help I'm stuck," thereby throwing five floors of the hospital on the alert. This stunt was ruled out, as is smoking. One husky noisy youngster insisted on smoking anyway; banished downstairs to an adult ward, he sent piteous pleas for forgiveness and promises that he would obey.



Sharon Hastings, high-school cheerleader whose arm was burned, had a visit from one of the football players.

"He'd used up his chances during this trip to the hospital," said Mrs. Burtis. "We let him stay with the adults."

One evening last yuletide the Bethany Lutheran Church band came over to play Christmas music. The musicians stayed on after the pastor left. In no time a jam session was under way, in which the patients joined with ukuleles, guitars and harmonicas. Heck Harper, a local musician, frequently brings over his band to play jazz. Birthdays are celebrated with cakes and candles and *Happy Birthday* ringing through the wards. A tour of the wing in the evening is like dropping in on a house party. Most of the wards are crowded with visitors. Young patients who are ambulatory are calling on those who are bed-bound, sharing treats. A beverage dealer, hearing of the experiment, offered the hospital free all the soft drinks the teen-agers could drink. But Hanson had to impose a limit of two per day per patient.

In short, the exuberant patients of the Teen-age Department are having a ball during their stay in the hospital. This is the way it is, and the way Hanson and his staff intend it to be.

"These kids live in a twilight zone all their own," he said. "Take them out of it, and they're like fish out of water. Get the gleam in their eyes, and they don't become despondent. In their own environment they're considerate of each

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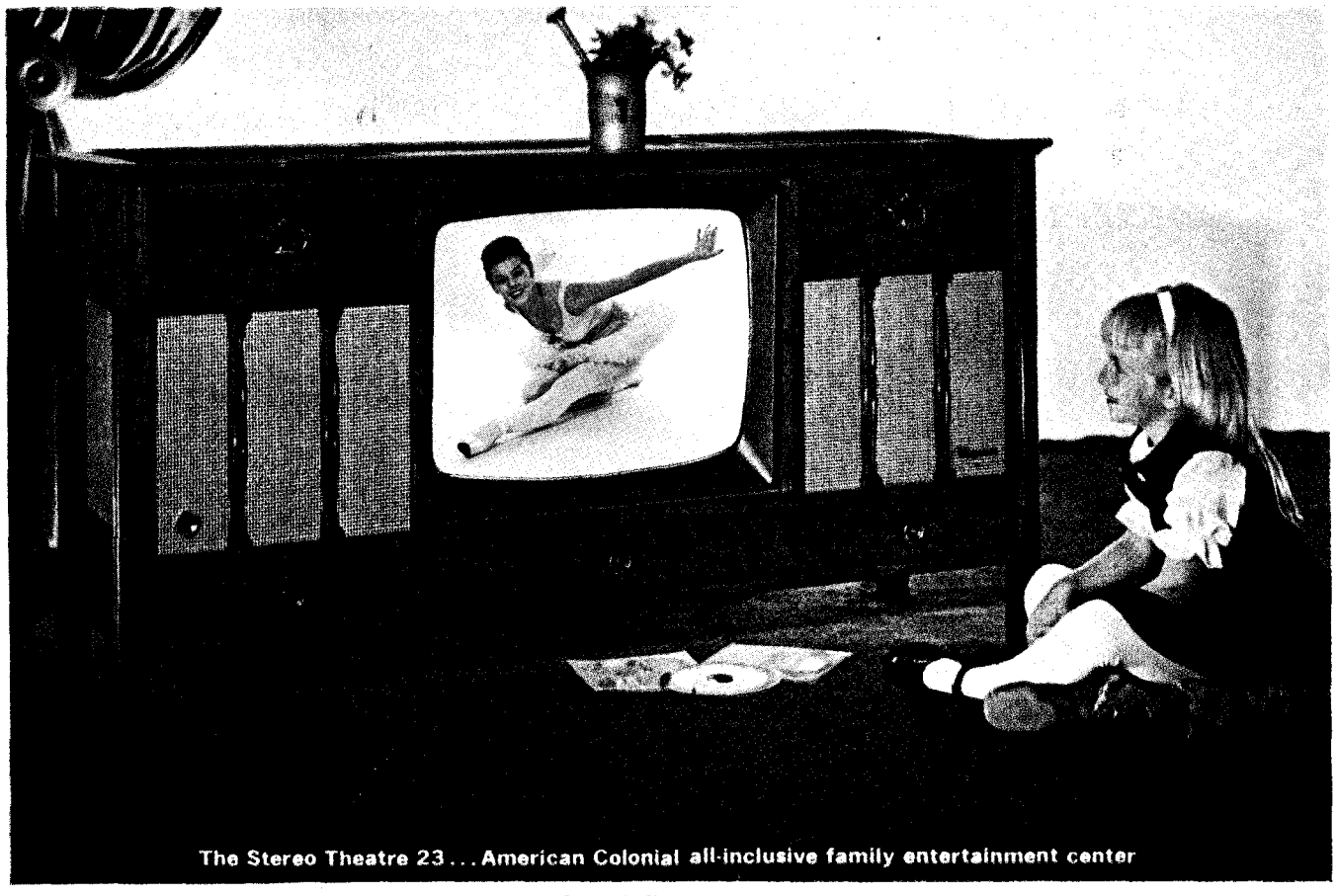

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other and take care of each other. You ought to see how quiet the wards are when one of them comes back from surgery."

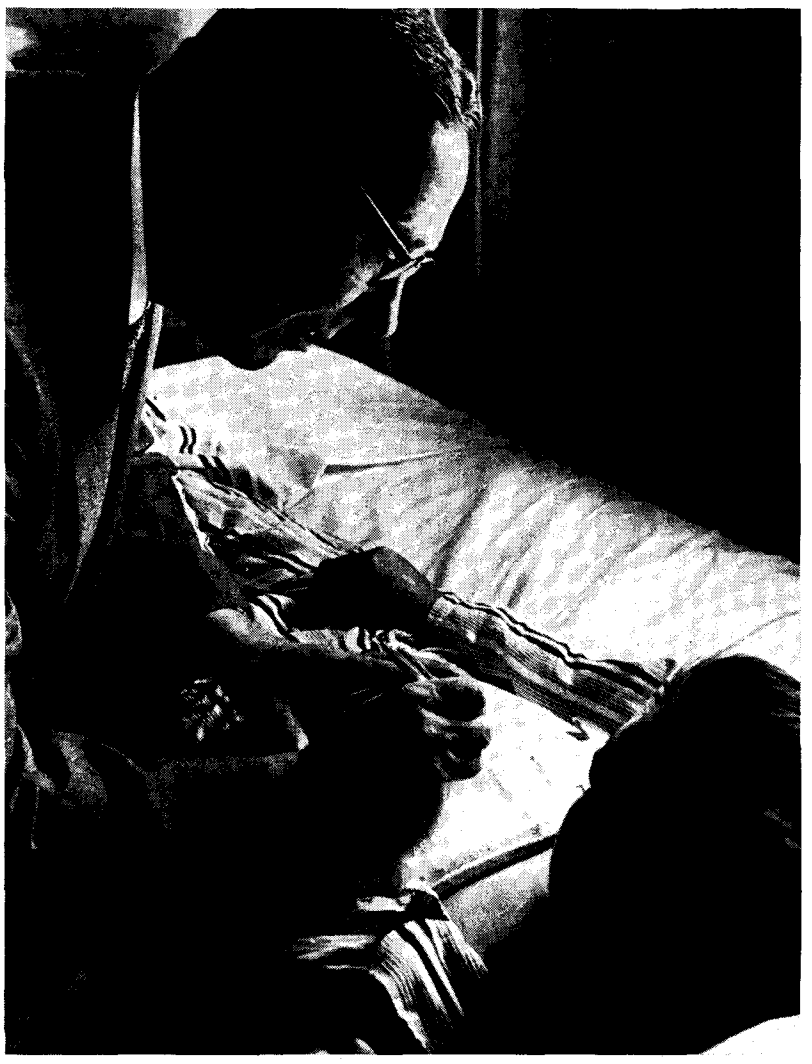
Recently when visiting the wing at lunchtime I noticed that nearly every youngster was feasting on hot dogs in buns with plenty of mustard. Seeing my astonishment, Hanson explained that the teen-agers can have what they like to eat, so long as it is not contrary to their doctors' orders.

"The boys go for hamburgers, the girls for wieners," said Mrs. Burtis. "But we keep an eye on them. After one girl had wieners eight days in a row, the dietitian cracked down. But if they want doubles, we give them doubles. Now and then a husky boy asks for triple helpings. He gets them. We give them malts or sundaes for midmorning, midafternoon and evening snacks. Teen-agers are always hungry."

Although these special food privileges make extra work in the kitchen, Hanson believes they pay dividends in morale, spirit and speedy convalescence.

Each ward has two television sets, but the rule is that both have to be tuned to the same channel to avoid confusion. Portable radios, turned low, can be tuned to any station. After considering teen-agers' penchant for marathon talking, Hanson ruled out telephones in the wards. But there is a pay phone at the end of the corridor for ambulatory or wheel-chair patients. "Most of them use it just once—to tell a friend the number," said Mrs. Burtis, smiling. "After that their friends on the outside do the calling."

Offsetting the fun, teen-agers study too. Those confined for more than two



Administrator Paul Hanson, originator of the plan for Emanuel's teen-age wing, autographing a patient's cast.

weeks have help from special teachers employed by the Portland public schools. The Women's Auxiliary provides volunteers who teach handicrafts. Woven pot holders are turned out almost on an assembly-line basis. One young patient, Eddie Hergert of nearby Lebanon, who was in the hospital four times for skin grafts to cover extensive third-degree burns, made and sold enough pot holders to buy himself a calf.

Though teen-agers recover faster in this relaxed atmosphere, they don't always want to leave when they've recovered from their illnesses. "I'm homesick to go home," fifteen-year-old Pamela Altig told me. "But when I get out, I know I'll be homesick for the hospital."

The doctors I interviewed were all enthusiastic about the Teen-age Department. As Dr. Ray V. Grewe expressed it, "In the teen-age wards the patients seem less sick, they heal more gracefully and with an inner strength mobilized by the *esprit de corps* of the wards."

Little Suzie Howard, whose trying experiences in the adult wards spurred Hanson to action, was in the Teen-age Department shortly after it was organized. Despite a combination of ailments that baffled doctors, Suzie was happy with the other teen-agers and helped organize a Halloween party for the wards. Two days later she died. Her mother, Mrs. Rose Marie Howard, still comes back to visit with the nurses and cheer the current crop of adolescents.

Hanson has had other opportunities to gather before-and-after reactions from patients. One was from his son, Hub, whose flight from the roof to terra firma started it all. Last year Hub was injured

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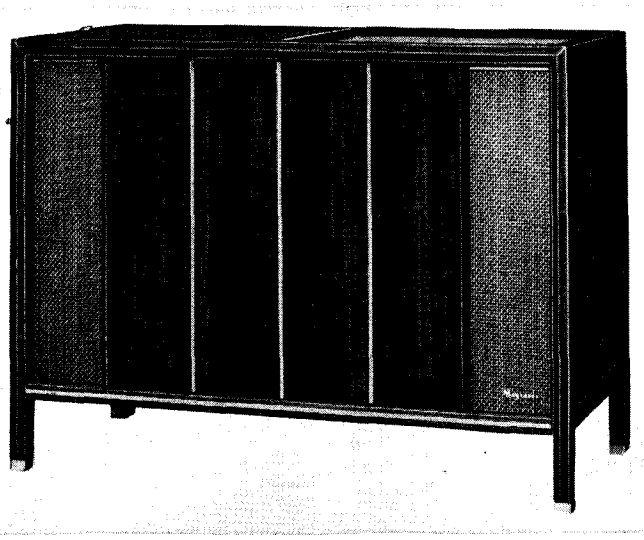

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HOSPITAL

in a high-school football game and had to be hospitalized for six weeks. This time, instead of mewling babies for ward mates, he had contemporaries.

"It was great," he told me. "All I could eat. All the visitors I wanted. The visiting teachers kept me up with my lessons, and I graduated with my class. It was a different world."

Paul Hanson has an exceptional background for his hospital experimenting. Born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1907, he grew up in Des Moines, Iowa, where his father was administrator of Iowa Lutheran Hospital. After studying sociology and business administration at Augustana College in Rock Island, Illinois, Hanson stayed on three years as alumni secretary, then landed his first hospital job, as administrator of St. Luke's (now Lake Region Hospital) in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. In two years he pulled the hospital out of receivership, then moved to Des Moines to succeed his father as administrator of Iowa Lutheran. When he went into the Army ten years later, his brother, Fridolf, took over his position.

Hanson's assignment during the war was hospital inspector for a 1500-bed institution at the huge Santa Ana air base in California. Here he had opportunity to try out many ideas which later became useful. In 1947 the Lutherans called him to Portland to overhaul Emanuel Hospital, which had expanded so fast that the bed capacity had outgrown the kitchens, operating rooms, the X-ray department and the laboratories.

Under Hanson's administration, the fine old hospital has been practically rebuilt. It has a new school and residence for 290 nurses, new laboratories and operating rooms, enlarged obstetrical and out-patient wings. Hanson has helped lead the way in several other fields. Emanuel has the only cobalt center for cancer treatment in an Oregon hospital. Another relatively new plan is a wing for patients who need round-the-clock intensive nursing attention. Instead of three shifts of nurses for each patient, Hanson has cut the prohibitive cost of this special service to one third by utilizing relays of nurses looking after more than one patient. Emanuel now has under construction a unit in which patients who suffer from crippling illnesses and accidents can be rehabilitated to at least partial use of their muscles instead of spending the rest of their lives in bed or in wheel chairs.

Hanson has persuaded the Emanuel trustees to buy the blighted residence area around the original one-block hospital site to provide space for expansion as the institution grows. The 448-bed—plus 106 bassinets—hospital now has 297 physicians and surgeons and 824 employees, including 280 nurses in its staff.

A careful operator—despite the generous helpings he allows the ever-hungry adolescents—Hanson has had accountants checking costs of the Teen-age Department. The figures indicate that it has cost no more to hospitalize teen-agers in their own wing than it did when they were scattered through adult wards. The cost is less than in the children's wards. One reason, Hanson thinks, is that teen-agers do a great deal of helping themselves and one another, instead of ringing for a nurse every time they want a glass of water.

"Most hospitals could set aside two or three wards at the end of a corridor and operate them as teen-age departments," he concluded. "The main extra expense would probably be a soundproof door to keep the noise from the rest of the hospital." THE END

In the hospital's new swimming pool, student nurses help ex-teen-age-ward patients regain use of limbs crippled by disease or accident.

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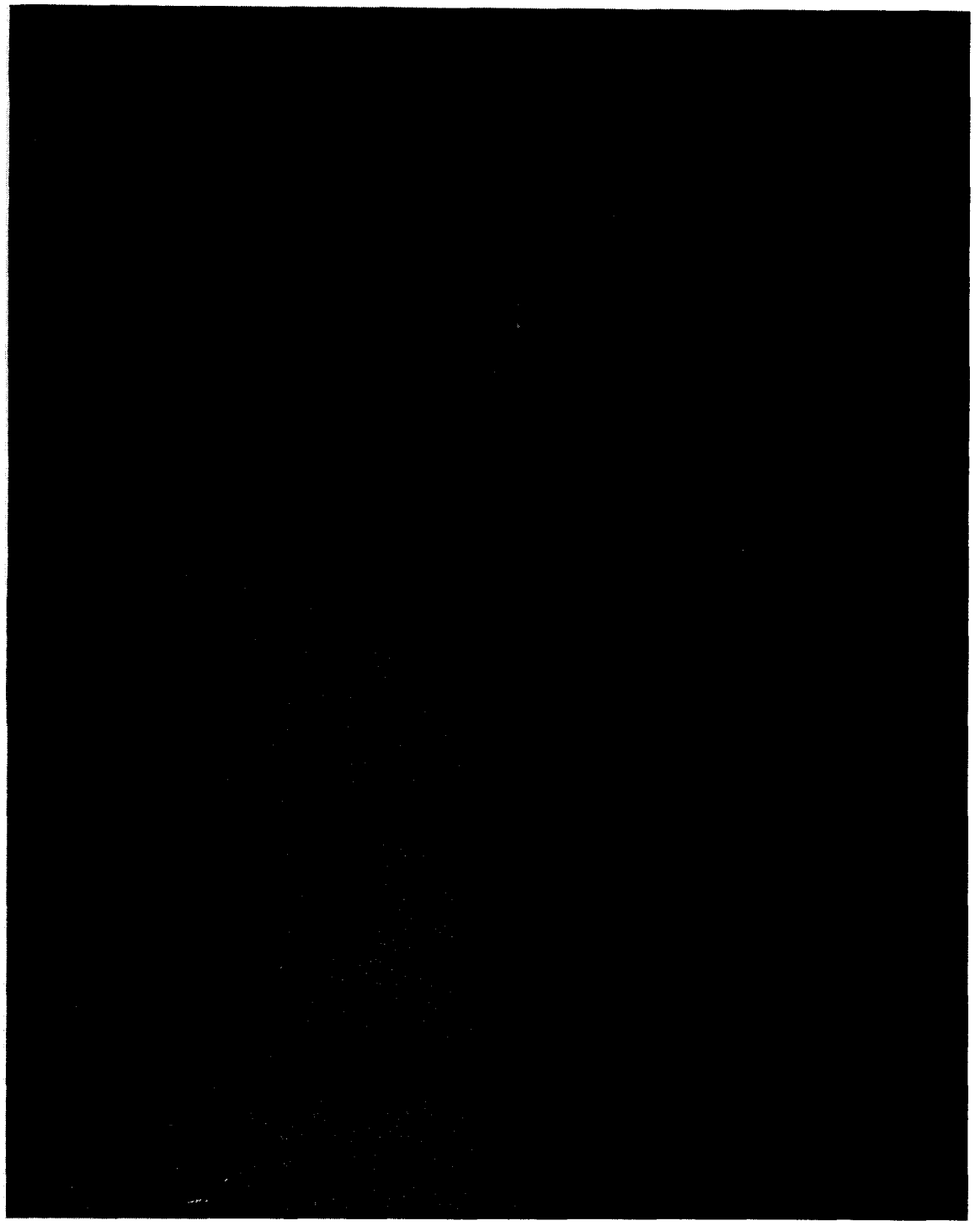
The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 3



The Western Powers had not only the Russians as adversaries. They also had one another.

The windows of the American delegation's rooms at the Hôtel Ville de Calvin in Geneva blazed with late-morning sun as the men listened. British Foreign Secretary Hawkes did not agree that a limited nuclear war as projected by General Gahagan could remain limited. Nor did Fulton, American Secretary of State, the man who must make the final decision. The three men faced one another with no solution.

A message from Washington was handed to Fulton. "Stand firm against any compromise on Tunisian problem." How could he not compromise and still avoid all-out war?

The Americans' limousine slowed as it reached the Russians' villa for the scheduled lunch. Once inside the drab mansion Caleb Fulton made small talk with the Russian foreign minister. The few platitudes which had been exchanged at the moment of entrance were over. Lunch was about to begin as the rest of the delegates arrived.

■ Caleb was the ranking guest, as he was to preside that afternoon at the session at the Palais. So Stoneface took him by the arm and with solemn pleasantries led the way into the dining room, where the big oval table was set exactly as it had been on the two previous occasions when they had been here—roses standing up as stiffly as pokers in a bowl and the flags of the four nations distributed about the table. He recalled a game they had played when growing up in Youngstown, a form of charades called "Where am I now?" Where are we now? That had been Mike Anker's question, and he had been at a loss for an answer. He imagined that Mike was already on the transatlantic line doing a spot, reporting that the American delegation was confused, lost, hopeless, ready to sign anything just to get out of a box. Out of the corner of his eye as they marched into the dining room, he had observed Tom Brace and Grimsby talking animatedly with Volkonkov and now, seated together in the middle of the table, they were carrying on, looking almost as though they enjoyed the conversation. This was perhaps the sounding, and their animation might be a hopeful sign. Certainly Volkonkov was more at ease in Russian, which the others spoke with considerable fluency. The soup came on, the course was changed, and he found himself struggling to keep the little ball going back and forth across the wall. The fatuousness of their exchange depressed him more than it ever had before. To make conversation, he was snatching at oddments of memory—the Soviet film he had seen several years before, something about cranes flying, the war, remarkable scenes of realism in a hospital with the wounded. More than ever Stoneface was politely monosyllabic in his replies, seeming a little removed, as though from a superior height he could look down at the pathetic scurrying of the American Secretary of State.

"This is an excellent fish," he said in desperation when the next course had been served. "What kind of fish is it?"

"It is a very special fish which I have had flown here for our lunch today. It is a fish from the Lake of Zumlanska."

"Well, I must say I feel we're very honored. Very honored," he repeated for lack of anything else, and then there was an awkward pause. "It has such a nice delicate taste."

The silence came down, and Caleb Fulton felt himself defeated. Trivial though it might be, it was a defeat that left him with a hopeless sense of his own ineffectuality. Yet at the same time he was angry. On the face of his host was a look of remote preoccupation. Even the small windows in the diving helmet had been covered over. Caleb Fulton was filled with an irrational anger. *How does he dare do this?* he said to himself. *And what do I have to lose if I jolt him, if I send a right hook to his jaw?* There was nothing to lose.

"I want to ask you something," he began, waving away the butler who was offering the meat course a second time. "I want to ask you how we're going to get out of this situation in which we find ourselves."

He was pleased to see that Stoneface was startled, so startled that for a moment the visor was raised and the expression in the dark, impenetrable eyes was frankly one of curiosity.

"Situation?" He had recovered. "I am afraid I do not understand what you mean."

"You know very well what I mean, Mr. Minister. We came here to discuss ways to insure peace in the Middle East and in Africa, and since we've come here we've been confronted with a situation as dangerous as any you and I have ever known in our lives. That is the situation about which I speak, and there is no use in disguising it. The consequences can be terrible for all of us. I think you know this as well as I do."

"Yes, very terrible," Stoneface said, breaking the silence that had come down between them again, "very terrible, Mr. Secretary. You are quite right."

This was uttered with a tone of finality as though it put a full stop to the whole matter. *He seems almost to be pleased with himself,* Caleb thought, with a new surge of anger.

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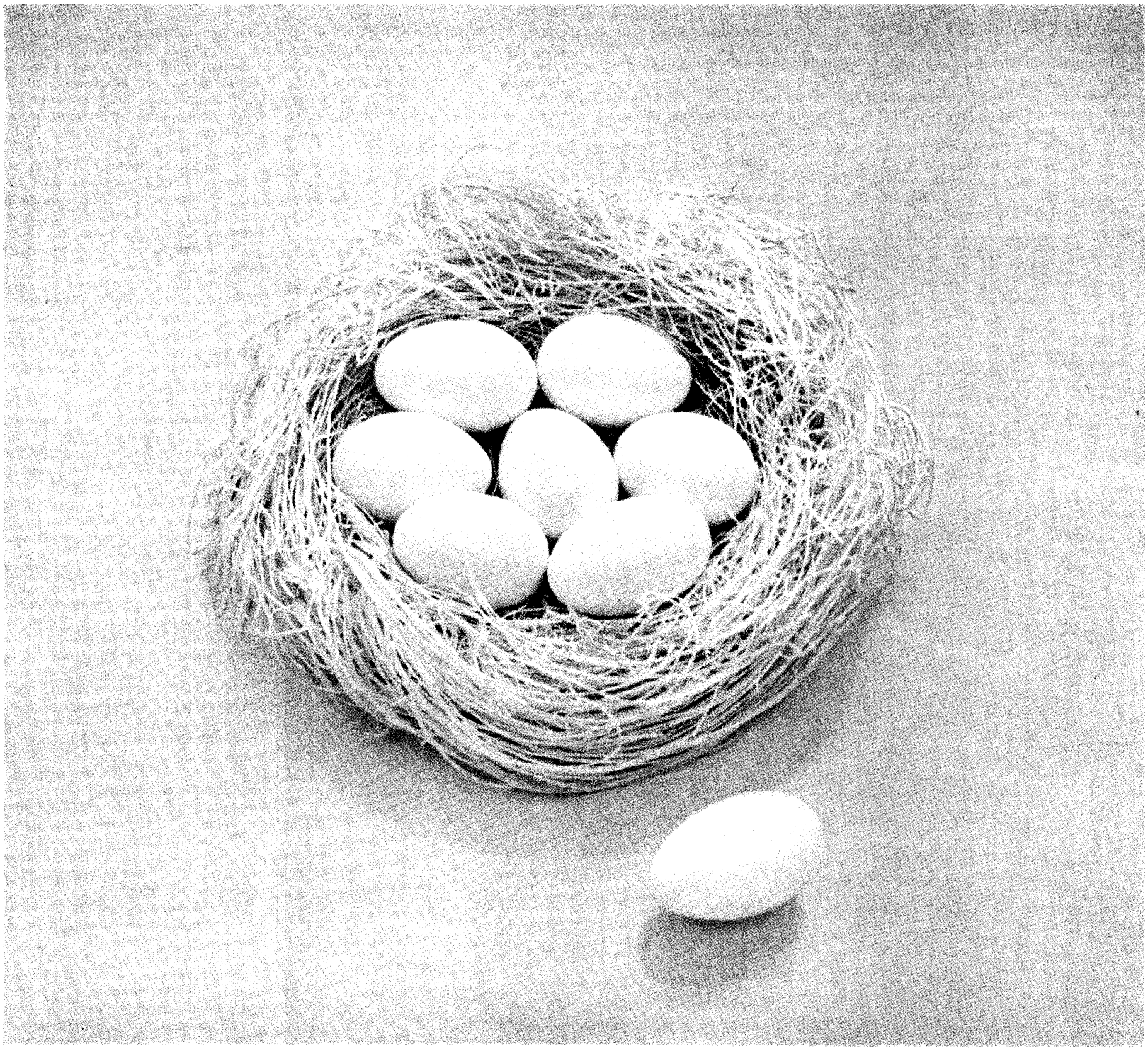

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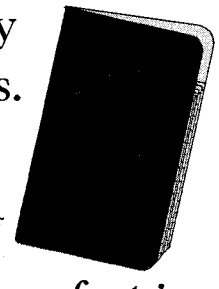

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PEACEMAKERS "But we are responsible for the consequences," Caleb said, his voice sharpened with the irritation that he could not keep out of it. "And we will have to suffer the consequences, each and every one of us. The whole world is looking to us to find a solution."

These words had in his own ears such an empty sound that he was amazed at the folly of his having uttered them at all. Stoneface seemed to be turning them over as though they were an obeisance.

"No, if I may disagree with you, Mr. Secretary," Stoneface said, with what Tom Bruce had called his churlish Buddha manner, "the consequences are for those who have launched this aggression. It was clearly aggression. The French are the aggressors. There can be no doubt of that. Surely you do not question this?"

"Why should you and I," Caleb asked impatiently, "dispute at this late hour over who is right and who is wrong? I'll just say that there were serious provocations across the Algerian border. We all know that—you know it as well as we do. But it's too late to talk about that. There's a very grave danger that two armed forces will be irrevocably engaged and, if this happens, it may be that no one can stop the chain of consequences from running to the end. You and I know the composition of those forces; we know their origins." He looked squarely into the blank eyes which were now a mirror of innocence, as bland and as round as the eyes of a wind-up toy.

"I am afraid I do not understand," Stoneface said gravely. "You speak of the composition of these forces. We know that on one side are aggressors who have invaded the territory of a friendly power. On the other side are those who are resisting the colonial imperialists. If that is what you mean by composition of the forces, then I must agree with you."

The infuriating quality of this was like a note strummed over and over and over, twanged on his taut nerves, as on the strings of a bull fiddle, with a monstrous repetitiousness. At this hour, this late hour, it was more than Caleb could endure.

"But we haven't time for that now," Caleb said almost roughly. "We know—you and I know—that whatever names we give to those two forces they can bring on a war unless they are stopped. And a war that will mean the end of everything in your world and mine."

Stoneface shrugged, the most gentle and diplomatic of shrugs. There was even on his face a slight smile. "There is only one way for this to be resolved, and that is if the aggressors confess to their aggression, withdraw from the territory they have invaded and pay full reparation for the damage they have done. Perhaps then it will be possible to persuade the peace-loving forces to put down their arms too."

Intolerable, yes, intolerable. Caleb Fulton kept silent. It was all very well to talk about patience, but patience, under the circumstances, had its limits. As though the physical suppression of what he felt, the driving desire to reply with a blast of rage, with gutter words, with words of violent anger, were too much for his body, he felt somewhere in his interior a sudden sharp stab of pain. A knife whetted to a razor's edge was being drawn across his abdomen. With an effort of will he suppressed what had been almost an involuntary cry on his lips, hoping that his face would not show the anguish he felt. The pain abated finally, and with the enormous relief he felt came a lassitude, a desire to have done with it, to end a farce that had gone on far too long.

The butler was offering the salad and, as he helped himself, the pain in his abdomen struck again. He thought, *I shall have to leave the table.* What in God's name was it? He sat with his hands rigid at his sides, aware that Stoneface had glanced furtively at him. The thing was too absurd. Imagine the Secretary of State with a bellyache at a moment when what he might say could mean the difference between life or death on the earth, the quick or the dead. He began to make a gesture of eating his salad.

Then the red-hot knife in his middle was turned round again, for a longer time, minutes really. The wild thought occurred to him that he had been poisoned—strychnine. Fantastic, yes, lunatic, but how else was one to explain the red-hot poker so freely applied? He scanned the table to see if there were other victims. But no, they all seemed perfectly well, even content with their lot. Tom and Grimsby were laughing uproariously apparently at some joke that Volkonkov had told. In the intervals of the pain's coming and going he felt for Stoneface, who was now engaged in conversation with Geoffrey Hawkes on his left, a hatred such as he had never known before. He could see him stoned, blinded, his eyes torn out.

Let it come down then, he wanted to cry out, let it rain down, let the Gahagans ride the skies and rain down

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obliterating death on Stoneface and all his kind. He wanted to appear to be listening to what the Russian seated on his right, the Number Two member of the delegation, was saying, but he heard not a word of it.

For a moment he was hardly aware that the servant was holding out the dessert, some kind of horrid pudding elaborately decorated with curlicues of whipped cream and some sort of chopped fruit. He could not have said how he managed to force himself to take two spoonfuls of the stuff.

The pain was gone. He dared to believe it at long last. Feeling weak, shaken, he nevertheless had a sense of triumph. Whatever it was—and for that matter it might have been the fish, that fish so boastfully flown in from the Lake of Zumlanska—he had endured it. For the moment this was enough.

Yet from the vantage of the shore he had somehow managed to crawl to, he saw in his weak triumph a burlesque, a mad, farcical parody of the game they were playing. Was it then as primitive as this? A rite of tribal endurance? Despite the incalculable, incredible forces of destruction that man had so cunningly, so secretly contrived? He recalled having seen shortly before his departure from Washington one of those papers from the Pentagon covered with all the top-secret hieroglyphs on the subject of the over-kill. You let your eye fall over it—it was not really vital to any problem that you were considering—and you tried to visualize a power, cunningly concealed, ingeniously deployed in the secret corners of the earth, that was nevertheless

sufficient to kill the enemy, every man Jack,

every woman and child, three to four times over. He could not remember the exact figures at which the experts in the Rand Corporation, which was really the Air Force, had arrived. The over-kill was a most serious problem with which various people in the Pentagon concerned themselves, and perhaps it should also become a concern of the State Department. That was why the paper had been on his desk. But when he had skimmed through it, he could find no way to bring it into his orbit. Passing it down to young Johnny DuBose, he had dictated a hasty memorandum saying that this should be considered by the disarmament committee in the department.

The over-kill. From three to four times the power to kill Stoneface and the Number Two Russian on his right and millions and millions and millions of others unknown to him by a means as impersonal as the winds, the cold of the arctic night, the fire in the heart of the sun. Yet far, far below, in another world, another sphere, another planet really, he was engaged in a contest of endurance as between one tribe and another, the Hiawathas and the Dynamos to the death. Stoneface had handed him a live coal, and he had held it beneath his armpit without crying out. The monstrous disparity between the over-kill and the circumstances surrounding the exercise with the red-hot poker across his middle, making it impossible to say as one human being to another, "You know, I feel really very badly, and I think I must leave the table for a few minutes"—all this assailed him at the center of the shattering tranquillity.

Caleb looked into the face of the servant who was passing a dish. He was an older man, with a deeply lined forehead and graying, almost white hair; really old, seventy or more, you would judge. This was in itself surprising since the people—servants, flunkies, whatever, that they brought with them, and they always brought a full retinue, trusting no one from the outside—were usually tough-looking young characters. Would this be perhaps one of the heads of the secret police, a spy set to watch on Stoneface? Or was he a Doctor Zhivago? One who had in some chance fashion miraculously survived the terrible past and who now stood here at his elbow offering this penance for all that had gone before?

"No, thank you; thank you very much," Caleb said, even trying a half smile and not being certain but suspecting that perhaps his smile was returned in a small measure.

A twinge in his interior, milder but nevertheless sufficient to recall his ordeal, the turning knife, brought Foster to his mind. Poor Foster! All his schemes, ambitions, hopes, vanities, his noblest professions and his meanest and most base suspicions, all cut down in full panoply by that other terrible knife. A compassion that he had felt scarcely at all when the blow fell on Foster swept over him. For, and he confessed it now, he had been jealous of Foster, meanly jealous of his reputation and only too ready to laugh with merry malice when he tripped and fell. There had been the time when he had scored so heavily off Foster in the leading article he had written for *Foreign Affairs*, and it had been widely commented upon. It had been easy enough for that had been the time when poor Foster's pacts were falling into ruin, the time of the awful murders in Bagdad which the world seemed to shrug off as though with all the horrors past it simply could not take in any more; Nuri as-Said's shockingly mutilated body was dragged through the streets and made into hamburger by the mob. Yes, easy, but still—how appalling to think of the number of times that Foster had sat beside this Stoneface and others in those last months and weeks. It scarcely bore thinking about. Johnny DuBose had told him about Foster's last trip to Europe, and in Bonn especially what he had endured. The sense of his small triumph had quite vanished. The coal had cooled. There was only a festering soreness under his armpit and in his heart.

"You have found it a good luncheon, I trust," Stoneface said, turning to him.

"Excellent, excellent!" The familiar false heartiness was in his voice. "You have an excellent chef. And I shall remember that fish for a long time." The bitter humor of this flashed across his mind and involuntarily he smiled. "From the Lake of Zumlanska. Yes, when next I am in Moscow, I shall see that I have it."

He led the way into the drawing room. They would now go through the ritual of coffee and brandy. In the mood of resignation which was upon him, a bitter, dispirited resignation, this prolongation of the futile exercise seemed to matter very little. The perspective from the end of the rope was the abyss, and it was of small importance whether you dangled a little longer. On the far side of the room by the open windows Grimsby and Brace were talking, and at a covert signal from the latter he joined them. They spoke together in low, conspiratorial tones.

"Hugh and I think that we've made some headway," Tom Brace said.

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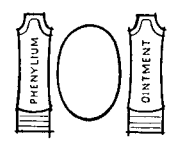

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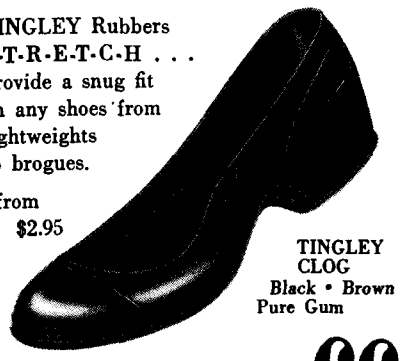

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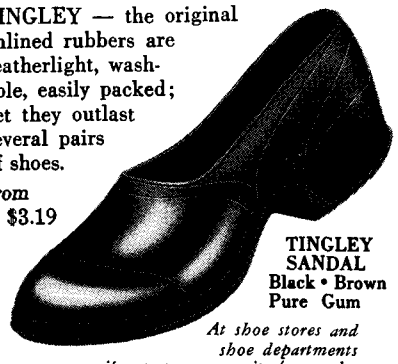

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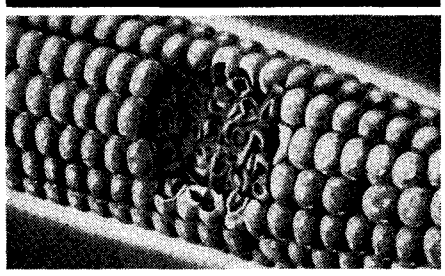

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PEACEMAKERS

"Well, you did better than I did then," Caleb Fulton put in dourly. "All I got for my pains was a polite kick in the teeth. And not so polite, either, when you think about it."

"But you see, Mr. Secretary," Tom Brace was respectful, "Number One could hardly have given you any lead. It calls for a little ground-breaking first by someone who can be repudiated if it becomes necessary. Now Hugh and I got the very definite feeling from Number Three that they will take a United Nations presence on the Tunisian-Algerian border. The U.N. would come in at once to supervise the pullback of the French forces across the border, and then a U.N. Commission would maintain a patrol to keep down border violations. This would be the *quid pro quo* for the French—theoretically there would be no more infiltration of the rebels from a privileged sanctuary across the border into action against the French again."

"But have you any reason at all"—Caleb's skepticism, his distrust, was in his voice—"to believe that they would take anything like that?"

"If I may say so, Tom and I both have the very strong impression"—Hugh Grimsby's cool, correct speech had a note of authority—"that they want very much to find a way out, that they really are fearful of the consequences. Rather than run any further risk, they would accept this alternative. We were told that quite flatly. . . . Weren't we, Tom?"

"What's the next move then?" Caleb demanded. "And supposing we do that? Supposing we can get the French to pull back? Doesn't that leave them pretty much in possession of Tunisia, or in any event with their own stranglehold on the place? And that means Libya, too. It doesn't look good to me."

"But I'm afraid that it's the very best we can expect. The French, after all, created a little trap for themselves."

At this point Geoffrey Hawkes joined the conspiratorial circle and was given the result of the soundings that had been taken during lunch.

"Really, I must say, the first faint sign of hope." His correct, Guardsman's face was almost gay. "I do commend you. . . . And you, Caleb, what do you think of it?"

"I'm afraid I don't see any reason to throw my hat into the air. We get out, and they get—well, they get the flank of North Africa if they just go on sitting there pretending to be the friend of the poor, downtrodden Moslems."

"But Caleb, if I may correct you"—there was a note of urgency in Geoffrey Hawkes's voice—"*we* are not in Tunisia. A French armed force that may or may not have had the full sanction of the government in Paris—and by the government, of course, we mean the general—has invaded a sovereign power, and that sovereign power has accepted the aid of volunteers—wretched word—of a neighboring power. A fiction, I grant you. My dear Caleb, our choices are practically nil."

"Yes, yes, I understand that. But it'll look back home just the way it looks to me, and I can tell you that they won't like it."

"Caleb," Geoffrey Hawkes asked him in an aside, "do you feel all right? I ——"

"What makes you ask that, Geoffrey?"

"I thought at lunch I saw you looking a bit gray and shaky. Was I wrong?"

"No, you certainly weren't wrong. I had an attack of something, indigestion, I guess. Or maybe it was just my allergy to old Number One. But I'm all right now."

"I am so sorry, Caleb. It is so utterly, utterly awful." Once again it was the sad-angry Guardsman's face. "It's all so dreadfully balled up. I thought this morning I should not be able to live through the day. But here we are." He turned to the others. "We have made a little progress. Would you go along with me, Caleb, in instructing our splendid young lieutenants to see Number Three at the first opportunity this afternoon and inform him that you and I have given our blessing to the U.N. business and that we shall do our utmost to persuade the French to accept it, too—although, of course, we have no guaranty in this direction?"

For what seemed a very long time there was silence. The Secretary of State stood staring down at the floor. It was so hard to say yes, or for that matter to say no. This was

the kind of decision it was so hateful for America

to have to take, so blurred, so lacking in the eternal verities of truth and justice and right for which America longed.

"Well, yes," he looked up, "I think I would. We don't seem to have any choice, unless we take Jerry Gahagan's choice."

"And that," Geoffrey Hawkes spoke almost under his breath, "is not a choice at all. It is an invitation to catastrophe."

"I'm thinking of opinion at home," Caleb said quietly, almost as though to himself. "But I can see that we've got to bite the bullet and get through it as best we can. . . . You follow this up," he said to Tom Brace, "perhaps at once, if that's possible. If not, then in the first break at the session this afternoon. It isn't as though we had very long to think about it."

"And now," Geoffrey said, "you and I, Caleb, must try to bring Frédéric up to the mark. I rather dread it, you know, for it means asking him to put his head on the block."

They turned to face the others in the room, and at once they were aware of a tableau that had caught the attention of the Russians, who had dropped any pretense of talking among themselves. At some point while they were absorbed in their private talk Michel Gavereau de Bouverie had arrived. He stood with Frédéric Duhamel just inside the entrance to the drawing room. There could be no mistaking the seriousness of the news, whatever it was, that Duhamel had received. That Gavereau de Bouverie had come here, to the Russian villa, was in itself extraordinary, a confession of exceptional urgency. Duhamel slowly turned and walked toward the center of the room where Caleb, with Hawkes at his side, waited by a small island of a sofa and two chairs. On his face was a stricken look. His walk seemed halting, almost as though he were suddenly lame. He stopped a few paces before them.

"*Monsieur* Gavereau de Bouverie has brought word," he said in a voice quite without resonance, "the advanced forces are already engaged. This is the word from Paris. Gentlemen, the war has begun."

"Oh, no, that cannot be." Geoffrey Hawkes's speech was more clipped, more precise than ever. "The last word we had, you know, and it was not more than three to four hours ago, was that they were separated by at least thirty kilometers and probably more nearly forty."

"You have word of an engagement of forces?" said Stoneface, who had joined the group. "We had heard nothing of this."

Caleb, standing silent, could not at first sort out the confused emotions that this announcement stirred in him. He knew, even if he tried to deny it to himself, that part of what he felt was a savage kind of relief. Let it come down then, no more fussing and stewing, no more trying to crawl out through any rat hole. Yet even as he recognized this strange, irrational desire to leap into the darkness, to put aside all doubts and hesitations, he brought himself up short. No, it would not do. It was indeed the coward's way out.

"We must get onto this at once," he said to Hawkes. "Supposing I go back with you to your office at the Palais, and we will try to get through from there to London or to Washington."

"Yes, at once." Geoffrey Hawkes turned to the Russian. . . . "I do very much hope that you, Mr. Minister, will draw upon your sources of information. Perhaps when we meet at 3:30, we shall have further word."

In the rush of their departure the thanks they offered for hospitality received had a singularly hollow and empty sound. Nothing, Caleb acknowledged to himself sadly, could ever be quite the same again. He had suffered the kind of fall from grace which must be the lot of every Secretary of State sooner or later. How hard the bump would be, he did not know, but bump it surely was. Then he was swept into Geoffrey's car, with Duhamel alongside, and they were racing toward the Palais.

3:15 P.M.

In the Palais des Nations each of the four delegations to the Conference on the Reduction of Tensions in the Middle East and Africa had a small suite of offices. This was courtesy of the inheritor of the embarrassing past, the United Nations, dubious midwife of the endeavor. Dubious from the first, Geoffrey Hawkes reflected, since without the presence of the principals, the Arabs, the Israelis, the new powers in Africa, how could anything be settled? Yet it had been the hope that if the four powers could in some fashion define and delimit their interests, then perhaps a base would be laid for a larger conference at which those directly affected would participate within the new framework. And lurking in the background had been the wistful belief that the Four might somehow agree—not only on restraints and limits, but on a common objective in the whole vast area. If anyone could properly be called the architect of this tidy little dream, then it was he, Geoffrey Hawkes. But there had been—he insisted upon it, waiting in his private office in the Palais—a beginning atmosphere that had been not without promise. It was true, yes, it was true. Then there had come in the midst of it all the ghastly business of the French incursion across the Tunisian border. Oh, there had been provocation, yes, of course, provocation—with Hugh Grimsby on the telephone to London and Caleb Fulton seated there on the edge of his chair looking like Impatience on a Monument, a monument much too small for him, nothing mattered, nothing at all. The architect sat in futility in the ruins of

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PEACEMAKERS his crystal palace, the crazy crystal palace of the sixth decade of the twentieth century; so transparently naked that the whole world could gaze on the shame of what lay rotting here under the indifferent sun of this sterile place.

He glanced at his watch. They would be assembling in the House now, the first stragglers coming in. He could hear them saying as they strolled down the dim, bookish-smelling corridors, "Hell of a mess Hawkes has got himself into over there. You know, I'm afraid I thought he was always something of a fool." And his friend, "Cooked his little goose, I'm afraid. We're for it in the House today, I should think."

Then there was Jack Pollock, and the thought of Jack Pollock was the bitterest draught of all. This would be Jack Pollock's moment. He could hear his loud, jeering voice from the opposition benches. They had been enemies from Oxford on, from those days in the Union, and yet he had never failed to recognize Pollock's intellect and ingenuity. Brilliant, shrewd, unscrupulous, ruthless, he put his first-rate mind to devious uses. But it was a first-rate mind. What a pleasure he would get from this occasion, for he understood, as did so many friends and foes, the full reach of Geoffrey Hawkes's ambition. It was, of course, to be Number One. And why not? Why should he not have had ambition? A lesser man than he sat there now, an accidental succession when Harold Macmillan had put down the scepter.

Vain delusions, all vain delusions. He stared at the shards of the crystal palace around his feet. The Hawkes Plan—wherever the public credit might have been, that is how it would have been known privately to all those who mattered in the game of power as it was played, the game in which he had now been defeated. In the fantasy he had permitted himself, as a kind of pretty little cupola at the top of the crystal palace, he had been awarded the Nobel peace prize for the Hawkes Plan which ushered in, with choirs of angels singing, a long period of stable and unified development in the most troubled area of the earth. How this would add to Jack Pollock's happy malice if only he knew.

Hugh Grimsby was saying into the phone, "I'm afraid I can't quite make out what you're saying. Will you please repeat? Your latest information is ——"

"The Swiss have given us abominable communications," Geoffrey Hawkes said to Caleb with half-suppressed fury, "and yet we pay a fortune for it. I suppose it is secure."

"I want to be sure that I understand you," Grimsby said. "Your latest information, as of perhaps an hour ago, certainly not more than that, is that the distance separating the two forces is still not less than twenty kilometers and is perhaps as much as twenty-five kilometers. And you have confidence in this intelligence? Thank you very much." He put down the phone and turned to the two in the room. "Sorry to be so long about it. Trouble with the scrambler in London, I gathered. You heard me repeating it back."

"You think that's pretty sound, do you?" Caleb demanded, standing up abruptly to confront Geoffrey Hawkes. "I doubt," he said, looking at his watch, "that there is time to call our people in Paris."

"Oh, quite! I think our people out there are on the whole very good. One of them I happen to know rather a lot about. And we can't be sure of the French, after all. We have no way of knowing just how much they tell poor Frédéric. And, my dear Caleb, I am sure it has occurred to you, as it has to me, that they might have a very good reason for wanting us to believe that it is too late to retrieve the situation. Nor should we ignore the fact"—he hesitated, the shadow of a dry, ironic smile on his face—"that our friend, General Gahagan, has been with the French staff at least an hour."

"Yes, Jerry moves very fast," Caleb remarked, "and he knows just what he wants."

"Yes, indeed he does. . . . But, Hugh, did you feel that they had any judgment at all as to the rate of the advance? That is rather important, after all. A very narrow gap for motorized forces, God knows. We have so little time."

"But anyhow it hasn't run out." Caleb Fulton's immense relief was in this. He looked back with wonder and even with a kind of shame at the emotion he had first felt when in the drawing room at the Soviet villa he had heard Duhamel pronounce their doom.

"I doubt very much," Grimsby said, "that there is any useful estimate on the rate of advance. But rapid, yes. I should think that, without some interruption, two to three hours at the most would do it."

"Now Caleb," Geoffrey Hawkes spoke with calm and seemingly effortless deliberation, "if I may I shall recite the steps I think should be taken immediately. In the first instance Brace and Grimsby must see Volkonkov before the meeting begins this afternoon and tell him that you and I believe a settlement on the terms they discussed at lunch can be reached and that we shall do our best to persuade the French to accept it, although we both understand that this will be extremely difficult. Second, I shall see to it that an urgent cable goes off to our people at the U.N. asking them to alert the officials there. And lastly, and I must say most disagreeably, Frédéric is to be confronted. We cannot be in the dark on that score. You do agree, Caleb?"

The Secretary of State looked darkly inscrutable; it was the look that Geoffrey Hawkes had thought of as Dickensian, his Edwin Drood look. "Damned if you do, and damned if you don't—that's how it looks to me. But, of course, of course, we've got to try to save what we can," Caleb Fulton said.

"One more point. We have scarcely a quarter of an hour left, and I'm sure you appreciate that the Bear is up when we meet and good for at least an hour's speech ——"

"Oh good Lord," Caleb broke in, "and he won't let us off. He'll read the whole catalogue of our sins, the same old stuff."

"What I was going to ask was whether you think that you and I should go together to Frédéric at once, or whether I should go alone."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't add very much."

"You would add the weight of your authority, and that happens to be extremely important."

"I give you my proxy." For an acute observer, and both Hawkes and Grimsby were in this category, it was evident that the Secretary of State struggled with conflicting emotions. "I'm afraid I wouldn't add as much as you think. And besides, you speak French, and he's definitely happier in that."

As Geoffrey Hawkes strode down the hall, he felt more than ever lonely, more isolated than when he had sat silent during Grimsby's telephone call, reflecting on the ruin of his grandiose plan for the salvation of mankind and, quite incidentally, the triumph of his own hopes and aspirations. For he had sensed that Caleb was drawing back; seeing the tower sway, sniffing the dust already beginning to rise, hearing the creaks and groans, he was preparing to stand clear. And perhaps he could stand clear. It was this last that filled Geoffrey Hawkes with frustration and rage. One did not in diplomacy use words such as "unfair." They were reserved for the Americans, words such as "sincere," "unfair," "trust" and "confidence," words naïvely ingrained in the great American innocence. But "cowardly," that was the word for it, he said with a sudden angry vehemence. A coward, a coward, who would wring his hands hypocritically, glossing it all with the finest rhetoric. In the outer office of the French delegation the secretary greeted him with, "Yes, Sir Geoffrey, *Monsieur* Duhamel is waiting for you," and the gratuitous "Sir" irritated him as much as anything that had happened through the whole weird, infuriating day.

As he talked with Frédéric Duhamel in his easy, fluent French, he felt his confidence returning. After all, it was the only function one could have in an age of dissolution: to save what could be saved. And the mere exercise of his French, the beauty and dignity of the language itself, its grace, its idiom, restored him a little. Knowing the time was short, he nevertheless began on a note of personal sympathy and understanding, for Frédéric and for France.

France that had endured and suffered so much must be saved.

and not only saved but restored to the greatness, the grandeur, that the general had envisioned. If some men had their way—that naïve American general, for one—then all would be lost. There should be no mistaking this: all would be lost. So now in this terrible hour it was up to Frédéric to see that they understood in Paris that there was only one way out of the trap. Skillfully he rehearsed the steps that had to be taken.

In response there came from Duhamel an impassioned flow of words; step by step the ordeal of France, how one misadventure after another, compounded by the perfidy of France's supposed friends, had brought the present impasse. Geoffrey Hawkes heard himself saying at intervals, when there were momentary pauses, "*Ah, oui, je comprends, mon cher ami, mon cher collègue.*" But this punctuation was superfluous, Duhamel was saying what he had to say, and suddenly it occurred to the man sitting across the desk from him that it was the confession of one who was about to perform an act of sacrifice, an act perhaps entirely in vain —the odds were for its futility—but which would nevertheless cost him his life. At last the Frenchman promised that he would try to gain assent for the compromise. It was probably impossible. He might not even be able to get through to the general himself. This last came out in a murmured aside, as though in a whisper to one's confessor. But he would begin at once to try. He would send his deputy, Bénard, to represent him at the conference. The two men rose, and Duhamel walked with Hawkes to the door, where they paused.

"I salute you," Geoffrey Hawkes said. "I know how difficult your position is, and therefore I have the measure of your indomitable courage, your true devotion to France."

"It is quite beyond me. I am one who is finished. On someone's head the blame must fall. It is mine. So you speak to me across a divide, you on one side and I on the other."

"Surely not," Geoffrey Hawkes began, deeply moved by the melancholy, the resignation, the tragic air of defeat in his friend's face.

"You do not deceive yourself, and you know that cannot deceive me."

They stood with their hands clasped together. For a moment Geoffrey Hawkes had the uncomfortable feeling that the formal surface between them was about to crack, that Duhamel's noble resignation was breaking down into something less reserved. But then it was over. With Bénard, who had been waiting in the outer office, Hawkes turned and walked down the corridor.

Just inside the conference-room chamber they encountered Stoneface. Geoffrey Hawkes observed that there was something almost cordial in the way in which he came up and asked if he might have a word before the session began.

"I want you to know," he said, weighing his words with even more than his customary solemn intent, "that the information which we received from *Monsieur* Duhamel is not correct. The two forces are not engaged at the present time."

"You have determined this from your own sources of intelligence, have you?" Geoffrey Hawkes had a sudden vision of the long line of communications, down across Europe, across the Mediterranean, perhaps even up to a political commissar, a chief of commissars, in an advanced position with every single element in this highly fluid and dangerous situation under his hand. This inscrutable figure had such a clear comprehension of the orders under which he was conducting the entire operation that there could be no random or chance move. Nothing was left to the passion of the moment, to accident or human frailty. It was somehow comforting, Geoffrey Hawkes reflected, to believe this, to believe there was a directing force in unerring control, malign though that force might be. Yet surely it was a myth, part of the great myth with which the West had enshrouded the Enigma, giving it an air of superhuman inevitability which must be quite unwarranted. Seen through the trappings of the myth, it glistened on the distant horizon as had the ancient cities of Turkestan, Samarkand, Bukhara and others, when they had been inaccessible to the West. And the travelers who finally penetrated them by slow, painful, dangerous stages found them to be primitive, squalid, stinking. He realized with an inward start that, as these thoughts had crossed his mind, he had been staring at the wart just to the right of Stoneface's chin; it was a wart tufted with dark bristles; surely such an undiplomatic stare must have been observed.

"We have no doubt of the correctness of our information," the Soviet Foreign Minister said with his maddening air of total righteousness.

"You really are most fortunate, you know," Hawkes remarked. "I had very much the same information. But I can't say I have any of the same confidence in it. You know how these things go."

For an instant it seemed that Stoneface might not have been entirely certain of the purport of this. He nodded his head, whether in assent or simply in incomprehension.

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PEACEMAKERS Under the lights high up against the ceiling that were like the lamps in an operating theater, as glacial and shadowless, they took their places in the conference chamber around the big oval table. Geoffrey Hawkes felt a curious detachment, as removed from the scene as though he had been a spectator looking down into the pit where the operation was to be performed. In place of the savage frustration that had possessed him throughout the day, there was now a kind of cold indifference, as though what transpired here had nothing to do with the fate of any living person, merely another of the tiresome rituals that consumed his life. Caleb Fulton was calling the thirty-second plenary session of the conference to order. The chairman noted that the delegate of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics had entered a desire to speak, and he now called on the delegate of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. It was as boring, as empty as an outdated morality play. That was what it was, in fact, with the labels of good and evil exchanged between one scene and another. Dutifully Hawkes put on his earphones for the simultaneous translation from the Russian. But there was no reason to listen. The mechanical-sounding voice of the interpreter was coming through the earphones. Stoneface had begun. "It is my duty to point out that a peace-loving people. . . ."

Geoffrey was thinking of his summers in Brittany, of running naked with his young cousins along the empty shore, of the flooding sense of sun and sea as though scarcely an hour had passed, as though they had just come from the beach ravenously hungry and Aunt Alice's cook had given them the most wonderful sugar cakes she had just taken from the oven. And then there were the outings with his mother in Paris, where they went before they returned home. She was so different when she was out from under the foreboding shadow of his father. He remembered her as tender, gentle, gay almost. They never had more than a week before having to start back, but they crowded so much into that week. She had given him his love of pictures, communicating it through her own love, her passion really, which, far from being indiscriminate, was infused, he had come to understand, with great taste and remarkable knowledge. With a sense of what was delightfully secret and forbidden, he recalled across the years his mother standing before the Mantegna of the *Virgin and Child*, a look of something like rapture giving a faint glow to her pale thin face. "Oh, Geoffrey, see, just see that."

He had looked, looked through her loving eyes, and he had come back again and again to look. Sometimes it had not been easy. Often it had been difficult, calling for all sorts of subterfuges. When you were a certain age, sixteen or seventeen or perhaps even older, you never let anyone know that you went to a gallery to look at pictures.

There was the other Mantegna before which they had always paused a long time, the Mantegna of *St. Sebastian*, looking, as his mother had once said, as though he were really serene and joyous with all those arrows thrust into him. It was with a resigned nobility that the saint looked out at them, not surprised, not shocked, scarcely even pained, resigned to the human condition. Was that what sainthood was? *It was a state*, he told himself, dourly, hearing the buzz of the interpreter's voice in his ears, *infinitely to be desired.* And then, before you came to the Spanish—and except for El Greco they had never cared much for the Spanish—you crossed over to the left side. You came to Correggio's *Allegory of Vice*, which was so comical, so pleasantly wicked, and then a little further on was his *Allegory of Virtue*, in which the same people were behaving quite modestly and becomingly as though on the day after their happy excesses they had determined to reform. You were not far at this point from the Leonardos, and they never failed to give him the same sense of involvement and commitment, or rather, the deep, passionate longing for commitment. The one with the two babies, Christ and John the Baptist, was like the first tentative sounding of the major theme in a symphony; you got the first hint of its magic; the magic of something incomparably new and yet older than time itself. With the *Virgin of the Rocks* that theme, that magic, was multiplied to infinity. What he had carried away from it he had never in his life communicated to anyone, never tried to, and now it suffused his whole being, as it had in the past, with a joy that was strangely the other face of sorrow and longing. Even the fatuousness of the *Mona Lisa*, and that might be merely the accretion of sensationalism that encrusted it, could not impair the spell.

Out of the depths of his memory came the remark of his tutor at Oxford, "Hawkes, you've never committed yourself to anything so far as I can discover, and I doubt very much that you ever will." Coming from solemn old Owl Eyes, he had laughed it away at the time. In this moment Owl Eyes's words had the sound of a pronouncement of doom: a doom that had been inevitable from—when? What moment? He could not say.

He began to listen to Stoneface. It was like taking a long familiar railway journey. You knew the landscape and each and every station. The journey began in the bleak, grim desert of imperialism, capitalism, colonialism, a prospect as forbidding as the vista on the moon, but inevitably it gave way to scenes as bright and sunny, the triumph of the socialist order, as the others had been dark and deadly. That was the stage of the journey they had now reached. "For all peoples who have lived under colonialism—and those whom we are considering here at this conference have all suffered from this degrading condition—it is to the socialist nations that they look for hope and for an example of how they may solve their problem without the threat of outside domination." Well, there it was. But, here was something strange; he was listening again. The train was stopping overly long in the station marked Peace. "Not one of us seated at this table can afford to ignore the grave threat to peace in the area which we have under consideration. By its very nature this threat requires that immediate steps be taken." But it was extraordinary. Usually it was a brief and perfunctory stop with a few well-chosen words directed at the malefactors of colonialism. He looked across the table at Caleb Fulton, who sat bent over, folding and unfolding a piece of blank paper, as was his habit. As though in response the Secretary of State looked up, and for a moment their eyes met. Caleb nodded almost imperceptibly. He, too, had recognized that this was an exceptionally long stop at the station with the sign Peace. Geoffrey Hawkes observed the Secretary of State as he tore a piece of paper off the pad in front of him and wrote a note. Soon the note was handed round to him. It read: "I think this means something, don't you? If he wants peace, can't we perhaps put the price up a little bit?"

The message was innocuous enough, but Geoffrey Hawkes felt an unreasoning anger. What was the quality in Caleb Fulton that was at times so infuriating? Was it his earnestness? He saw that Caleb was making rapid notes on the pad before him, an air of intense preoccupation on his face. Yes, that must be it, the manner of one who will always believe that just a few more good licks will put everything right. Somehow, for the moment at least, this was more intolerable than Stoneface. With Stoneface you always knew exactly where you were without quibble or equivocation. He was always made of the same thing. And while you hated it, you knew always what it was. But with Caleb—and now that he had said it to himself, he felt an irritating sense of guilt—you were never quite sure. It made everything so very, very difficult. Seeing Duhamel's impassive face, for he had now taken his seat, leaden-colored under the fluorescent light, like the mask of tragedy hurriedly nailed up beside the proscenium arch, he felt again singularly alone and, in an aggrieved way, put upon.

how a new plan reduces costly "hospital time":

Hospitalized AT HOME

BY RUTH AND EDWARD BRECHER

NEXT WEEK

But the stupefying railway journey was still far from ended. Stoneface was going on about the friendship of the socialist peoples for those peoples who were trying to throw off the yoke of colonialism and how much this friendship meant in the determination of the socialist peoples to find a way to peace and coexistence. Still by a rough calculation this was three fourths of the way through.

But now at last the journey had come to an end. The passengers looked up out of the coma of boredom into which they had fallen. Caleb was on his feet. Were there any other delegations desiring to be heard at this time? Duhamel was slumped low in his seat, his face totally without expression. As the eye of the chairman fell on him, Geoffrey Hawkes shook his head almost imperceptibly in the negative. To prolong this even by so much as the terse conventional denial of all the allegations and assertations so patently false was surely folly. ". . . therefore declare this thirty-second plenary session of the Conference on the Reduction of Tensions in the Middle East and Africa to be closed."

They stirred themselves as passengers do at the end of a journey that has been merely a dull, inevitable transition from one point to another, putting back in the box of memory the toys that had been taken out once again. As the others moved toward the door, he saw that Frédéric Duhamel held back, waiting for him. What had his ordeal cost him, and what had been the outcome? He looked, it was true, as though he had been wrestling with an angel or a devil. The blood had been drained out of his body by some horrible necromancy, and Geoffrey Hawkes observed that he waited beside his chair a spectral figure, already a ghost who could make himself known to the living only by extraordinary effort, by thrashing about and knocking over tables and breaking mirrors. Perhaps there had simply been a failure to get through. After all, he had come back into the room in less than an hour.

"My dear Frédéric," he spoke in a low voice, letting his hand rest on the other man's shoulder, "how is it with you? What word do you have?"

"I have spoken with him. He is prepared to undertake to compel obedience to his orders."

"And those orders?"

"If you can get agreement with"—he nodded in the direction of the retreating back of the Soviet delegate—"then he is prepared to order a withdrawal and the acceptance of the United Nations' presence on the border. But nothing more than that. No more than that."

"Thank God!" In Geoffrey Hawkes's voice was an unmistakable fervor. "I hope, my dear friend, that it has not cost you too much."

For a moment Duhamel stared at him in silence. It was as though he were trying to look into the heart of his interlocutor, his accuser, his judge.

"Ah, you do not understand, you have no comprehension, you can ask a question such as this!" The words came in a rush, as if by their force, their eloquence, their anger, they could compel a hearing, bring a reprieve, a stay of execution. "Not what it may cost me! That is of no moment. But what it costs him. You have no understanding of ——"

"But I do understand," Geoffrey Hawkes broke in. "Please believe me, my dear Frédéric, I do, I have some idea, some comprehension, of what this means to you, to the general, to France."

"Perhaps." He was quieter, his face with its putty color again in abject repose. "But you speak from —— It is impossible to convey it to you. You do not understand how far he is stretched, the authority in him, in this one individual, great, magnificent as he is. Have you any knowledge of how much it cost him in January of 1960? How very close it was? And one more time —— But no, you could not."

He let his eyelids fall shut. The very thought of what must be done, the awful risk, was too overpowering. There were no words that Geoffrey Hawkes could find in response, except those that in their fatuousness seemed to mock this man's torture. Taking his arm, he half led him toward the doors, where the attendants were waiting to close the conference chamber. *From somewhere should come the sound of muffled drums*, he thought, *the dead march.* He did not dare to look at his friend's face.

TO BE CONTINUED

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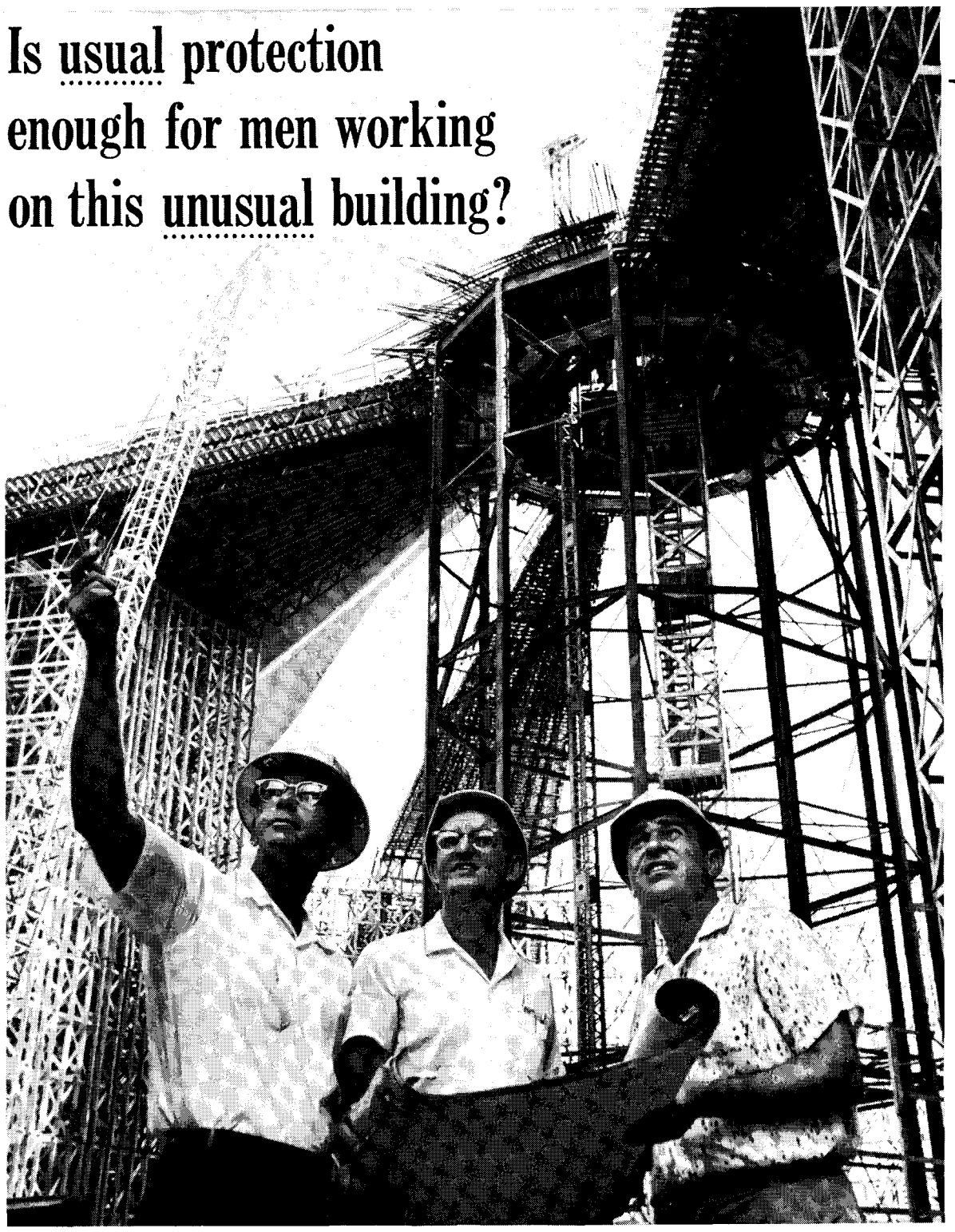
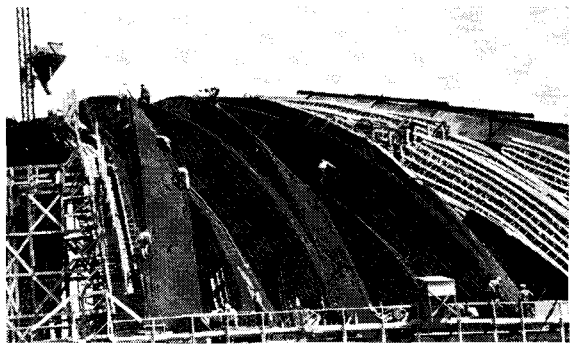
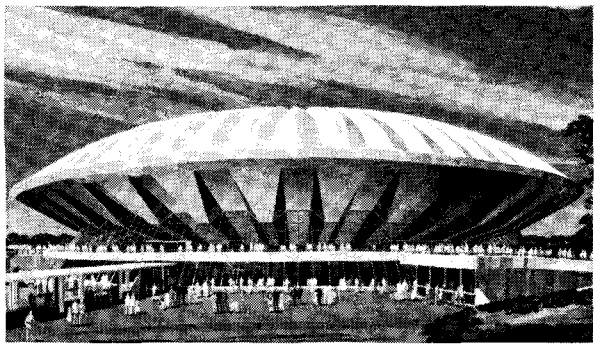
Is usual protection enough for men working on this unusual building?



"There isn't another building in the world like this Assembly Hall," says Mr. Dickerson. "That goes for the concept, the construction and the many varied functions it will serve so adequately." Construction like this requires almost constant checking of plans like that being done here by Joe Huntman, Employers Mutuals Construction Specialist, with Richard Foley and Edward Maliskas, key men in the Felmley-Dickerson Company.



The roof is a saucer with a 400 foot diameter . . . a pattern of ridges and valleys that will arch 128 feet above the center arena without any interior supports.



The Assembly Hall will be used for many events the University could not accommodate before. It will be paid for by student fees and income from rentals. Completion is scheduled for fall, 1962.

Wausau Story

AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE OF THE NEW ASSEMBLY HALL, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, URBANA CAMPUS

by **RAY C. DICKERSON**

President of the construction company, Felmley-Dickerson Bloomington and Urbana, Illinois

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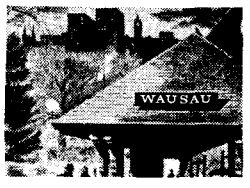

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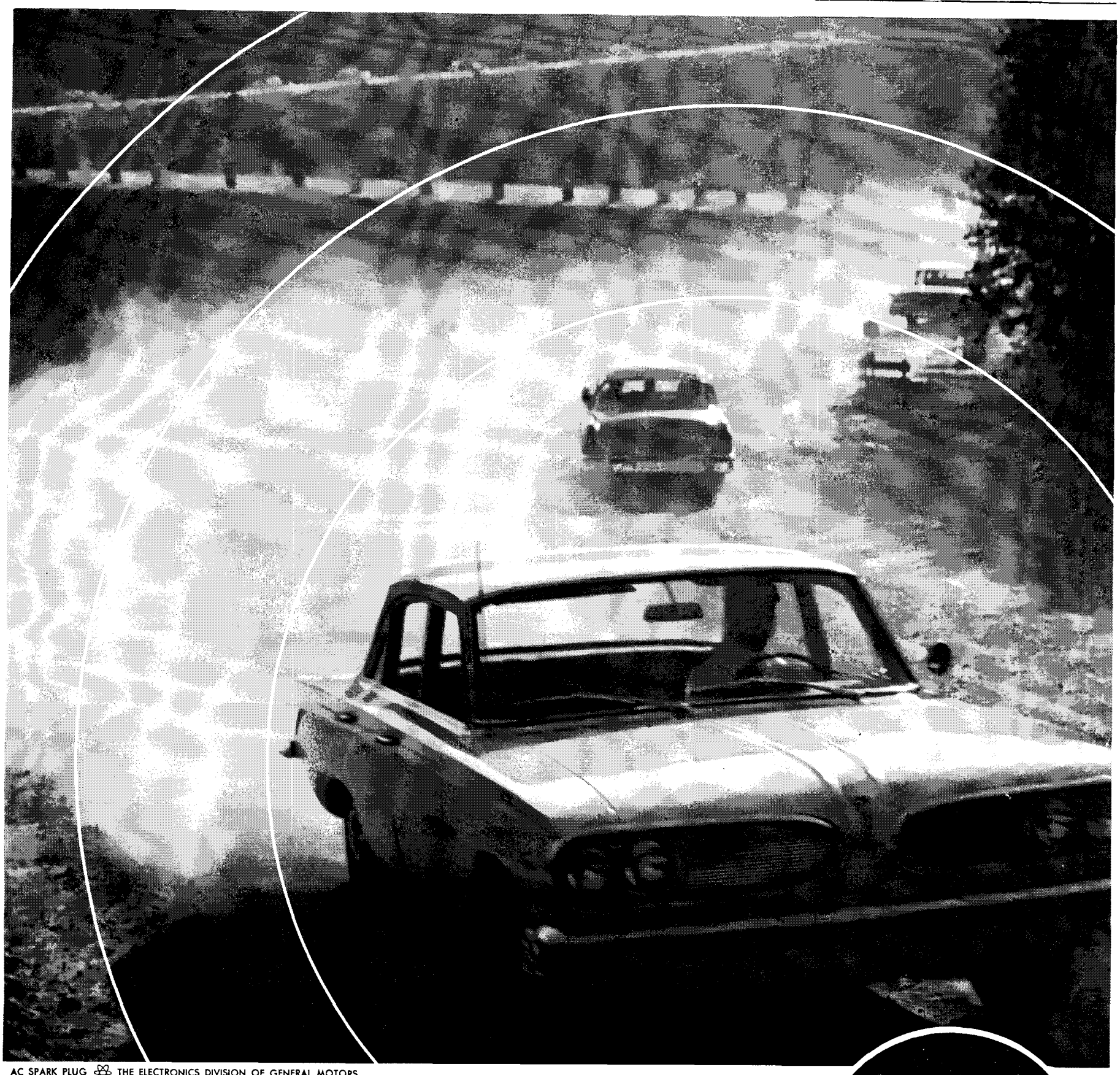

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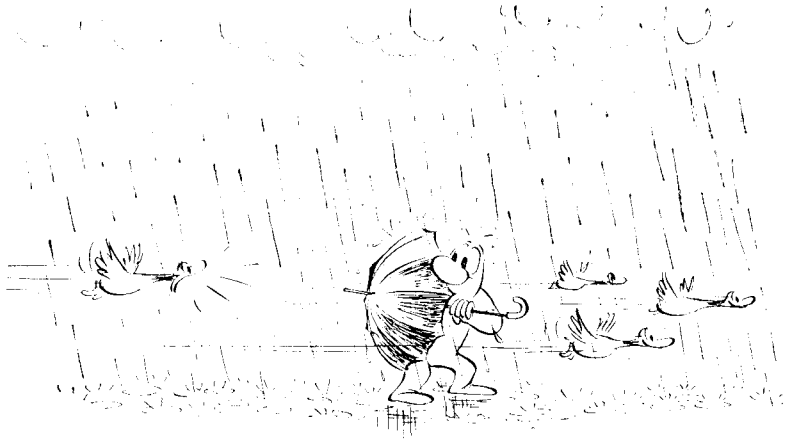
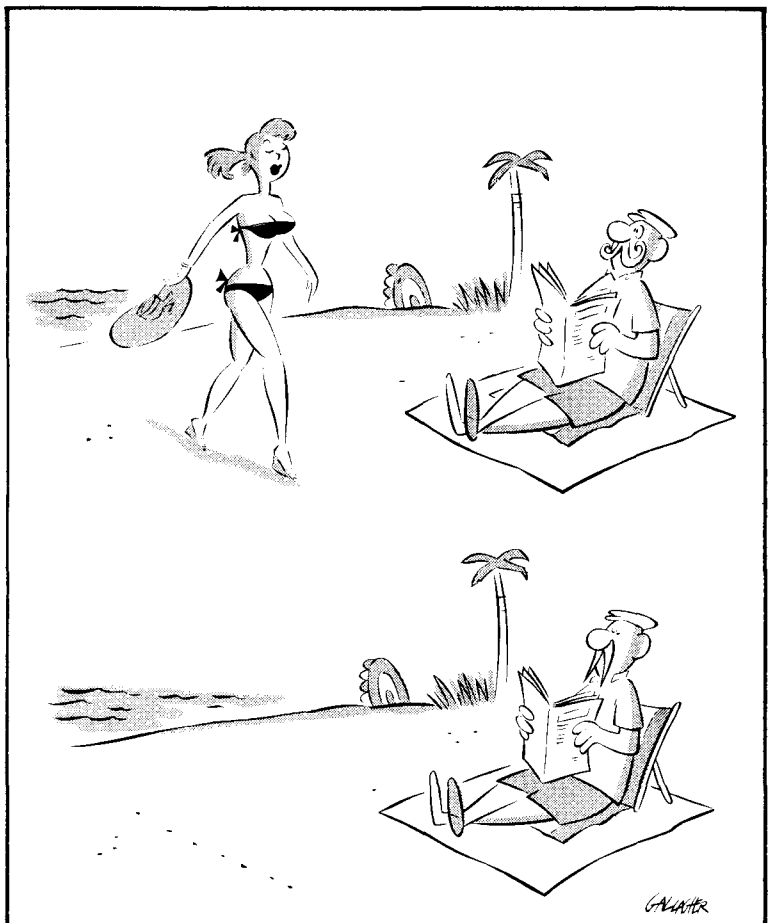
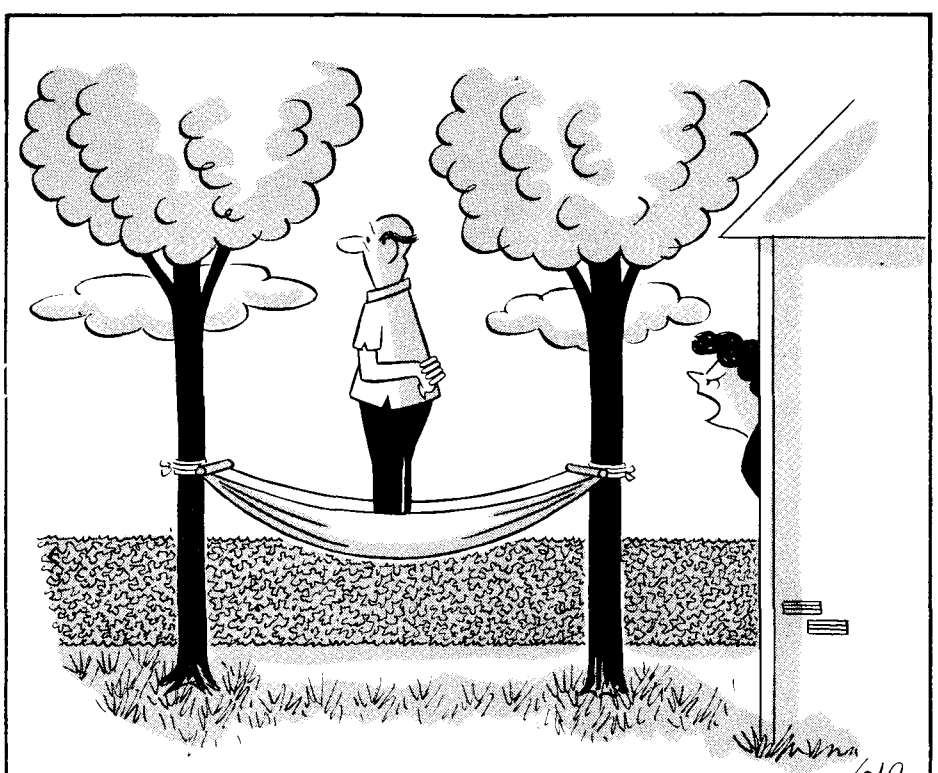


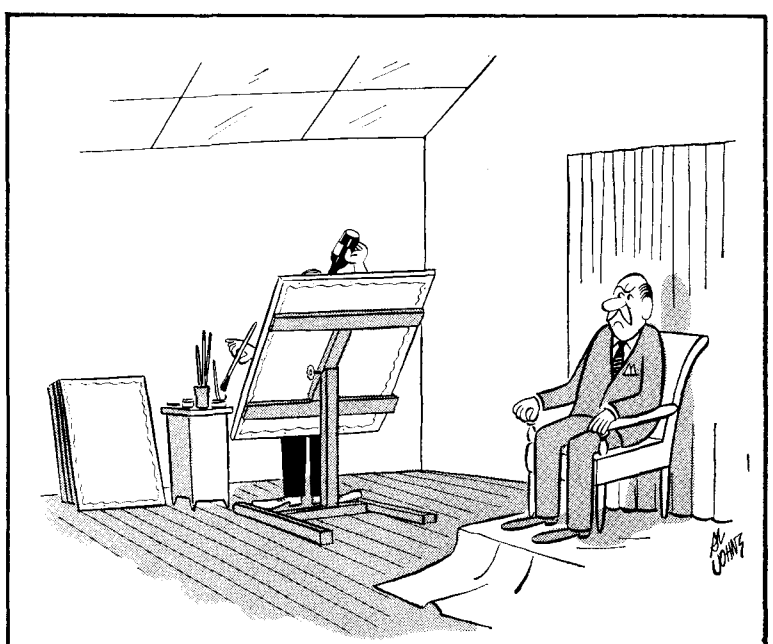
Post Scripts

"Certainly you may come up for a drink. You live here."





"For heaven's sakes, Sam, learn to relax."



turn

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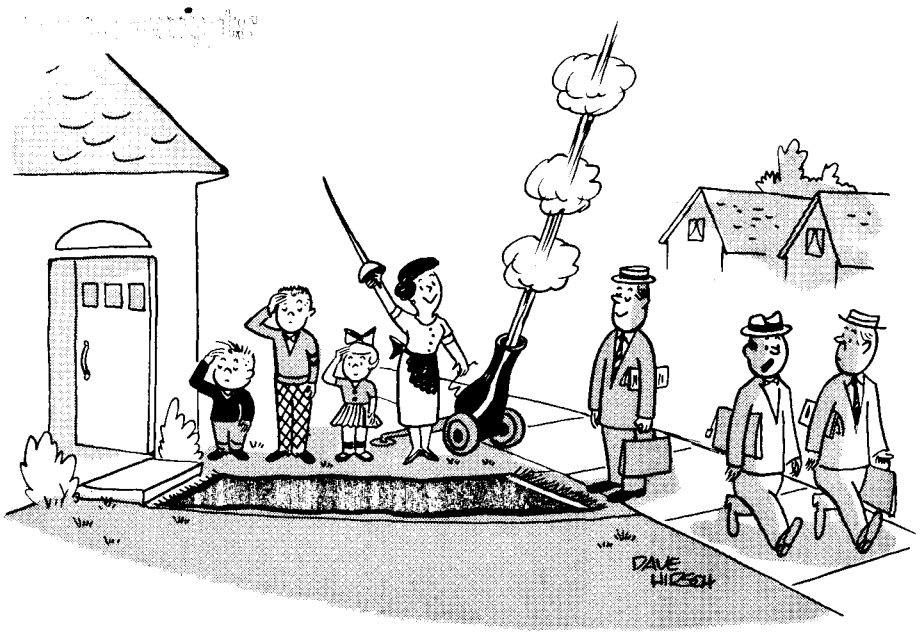
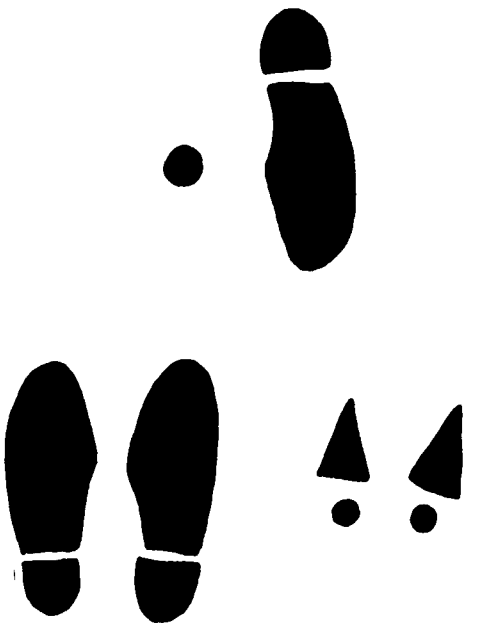
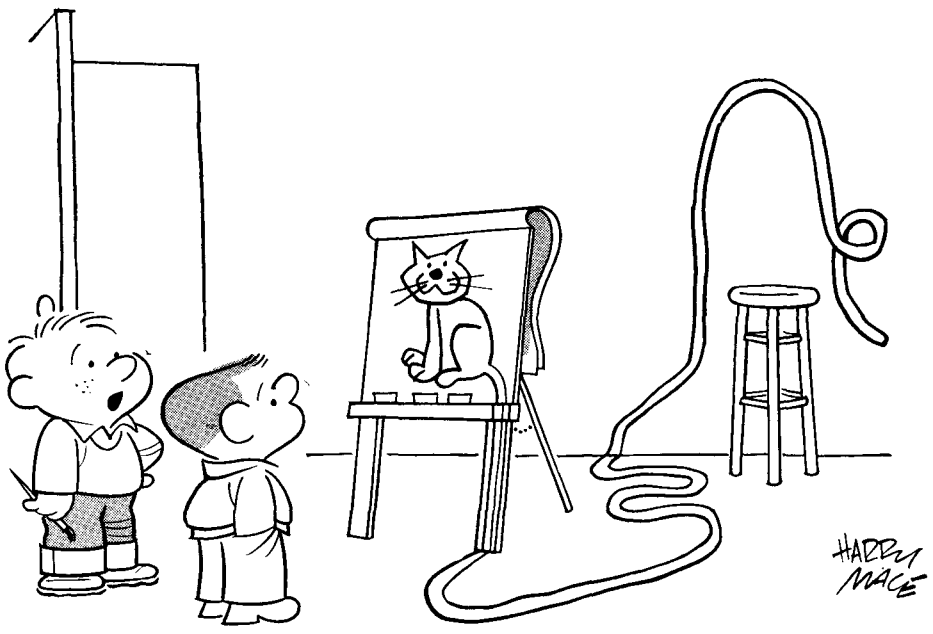


"It's the secret of Harry's happy marriage. She makes him feel important."



"Alice, I'd like you to meet George.
He wrestles alligators."

BILL SHELLY

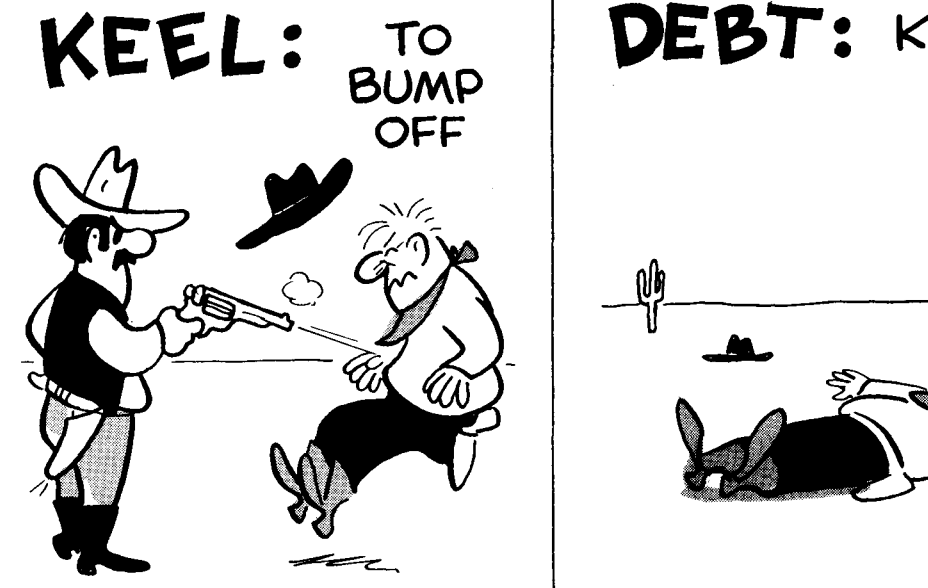


"I call it *Cat With a Long Tail.*"

THINKING MEN

Grandpa
would waken quite early and thrive
On working with scarcely a breather.
Grandpa
thought nothing of waking at five,
And I don't think much of it either.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF



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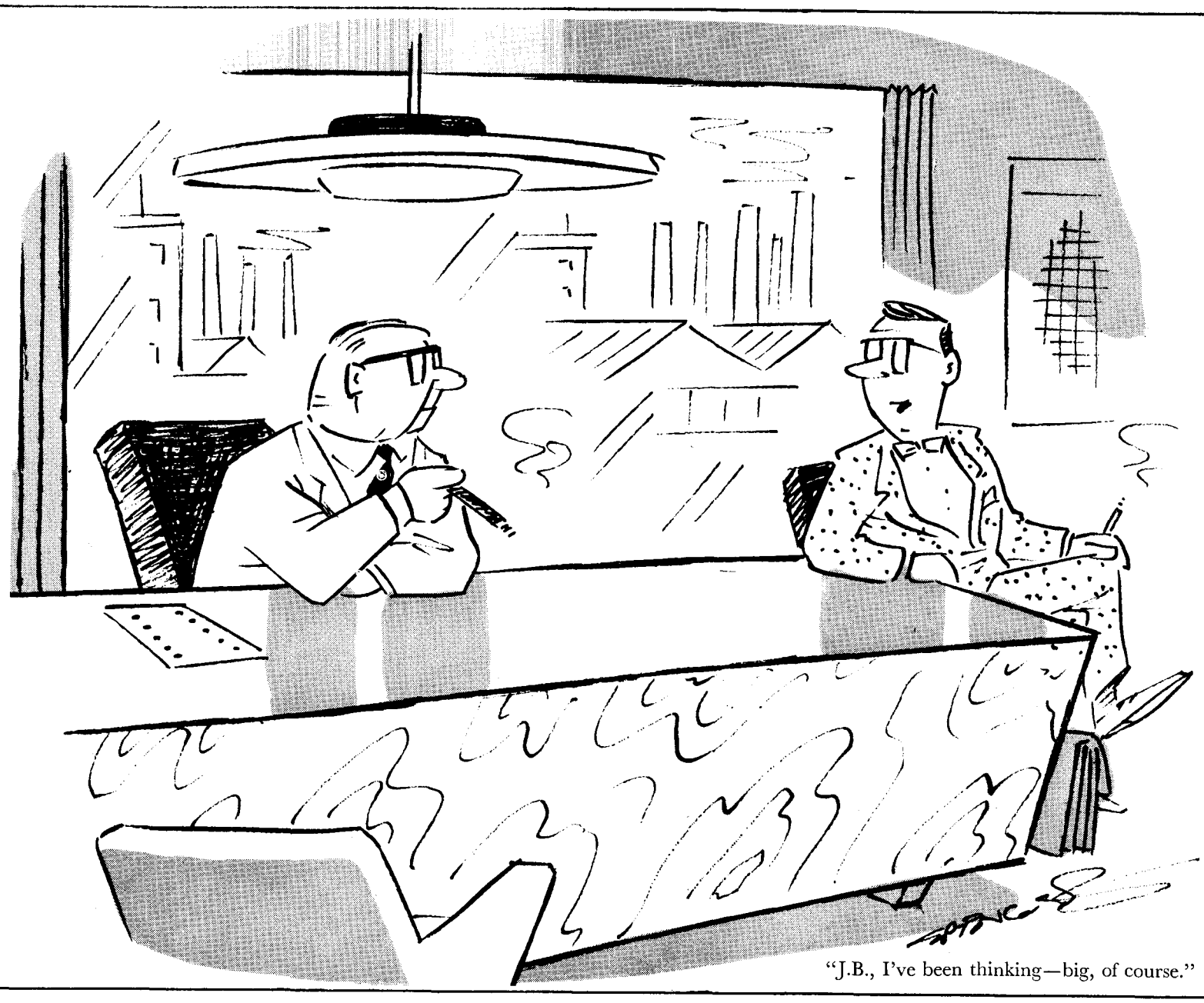
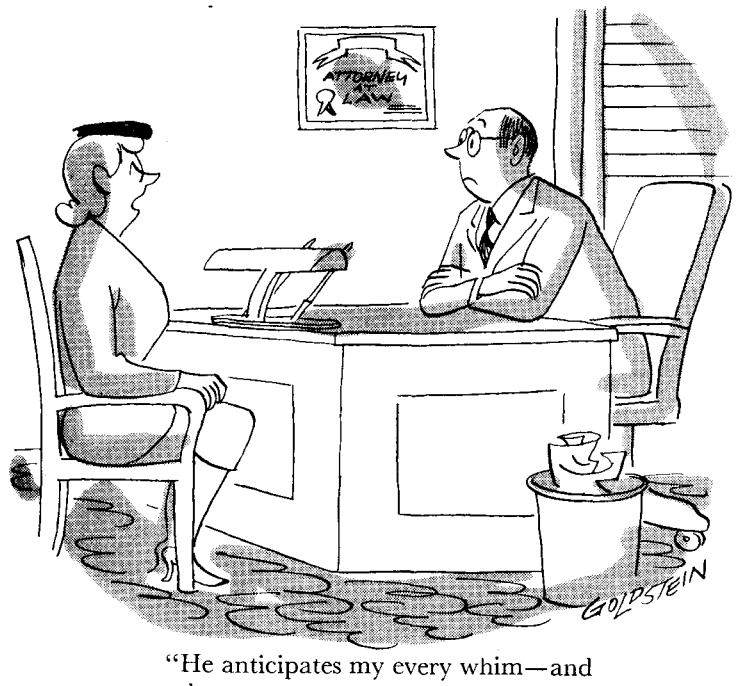


"J.B., I've been thinking—big, of course."

"I wish you'd stop introducing me to people as your roommate."



"He anticipates my every whim—and then stops payment on the check."

keep turning

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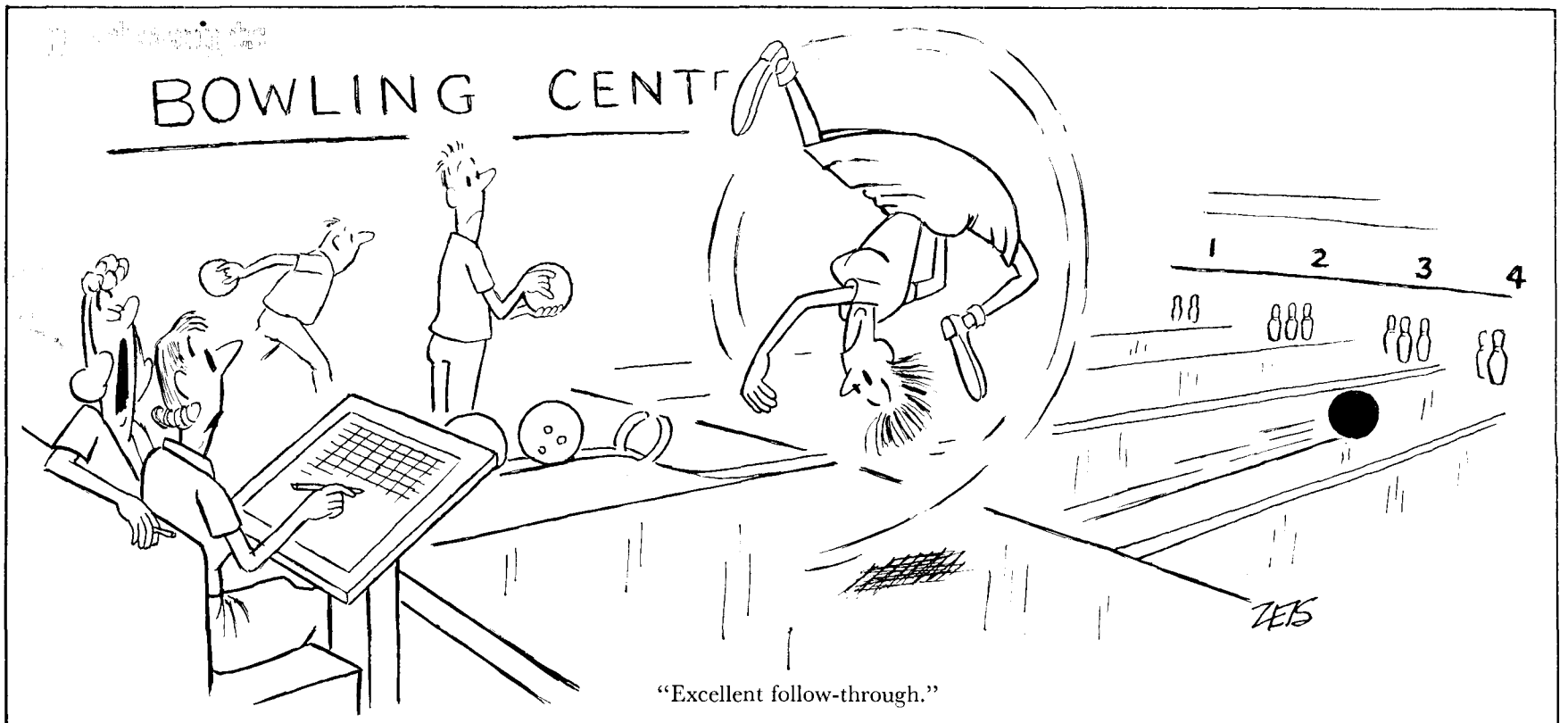
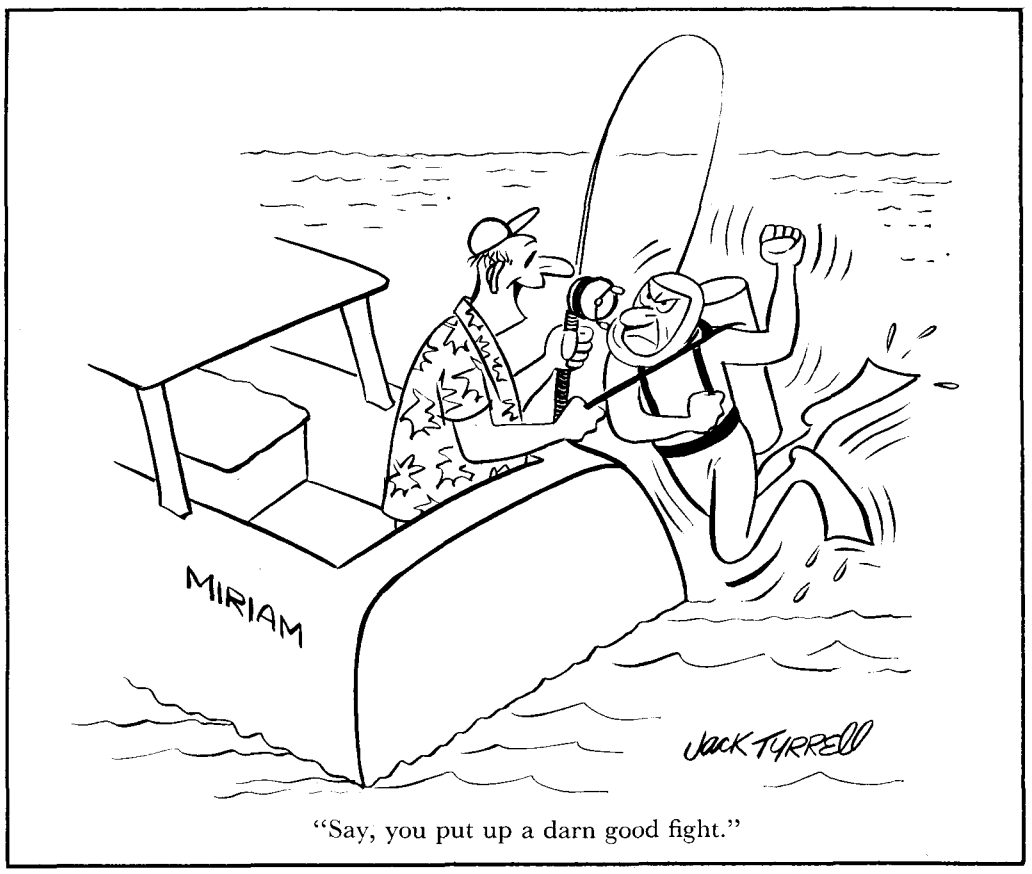
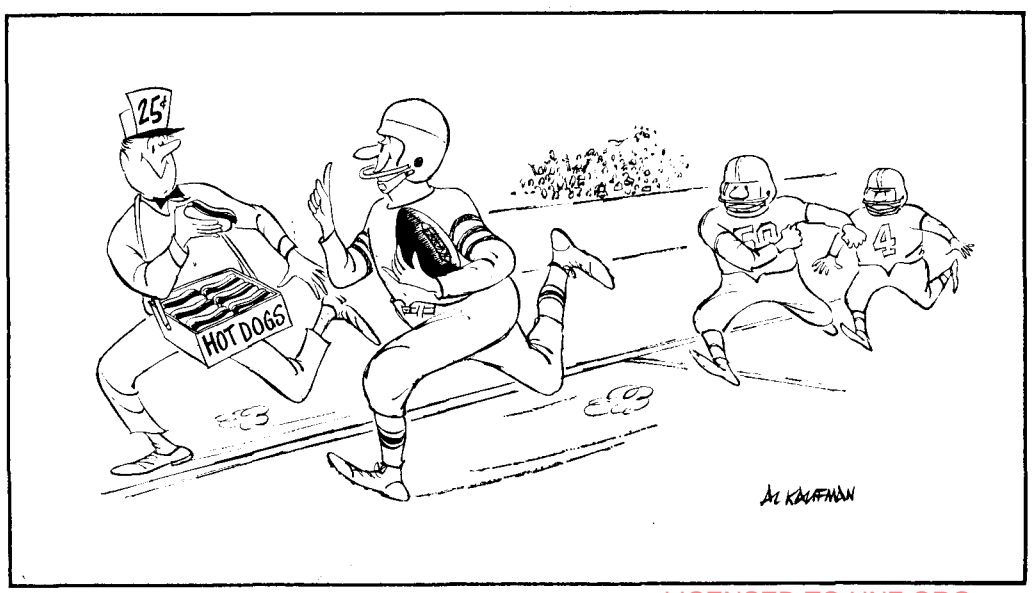


"Excellent follow-through."



"Say, you put up a darn good fight."



Songs Mein Grossmama Sang

Drink to meinselfer mit only der peepers
Und skippen das wine in der cuppen.
Das kissen und pledgen replacen der drinken
Ben saven der soberen uppen.

Dave Morrah

the end

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GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

The warmest welcomes come in coffeepots.
Nothing else comes close.
Especially when you make it right:
A tablespoon of coffee, heaped,
For every hearty cup.
New neighbors (and old friends) will bless you for it.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

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Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall Street, N.Y. 5, N.Y.

FORGIVE HIM NEVER

continued from page 29

Chappy said, "I'm dumb, I guess, but I don't get it. Why've you helped me out?"

"I guess I don't know," Frank answered honestly.

Chappy considered it. "You're not as tough as you used to be. 'Way back, you would've been all over me or anybody else who crossed you."

Frank took out of his pocket all the sales receipts he had collected that day. He flattened them on the table and added them in his head. "You owe me eighty-eight dollars and fifty cents for the clothes, the haircut, the shine and the shower. Lunch is on me." He smiled coldly. "There are all kinds of ways to be tough."

Chappy nodded, accepting the rebuke. He said humbly, "I'll pay you back as soon as I can. Now, what's next?"

"I got to get back to the office," Frank answered.

"Sure. I really fouled up your day."

As they walked slowly back to Frank's office building, Frank thought, *Now I'm done with him; I'm crazy to have done this much. It's finished. All I have to do is tell him good-by, and he'll go away, and I'll never have to think of him again. I don't care if I never see him again.*

When they reached Frank's building, he took a breath in preparation for his good-by. Instead, he asked, "Do you have any money?"

"A couple of bucks. I'm O.K."

Gritting his teeth, Frank took his wallet out of his hip pocket and removed a twenty-dollar bill.

"Add it to what you owe me," he said. "There are some cheap clean hotels a couple blocks up the street. Get yourself a room. Meet me here tomorrow at twelve o'clock for lunch."

"You sure?" Chappy asked awkwardly.

"Yes, I'm sure," Frank answered explosively. He turned and went quickly into the lobby. Chappy's question persisted all through the day, as he worked at top speed trying to retrieve the time he had lost that morning. At five o'clock he still had no answer. He stuffed several files into his briefcase, intending to work on them that evening, but at the last minute he changed his mind and left the office empty-handed.

Lucille had a shaker of Martinis chilled on a tray when he got home at six-twenty-five. He dropped his coat over a chair and held her tightly, kissing her forehead and her eyebrows and the bridge of her nose and then her mouth, thinking, *My wife, my love, my Lucille.*

When he released her, she sat next to him on the couch, covering his hand with her own. "You know, I missed you today," she told him.

"I kept thinking of you too," he answered quietly.

"You're a gallant man," she said, smiling. "I'm positive that you didn't think of me at all once you got involved with your clients."

I won't tell her, he decided. *It's too complicated.* But he couldn't bury the day. "As a matter of fact, I didn't see any clients today."

She wanted to know why, of course, and he was on the verge of telling her when Johnny came into the living room with a whoop of greeting. With a look of chagrin at Lucille, Frank gave his attention to the boy, reading to him, giving him a glass of milk and taking him to his bedroom and tucking him in.

At dinner, once they were certain Johnny had fallen asleep, Frank brought it up himself. "I spent most of the day with my brother," he said.

She was startled, as he had known she would be. He told her how he and Chappy had spent the day, not giving her a chance to question him as he started talking of the thing that happened so long ago. Even as one part of his mind told him he was making a mistake, he felt exhilarated at being able to open himself to his wife for the first time. He talked of the mill town where he had grown up, of his father's love, of his admiration for Chappy and how he, Frank, had begged Chappy for a chance to get in on some of Chappy's fast-money deals.

"He kept putting me off; I'll give him that," Frank told Lucille. "But one night he needed my car, and I said, 'Nothing doing, unless you cut me in.' He didn't have time to line up another car. So he said O.K., we'd go together.

"But then Rose, his wife, lit into him for being away from home so many nights in a row, and the only way he could calm her down was to promise to get home in an hour. So we went to a little shack on the edge of town, and Chappy told his buddies I'd make the delivery that night. They didn't like it, but they took his word for it that I'd keep my mouth shut if anything went wrong. We hitched a two-wheel trailer to my car—I didn't know what was inside—and I took Chappy back home. All I had to do was deliver the trailer to a certain place fifty miles away. I can tell you, I was really feeling swell. I'd get fifty bucks simply for my one night's work. But I wasn't more than about five miles out of town when I came to a police roadblock. They looked under the tarpaulin and arrested me."

"What was it?" Lucille asked in a small, dismayed voice.

"Tires. You remember, rationing was on. People were paying all kinds of money for tires. There were about forty tires in the trailer—all stolen, as it turned out. I made up a story about how some guy approached me in the street and hired me for the job. The cops roughed me up, but they never could shake my story. I stuck to it all through the hearing and the trial. I drew a year for transporting stolen goods; it was the only charge they could make stick. So I went to jail."

He told her fiercely how his father had declared him dead and how he, in turn, had only hatred for his brother, so that the reason for keeping his family name was gone. When he was released from prison after six months, his sentence shortened because of good behavior, Frank had immediately enlisted in the Army and spent most of his Army career, during basic training and afterward, whenever there was a lull in combat, struggling with the red tape necessary to have his name legally changed.

"When the war ended, I came out as Frank Saddler, ex-sergeant, with four battle stars on my E.T.O. ribbon and no bad marks," he said. "Everything I've told you about myself since the end of World War II is true—it's the first half of my life I lied about."

Lucille rubbed her eyes wearily. "I don't know what to say. It seems such a little thing—a few tires—and you lost your father's love and ended up hating your brother and went through life hiding your past."

"Yes," Frank agreed. "If Chappy hadn't shown up ——"

"But he did. And look at how you treated him! I simply don't understand you," she exclaimed. "Why did you have to tell me?"

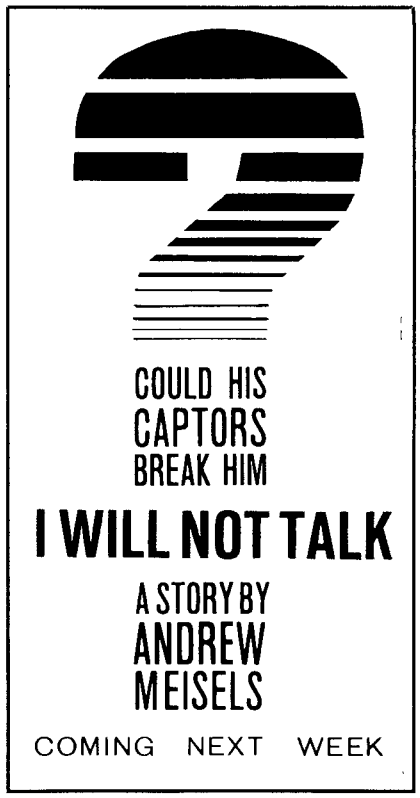
Frank spread his hands helplessly. "I guess it was time."

It was late when they finished the dinner dishes. Feeling dreadfully constrained, Frank said he thought he would sit up for a while. She took his arm. "You come to bed," she said softly. "Don't try to carry your burdens alone any more." Then, with an effort, she added, "If—if you decide you want to bring him home for a visit, all right."

"I appreciate that." He looked at her humbly. "You're not angry with me?"

"Disappointed," she said. "I thought I had your trust." With an attempt at a smile, she added, "Anyway, I'm glad you're not a vengeful man."

He didn't answer her, not knowing what the truth was. Now that the shock of his reunion had worn off, he felt bitter again; he wanted to find a way to pay his brother back.



Chappy was waiting in front of the building at noon the next day. There was a sureness in his manner that had not been there the day before. "Let's go back to that place where we ate yesterday," he said. "My treat."

Treating me with my own money, Frank thought in annoyance. But he went along, and they took the same table they had had the day before. This time Chappy gave the drink order. He tapped his fingers nervously on the tablecloth while they waited.

Frank noticed his brother had had a manicure. His annoyance intensified, but he said nothing. He didn't know what to expect. When the drinks arrived, Chappy toasted him.

"To you, kid. You're all right. You changed my luck." He sipped the drink, then took his wallet out and removed a stack of bills, fives and tens mostly, with a few twenties. He separated most of it.

"A hundred ten," he said, giving the money to Frank. "I got into you for a hundred eight-fifty. You owe me a buck and a half."

"Where'd you get it?" Frank asked, feeling unaccountably betrayed.

Chappy leaned back. "It's your twenty, multiplied. I decided to shoot five on the ponies and I found a bookie and picked a horse that paid off five to one. I got luck. Later I took a room so I'd have a place to flop and I was just passing the time in the lobby when I heard two guys talking about a poker game they were going to look in on. I asked them if it was private, and they said no, so I went along, figuring I'd let myself lose twenty dollars—what I was ahead from the horses—and then go back to my room." He smiled triumphantly. "But I won. I picked up about a hundred fifty. I'm a good poker player. You know why? If you throw in enough bad hands, the guys you're playing with figure you'll do it all the time. The trick is to know when to bluff. Before you staked me yesterday I was too scared. Today, no."

Frank shook his head. "You always land on your feet, don't you?"

"No," Chappy answered. "I'll admit it to you—most of my life I've landed on my tail. The way you saw me yesterday wasn't the first time I'd been so down. More times than I like to remember." He nodded at the money. "For once I can pay back a guy who staked me. You're ahead. I'm willin' to bet you never expected to see it again."

Frank was thoughtful as he slipped the money into his pocket.

"You're right," he said. "I'll tell you something, I wouldn't have given you that twenty yesterday if I'd thought you were going to gamble it."

"Then it's good you didn't say anything," Chappy retorted. "I wouldn't have taken it with conditions on it."

Frank had a lot of silver in his coin pocket. He gave Chappy a dollar-fifty. "Now we're even," he said. "Back where we started."

"No," Chappy corrected. "I'm ahead."

"Why?"

"'Cause you don't hate me any more. 'Cause you were willing to talk to me. 'Cause you helped me out even though you didn't have to. I'm not big enough to have behaved like that." He smiled disarmingly. "I always liked you a lot, Frankie. You'll have to believe me when I tell you I was sorry about your taking the rap for those tires. All I can say for myself is I was running scared then. I was so fouled up with my marriage and everything else I just didn't know what to do, so the easiest thing was just to find a war job far away from home and send Rose and pa some money and let things work themselves out."

He grimaced. "Things sure did work themselves out. Rose divorced me; pa was sore at me; I knew I'd loused things up with you too. There was nothin' for me back home. Nothin' for me anywhere, I guess."

Chappy's voice went husky. "I'd go home every once in a while, stay with pa. I tried to talk about you a few times, ask him if he'd had any word of you, but he wouldn't let me. 'Frank is dead!' he'd say. 'I don't want to hear his name.' Damn' stubborn old man! I never had the guts to tell him how it really was. It would've killed him if, after all those years, he found out he'd—how does the Bible say it?—'cast out' the wrong son. I didn't give him much pleasure, I guess, but at least he thought I was O.K. In a cockeyed way it was important for me to be able to go back to pa every once in a while and—well, I don't know why I had to keep goin' back, but I always wanted to and I did."

Then Chappy paused and contemplated his subdued brother with compassion and shame. He reached across the table and covered Frank's left hand. "I'm awful

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sorry, kid. I cut you off from that, didn't I?"

Frank's immediate impulse was to fling Chappy's hand away, to curse him. But he paused, thinking, *I know how to punish him now.*

He answered mildly, "Yes, I missed the old man. Or maybe it was the idea that he was alive for all those years after I left and that I couldn't ever go back to see him."

Then, calculatingly, he added, "I didn't get to tell you yesterday—I'm married. I have a son, and he's six years old. He's a great kid."

Chappy's face turned yearning, as Frank had hoped it would. "You got a picture of him?" Chappy asked.

Frank took a snapshot out of his wallet. "That's Lucille, my wife. And Johnny. It's about five months old."

Chappy studied the photograph intently for several minutes. "Nice family. Your wife, she looks nice. That's a swell-looking boy."

Frank waited, anticipating how he would deny Chappy when his brother asked for permission to come out to the house and see his nephew. But Chappy was silent, and Frank suddenly realized he wouldn't ask; his dismay at the thought wiped out his desire for revenge.

Impulsively Frank said, "You'll come out to the house and meet them."

Chappy returned the photograph and shook his head. "I'd like to, but not now, kid. I'm moving out this afternoon."

"Wait till tomorrow," Frank urged.

"No. If I stay around,

those boys I played cards with will be after me

for another game. They'll be wise to me this time. They'll clean me out. I got to move while I'm ahead."

Frank saw the logic of Chappy's decision. He bowed his head. "It's too bad ——" he began.

"Listen," Chappy said angrily, "a lot of life is too bad—the way I've lived, the way I've fouled up my own life. You didn't do so bad. You made something with your life. I'm glad I saw you. I ain't going to stay to complicate things for you again. I'm movin' on. Don't get soft and pull the family gag on me. You and me, we were good brothers once. We can't write off what I did to you. Maybe you can, but I can't."

Frank was hurt. "Even if I'm willing? Come on, damn it, don't be so proud."

Chappy wavered. "Does your wife know about me?"

"Yes, I told her last night."

"Last night? Not before?"

"I kept it secret. I never wanted her to know I'd been in jail."

"Ah, Frankie, Frankie, you got a pride as strong as pa's," Chappy said wonderingly. "If I'd had that ——" He shook his head. "No," he decided, "I'm leaving. Your kid, Johnny, he doesn't need an uncle like me."

Their meal was done, their coffee grown cold. When the waiter brought the check, Chappy paid casually, as if he were used to having money and eating in good restaurants. He looked, Frank thought, like any middle-aged businessman, a little wearied by his cares, gone to flesh, nudged by life, but not too roughly. He looked respectable.

They went outside. "Do you want to see my office?" Frank said, unwilling to let his brother go.

"Not today. I'll be by some other time," Chappy answered. He held out his hand. Frank took it. "So long," Chappy said. "Thanks for all."

"Wait," Frank said.

"Now what?" Chappy demanded.

"The headstone," Frank explained. "I want to pay my share. How much do you still owe?"

Chappy considered. "A hundred'll cover it. You don't have to."

But Frank wanted to, more passionately then he had wanted anything in a long time. So he gave Chappy money again, and this time Chappy accepted it without comment, as an equal, and for a moment there was a surge of kinship between them.

It didn't last. Chappy squared his shoulders.

"Good luck, Chappy," Frank said. They looked long into each other's eyes. Frank realized he was sorry to see his brother go. It didn't make sense. The blood was there, but that was all; life had forced them apart. Still—"Let me hear from you," Frank said.

Chappy grinned, turned and walked rapidly away. Frank watched until his brother was lost far up the street in the thickening crowds.

And so it ends, Frank thought, wondering if he would ever see his brother again. *I do not forgive him for what he did, but I can't condemn him for what he is—floater, drifter, hustler, gambler, jailbird and God knows what else. But likable, damn him. And proud, in his own way, like pa. My brother, my blood.* He turned and began walking toward his office. *Keep well, Chappy.*

The months passed without any word from Chappy. Frank talked to Lucille about it once in a while, berating himself for having been too trusting, too sentimental, about the headstone. Lucille was sympathetic, but knew she could help Frank best only by keeping silent. For a long time Frank was dispirited.

It wasn't the money; he could spare that. It was the betrayal of blood a second time that made him feel he had not learned much of any use in the last nineteen years. At the end of six months he stopped mentioning Chappy to Lucille. If he thought about his unregenerate brother at all, it was with a certain regret and a sense of shame.

Then one day a letter marked PERSONAL came to his office; the postmark was Cleveland, not far from Frank's home town. He opened the envelope. There was no letter, just a photograph. It was slightly out of focus, but clear enough. It was a picture of a headstone. The inscription read:

JOSEF CZÄPEKO
1884–1953
DEVOTED HUSBAND OF ILLA CZÄPEKO
BELOVED FATHER OF FRANK AND
CHAPMAN

A rush of emotion blurred Frank's vision. After a moment he was able to study the photograph again, thinking, *That's true.*

It wasn't until that evening, when he was handing the picture to Lucille, that he saw what he had missed all through the day as he had looked again and again at the picture. There was some writing on the back.

He read Chappy's message: "It took a while, but I finally made it. I'll see you one of these days. Would like to meet the wife and kid." THE END

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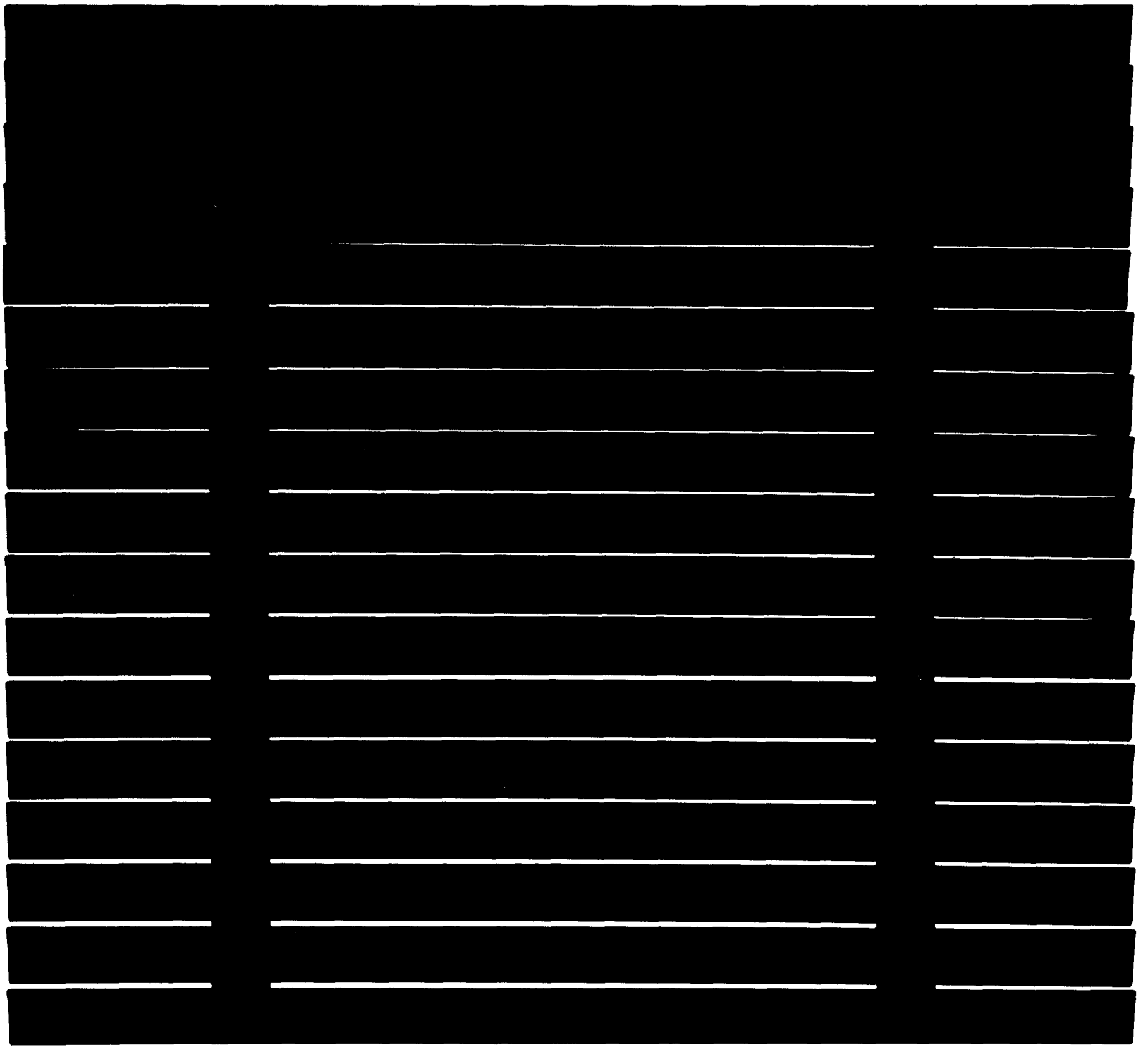

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A SEVEN-POUND TROUT

Continued from page 33

the road, and friend Colbert glanced at me inquiringly. I gestured him on, but suddenly he swerved the car toward the stream and jerked to a halt.

"Look!" Colbert pointed down at the stream. "The cress! The beautiful, unsullied water cress in its own limpid lifeblood. I must have some." He swung out of the car, and I followed him.

The stream, indeed, carried a luxuriant crop of that succulent plant that few Irishmen would think of eating. Thomasheen gazed curiously at the alien man.

"Are you in the way of keeping ducks, me good sir?" Thomasheen asked.

"Ducks?"

"What else? Wild or tame, they're partial to them weeds. It was about here the boss and me shot a brace of mallards, before the times went wrong on us."

"The flesh-eating Irish!" deplored the foreigner.

He opened the back of the wagon and picked out a big cardboard carton; and he and Thomasheen James packed it full of cress. Even when it was full he teetered on the bank and pointed across.

"Behold! A lovely toothsome bunch—

but in deep water. Too deep, is it not, my brief Thomas?"

The water was not too deep, and Colbert was wearing thigh waders. Thomasheen James, who despised waders, was wearing an ancient pair of shoes—once mine—that leaked in ten places. He waded straight in up to the knees and gathered the coveted bunch and was praised as a daring and gallant man. Indeed, he has dared many things in his time, but gallant he never was.

"Mr. Colbert," I said coldly, "we came out to fish."

"Fish—ah, yes!" He raised his face to the serene sky. "Fish we may not catch, but me, I do not ever return empty-handed. It is my boast. I will at least have my cress to remind me of this pleasant day and be a freshener of the blood. Let us to the fish, then."

We proceeded and came at last to the stream I had in mind from the beginning—a strong, wide, deep river of a stream with long fishing reaches between fast, singing shallows and the banks lopped of heavy growth to allow free casting. We stopped abreast of one pool, with a gravel margin on the near side and deep water under the far bank, a favorite pool of mine. But it was already occupied. Twenty yards below us a man I knew was lazily lobbing a spinning bait.

"Anything moving, Ned?" I called.

"Damn the thing! A skin on the water, and the light all wrong. I'm only playing with pike to pass the time till the rise comes—if any."

"Pike!" Colbert was already out of the car. "Pike! Caught any—no?"

The angler jerked his chin toward a patch of grass back of him. "Two. Not big ones."

My friend hurried. I followed slowly, and Thomasheen James slower still, for he was no more interested in river sharks than I was. Yes, there were two young pike in the grass tuft, four to six pounds each. And I am told that pike of that weight can be made quite palatable. But more than once I had seen the grisly contents of a pike's paunch, and my gorge rose. My new friend's hands, however, were eloquent in appreciation.

"The snake in the grass, you say. No, no! The pike in the grass, I say. And so lovely, so perfect! The very thing for the palate of the gourmet."

"Not even a gourmand," I said, airing my knowledge.

"If them's the names of a couple o' tomcats, you got a dish fair enough," said Thomasheen James.

"Bah to you, brief Thomas!" The enthusiast gripped my arm. "Let us go catch pike, my friend?"

"Like hell we will!" I said rudely. "The next pool might have a trout in it."

The angler called up to me from the water. "If your friend has any use for those vermin, he's welcome to them."

My friend stabbed a finger at his own breast. "What? You mean me?"

"As ever was. The things are yours."

"Thanks. Oh, thanks! You generous Irishman!" Already he was plucking handfuls of grass, and in a couch of this he bestowed his prize in his creel. "It is to keep the skin moist," he explained, and thereupon he gave us a lecture on how to dress and cook and relish pike.

"Then you only taste the relish," I said. "That's all your foreign cooking is."

He pointed a finger at me. "Behold, my good friend! Tomorrow you and your lovely madam shall dine with me—and eat your words with my pike."

"Sorry, my good friend!" I gave him back. "But tomorrow I'll be in Timbuktu."

"Timbuktu? Not our Timbuktu?"

"And Samarkand—by the Golden Road—and there are no pike there either."

"Ho, ho! You make yourself clear roundabout. And yet you good people eat salt pig with boiled greens. Never mind! Me, I come not home empty-handed, and to fish I have not yet started." There was the national irony again.

Half a mile downstream we came on my other good pool. Below it there was a hopeless reach of deep, still water between high banks of furze and brier and willow. We parked the car in front of a laborer's cottage near the head of the pool, and I, with Thomasheen James carrying the tackle, hurried down to the gravelly margin. Most anglers are in a hurry until they get a fly on the water; but our foreign friend was in no hurry at all. He was leaning over the garden gate making lively talk with the housewife. Children and chickens made play on the grass path behind her.

"Whatever else he is," said Thomasheen James, "and God only knows, he's no fisherman, but he has a way of his own all the same. And it is not empty-handed."

When finally he came down and uncased his rod, I had a good look at it. It set up to at least eighteen feet and was of some foreign wood—not greenheart, not lancewood, not even hickory—heavy and stiff, with not much whip, even in the point: a rod to rip the jaw off a stubborn fish and break a man's heart in the length of a day. And I barely refrained from rude remarks on the lures he displayed—something like tin spoons and polished minnows and rubber sand eels. He tied on a spoon and slung it an astonishing distance down and across the pool; and it made a plop to confound a bullfrog or frighten a whale.

He raised no fish, of course. But neither did I, and I was casting smoothly. It was not a day made for fishing. My friend got tired of our fruitless efforts long before I did and splashed out of the water to stand on the gravel and watch me.

"Most delicate, indeed," he called. "That is what you will teach me—but later. Surely if a fish be here he will rise to you. But no! No fish here, but maybe somewhere—yes." He strolled downstream toward the jungle, his long rod like a lance above his head.

"Take care!" I called after him. "No one has ever landed a fish there. You'll get tangled and break a point."

He waved airily and went on. I came out on the gravel to fill a pipe and change my cast. I would give the pool one more try. Thomasheen James walked up and down, serene as the day, an old pipe of mine in his teeth and the landing net under an oxter.

I sat on a grassy bank and smoked. Thomasheen James sat at my side and borrowed my pouch. The day was sunny and very peaceful, and the stillness was only accented by the remote, aloof singing of the shallows below us. Thomasheen James looked aside at me.

"What's that new name the buckaroo called me?" he asked suspiciously.

"What name?"

"Brief Thomas."

I laughed. "That's his transliteration of your cognomen."

"Aisy! Me cognomen is Thomas James O'Doran—Thomasheen James to me friends."

"And Thomasheen means little Thomas."

"Blasht him! I'm as big as he is."

"And that's not big. Little Thomas—brief Thomas! Get it? It's a name I can use."

"By cripes! I'll crown him with the landing net," he cried, and had a fresh thought. "Mind you, he has his head screwed on, the same fellow, and even if he is from foreign parts and can't fish worth a dam', he has the best of the day so far." He lifted head and looked downstream, and there was hope in his voice.

"Isn't he keepin' mighty quiet down there in the bushes? He wouldn't have fallen in, be any chance? . . . Listen to that!"

For it was at that instant that an anguished yell came pealing up the river.

"Help, help—HELP!"

"In he is!" I cried and ran. A man in waders, falling into deep water, needs help quickly. Thomasheen James came loping up to my shoulder but, though he could run like a hare, he made no effort to outstrip me. If someone had to go into deep water, let it not be Thomas James O'Doran.

But the man who had shouted for help had not fallen in. He was on the bank between two furze bushes, six feet above the water; and when he saw us, he started to hop from foot to foot and make clamor to high heaven.

"I hooked him. I got him. . . . No, no, no! I have not got him yet. He has got me. I will not get him ever. He will not move for me. By the blue! He will not move one small inch. What do I now, friend of my heart?"

His long rod was flat out over the pool, the point in a stiff curve almost touching the water. Foolishly I derided him. "Some catch, all right! You've hooked Ireland."

"*Non, non, non!*" he vociferated. "He moved. He moved, I tell you. See, see! He moves again!"

And sure enough, the foot of line above the water moved round and back in a slow half-circle.

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TROUT

"Fine, oh fine!" I said but still without enthusiasm. "You're into a real brute of a pike. Give him the butt good and hard. They don't fight long."

And he did give him the butt solidly. And there and then the pool exploded. A fish came a foot into the air, smacked the water and walloped furiously on the surface. For a pike he would not be called big, but for a brown trout he was a fine specimen. And a trout he was. There was no mistaking his richly golden, speckled hide. All of six pounds, maybe seven, as fine a trout as ever came out of that river. My astonished yell was twice as loud as my friend's.

"A trout! Give him line! Damn and blast! Give him line. Keep your point up. Keep your ——"

"Never such a trout!"

"Watch what you're doing. Hell's bells! Keep him away from that willow."

He did the best he could, and it was not bad for a coarse fisherman. His point was unbreakable, his tackle would hold a whale, and I calculated that the lure was embedded in the trout's gullet. Everything held, and our fisherman displayed a definite deftness in playing the quarry away from the overhanging willow.

There was turmoil for all of ten minutes: advice, objurations and some high foreign swearing. Finally, Thomasheen James spraddled down on a half-submerged log ten yards below the fisherman, and the water washed over his shoes. Now was the critical time.

Twice the trout bore down, saw him and darted away. The third time, utterly spent, it drifted down, showing the pallor of its belly, and Thomasheen James got the net under. For a moment the fish balanced on the hoop, and Thomasheen James was cursed in a language that fortunately he did not understand; but a final deft flick put it safely in the net.

I hauled Thomasheen James up the bank, and we sat on our heels to admire the catch: a squat, thick-shouldered, big-bellied male, with the true cannibal head. Our new friend was standing over us wiping his brow and breathing deeply.

"Ha, ha!" I exclaimed with some satisfaction. "No self-respecting fish would take your spoon, and this fellow didn't. See where you foul-hooked him in the dorsal fin?"

"My friend," he said, "you catch fish by hook or by crook—what does it matter? This indeed was a game little fellow, but"—and there was regret in his voice—"I thought I had hold of the father of all the pikes."

I said nothing lest I say too much. As fine a trout as ever came out of that river, and this foreign man wanted pike! But he was not finished yet.

"Let us break a bottle to him," he said, "and thereafter I will catch for you his bigger fellow for the lady of your house. Eh?"

"Them's fighting words," said Thomasheen James encouragingly.

But I only laughed. There was nothing else I could do.

"All right, my friend," I said. "Let's look on your wine while it is red."

We sat on chunks of driftwood and had lunch. There were, indeed, a sound red wine of beverage quality and a pile of delectable sandwiches and six bottles of beer to make Thomasheen James a contented man. Ease settled amongst us, but not for long. I was filling a pipe when our sportsman, tapping the log on which he was sitting, made remark.

"This noble pile of firewood! It belongs to someone—someone not caring?"

It had been dredged from the river in some drainage scheme or other and had been lying about for as long as I could remember.

"It is only driftwood," I told him, "and wouldn't repay the cost of carriage."

He was indignant. "My good man! Think you of the coal slack we are forced to use in these days of war, and your sodden Irish peat without heat. And behold this wood so fine, dozed as a bone that is bleached, ready for the kindling—to set the flames dancing so merry! Did you not ever think of taking some, my friend?"

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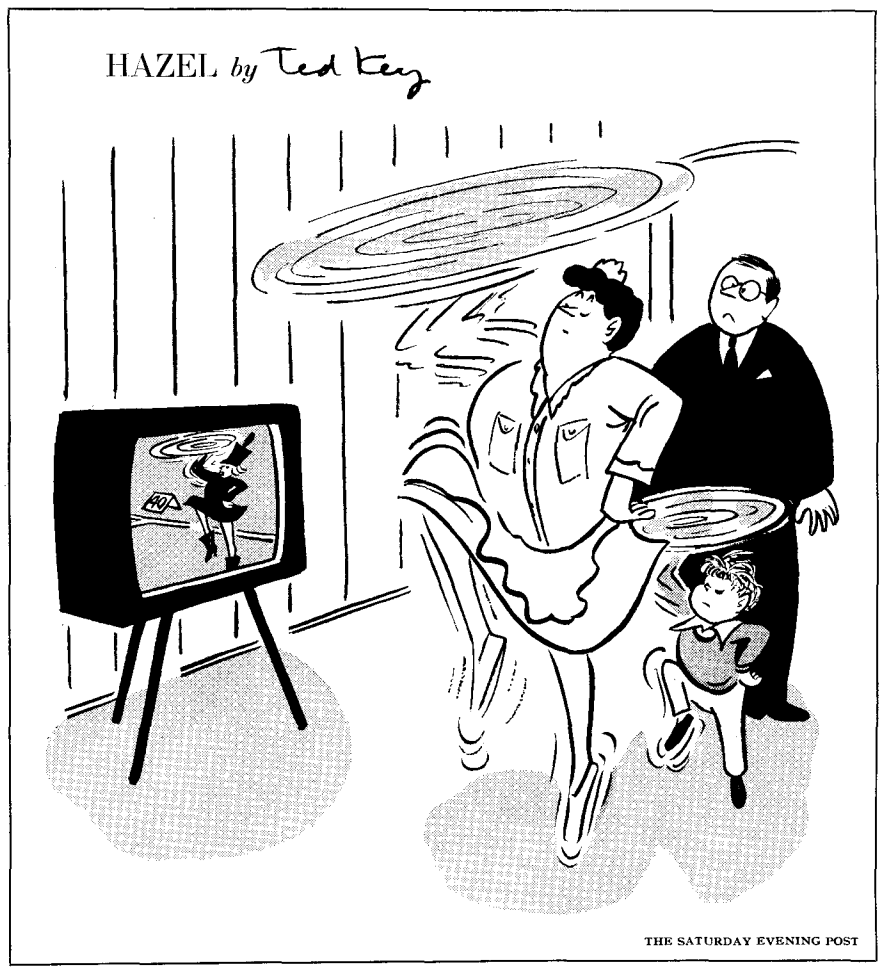

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not yet," I said. And there and then I began to wonder why I had never thrown a few kindling chips in the boot of the car. The man's acquisitiveness was already affecting me.

"Look you!" he said. "Could not I be taking a log—or maybe two?"

"Surely," I said agreeably. "Can you get your wagon down here without upsetting it?"

"That I can do." He was on his feet already. "And the peasant wife will tell me if the wood is for taking."

I struck a match, and Thomasheen James reached for the pouch. "I'm not the man I was," he deplored. "Did I forget to tell you that this pile o' lumber is mine for sale and barter?"

"Too late, Mr. Brief! All you can do now is help him load the wagon."

"Servile work on the Sabbath day?"

"But you drank three bottles of his beer, didn't you?"

"And three more to follow as night the day. So I did, and fair is fair. I'll stay with the gallant man till it comes to sheep stealing—or a bit beyond. Here he comes now, full steam ahead."

The car curved round us, and the driver shouted gaily.

"It is good. Yon mother has given me the white card to go on."

We helped him to fill the back compartment with usable logs. And then Thomasheen James brushed his hands at a job well done and stepped backward.

"Begod, Mister-me-sir," he said, "you weren't telling a word of a lie when you said that you never went home empty-handed."

"Not once, brief Thomas."

It was then that I decided to call it a day—no air moved, and there was no sign of a rise. My alien friend was quite agreeable to my proposal.

But, apparently, his hands were not yet full. He braked at the gate of the laborer's cottage and got out. The housewife and her brood came down the garden path, and their hands were not empty either. Amongst them the youngsters bore four cartons of brown eggs, and their mother carried an old wicker basket from the slitted lid of which protruded the necks of two pullets and two ducklings.

Our sportsman was at the garden gate talking finances. It was only natural that she should try to overcharge a little, and it might be characteristic of him to haggle with her. I wronged them both. He wanted to pay her the higher city prices, and she simply would not take it from "a dacent gentleman." Honors were even, but he got his own way by distributing largess amongst the happy children.

This Thomasheen James deplored. "Young brats should not never be pampered," he said. "I never was."

"And look at you now," I said.

"Tha's what I mean ezactly," he agreed smugly.

That was our last halt before Dublin. My new friend sang at the wheel, and Thomasheen James threw in a few grace notes in his high tenor. Occasionally I heard beer gurgle in the neck of a bottle behind me. I was dumb, but no longer disgruntled. It had been a unique day. A challenge had been put to me, and I had failed to take it. But the challenge was still there, and the summer was still young. Fair enough! At my own gate I invited my new friend in for a last drink. He protested about his attire.

"We take our last drink in the kitchen," I said. "My wife is quite proud of it. Come right along!"

We went round by the back, Thomasheen James at our heels carrying a carton of eggs that had been pressed into his hands. Colbert had his creel slung on a shoulder—in order to safeguard his big trout, I thought.

My wife entertained us. She is, indeed, proud of her kitchen and its fittings, and her guest admired it with enthusiasm. And, without a cough, he manfully downed a goodly measure of ten-year-old Irish whisky. It lifted him to eulogism.

"This, my friends, is a drink that is finding in me an affection for it. Nothing anywhere for seduction have I tasted like it, and I have tasted many drinks manywheres. No more, my good sir! Well, one small inch—for the road, as you say."

And then my gallant friend—and "gallant" is the word—presented my wife with a carton of brown eggs. He did more. He opened his creel.

Oh, hell! I thought. *I'll have to bury a pike somewhere.*

A pike? Never. He presented my wife his seven-pound trout! I hit the ceiling in furious protest. The fish of the season handed out like a fingerling.

He chuckled. "To cheer you in far Samarkand!" he said, and waved a hand in my face. "*Non, non, non!* My pike in the grass for all the brown trout in your river! Never!"

Thomasheen James and I saw him off. The clasp of his hand was genuine, and I heard the wrinkle of paper money between his palm and Thomasheen James's. Thomasheen James stood out on the roadway and looked after the wagon. "Me gallant buckaroo!" he said feelingly. "I saw you first, and you belong to me."

"You can't make use of that man," I told him.

"Don't I know it? The bloody race that bred him won't be bought or sold. The rats might die behind them where they marched, as once they did, but the race of men will not die."

"Have you been reading history?" I asked him.

"No, but you mentioned it one time in passin', and me memory is good." His voice changed and almost wheedled me. "All right! Maybe he can't fish worth a dam' but, me dear sir, if some of your kind friends larn be chance—be mere chance, I said—that you took him out, pride in your heart and your head in the air, to larn him the noble art of hookin' a trout be the gob, and at the heel of the day he presented the Missus with a seven-pounder he caught himself be main strength and ignorance. If, I said ——"

"Is this the thin end of blackmail, you snake in the grass?" I wanted to know.

He laughed then. "Forget it," he said. "We can't keep it hid anyway." He pointed a finger at me. "You'll take him out fishing again?"

"Why should I?"

"Because you'll want to wipe his eyes fair or foul—if I know you. And listen! Next time we'll be prepared for all emergencies."

"How?"

"We'll hire a truck," said Thomasheen James.

All that happened some years ago. Let me say for a finish that my very good friend is now a real angler and even comes home empty-handed sometimes. But sometimes, too, an old temptation overtakes him, and he steals away by himself to catch pike. And is ashamed thereafter. THE END

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BY TONI HOWARD

REAL-LIFE SHERLOCK

The sophisticated ex-barrister who runs Scotland Yard's "C.I.D."

LONDON.

The road directions were neatly typed on a sheet of notepaper that bore the royal crest of Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, and the words NEW SCOTLAND YARD. They were directions for finding a certain house in a village fifteen miles southeast of London. And at the bottom a hurried hand had scribbled: "Toni dear, I hope this will suffice for your driver. If in doubt at any time, telephone me. If *desperate*, telephone Whitehall 1212 and ask for the Criminal Investigation Department duty officer. Love, Joe."

We found the house without difficulty—a timbered brick dwelling set behind a low wood fence. And as we drew up before the gate, there, towering in the doorway, was the author of the note, the man who had signed himself "Joe." It seemed informal and un-British, unbefitting my host's rank. For the man smiling in the pale English sunlight was not only of immense girth but also of immense renown as well, a gentleman with the dignified name of Richard Leofric Jackson who is known to police around the world as "Joe Jackson of the Yard." In fact, he is Scotland Yard's foremost crime detective, head of its famous Criminal Investigation Department and president of the International Criminal Police Organization known as Interpol.

The hand that welcomed me was plump but firm, and the gentle voice spoke in classic Cantabrigian accents. In the doorway there was the scent of lilacs and phlox and freshly cut grass. "*Saxatile compactum*," said my host offhandedly, before we entered the house, indicating some thick yellow flowers. "Very good for your Latin."

He was a whale of a man, six feet tall, 250 pounds, who carried his weight without self-consciousness. Easing his great bulk into a chair, he began telling me how much he admired J. Edgar Hoover, particularly the way he has "sold" the FBI to the American people. Then, peering with urbane humor over the tops of the tortoise-shell spectacles, he spoke with obvious relish about criminal mentality, rhyming slang, and why the Yard's "Black Museum" of crime trophies has on view a pair of human arms preserved in a giant canning jar.

To hear him tell it, one would think that running Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department was as pleasant as singing in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and that being president of Interpol was a routine assignment. "I like the C.I.D. because it's people," he said cheerfully. "You're dealing with people all the time, all kinds and in all circumstances." As for Interpol, he enjoyed the "cloak-and-swagger" series that British television was doing on the organization, and with all his heart he wished Interpol were like that, full of beautiful female spies and cold-eyed heroes. "But Interpol is really only a clearinghouse, my dear, a communications machine which helps us to deal with international crime." The word "machine," coupled with the word "teamwork," goes far in explaining Joe Jackson's attitude toward crime detection.

At that moment two lovely women entered the room. Joe lumbered to his feet. "My wife Mary and my daughter Virginia," he said with pride. "They wish I had remained a barrister, as my father was before me, because although I am a mean bastard, I have a kind face." Both women laughed. "Actually," he added, half seriously, "my poor father would turn over in his grave if he could see me today, a copper."

This "copper," holding down one of the world's most glamorized jobs, has to be seen at work to be believed at play. From his big dark office in Scotland Yard he has for eight years been directing the most efficient crime-detection outfit our century has seen, and doing it with single-minded tenacity. Seeing him engaged in a hot game of croquet with seventeen-year-old Virginia, who invariably beats him, many an American businessman might envy him this trick of duality. As an FBI man in London put it, "When Joe decides to do something, it's done. Then he goes home and forgets about it."

Not that he is a different person behind his desk. There, as at home, he is suave, witty, hospitable and so generous with his time that he is the despair of his secretary. Under this benign surface, however, lies a singular ability for organization. Like an aircraft mechanic continually checking every bolt and fitting, Joe demands perfect functioning of his C.I.D. machine—and gets it. He is that rare combination: a diplomat and an "organization man."

One of the first serious crimes Joe handled after coming to this job as chief of the C.I.D. was a double murder known as the Chesney case, and the way he went about solving it illustrates his insistence on teamwork. On the gray morning of February 11, 1954, the bodies of an attractive forty-five-year-old woman and her mother were found in a small, private old-people's home they conducted near London. Mrs. Vera Chesney, the younger woman, had been drowned in her bath. The mother, Mrs. Mary Menzies, had been battered to death on the stairs. Yet none of the aged pensioners of the house had heard anything more sinister during the night than the sound of running water in an upstairs bathroom.

Within minutes of the call to the Yard, Joe had seven of his experts combing the place for clues—three of his top detectives, the head of his photographic department, the chief of his fingerprint branch, his top pathologist and the head of the Yard's forensic-chemistry laboratories—all working together and all in constant touch with Joe. Unfortunately they found very little to go on—no fingerprints, no footprints, no telltale scraps of evidence beyond a few bits of unidentifiable human skin found under Mrs. Menzies's fingernails, indicating that the old lady had put up a fight before being done in. All the C.I.D. had to work on was the murderer's obvious familiarity with the house, those shreds of human skin, and the possible motive—a $23,500 trust fund belonging to Mrs. Chesney, which would revert to her estranged husband at her death.

But the husband, a swashbuckling black-marketeer and smuggler named Ronald Chesney, was in Germany. According to his passport, he had left England a week before the crime and had not been back since. Quite an odd-ball was this Chesney, a black-haired giant with a walrus mustache and a gold pirate earring that he wore in his pierced left ear; had he come in on false papers, somebody would surely have noticed and remembered him.

Working on nothing more than his suspicions and those bits of skin, Joe set his men to going over every passport or entry form registered at any airport, seaport or customs shed in the entire United Kingdom, combing the underworld for Chesney's old cronies, and checking every police report from London to Tangier on the aliases and habits of Ronald Chesney.

Within one week Joe had in his hands the fake passport application of one "Leslie Chown," earringless and clean-shaven. The sham "Chown" had flown into London Airport from the Continent at 6:30 P.M. on February tenth and back out at eight A.M. February eleventh. Joe sent a coded message through Interpol to the police in Cologne to pick up Ronald Chesney, alias Leslie Chown, for questioning. But before the German police could close in, Chesney had put a bullet through his brain.

That ended it for Chesney, but it didn't end it for Joe, who still wanted incontrovertible evidence for the coroner's jury. So he dispatched two inspectors to Cologne to saw off Chesney's arms and bring them back to the Yard. And sure enough, the suicide's bruised and scratched arms provided that evidence; the flesh exactly matched the bits of skin found under Mrs. Menzies's fingernails as analyzed by the C.I.D.'s forensic laboratory. Joe had committed his whole team for seven days and nights, but he had solved the crime. And the Yard's Black Museum still attests to it with those lacerated, nail-pocked arms pickled in formaldehyde.

Although the organization Joe runs is only one of the departments of Scotland Yard, in the popular mind in Britain Joe Jackson *is* Scotland Yard. This is because his department is criminal investigation, and criminal investigation is news. As Joe puts it, "You might think that of all

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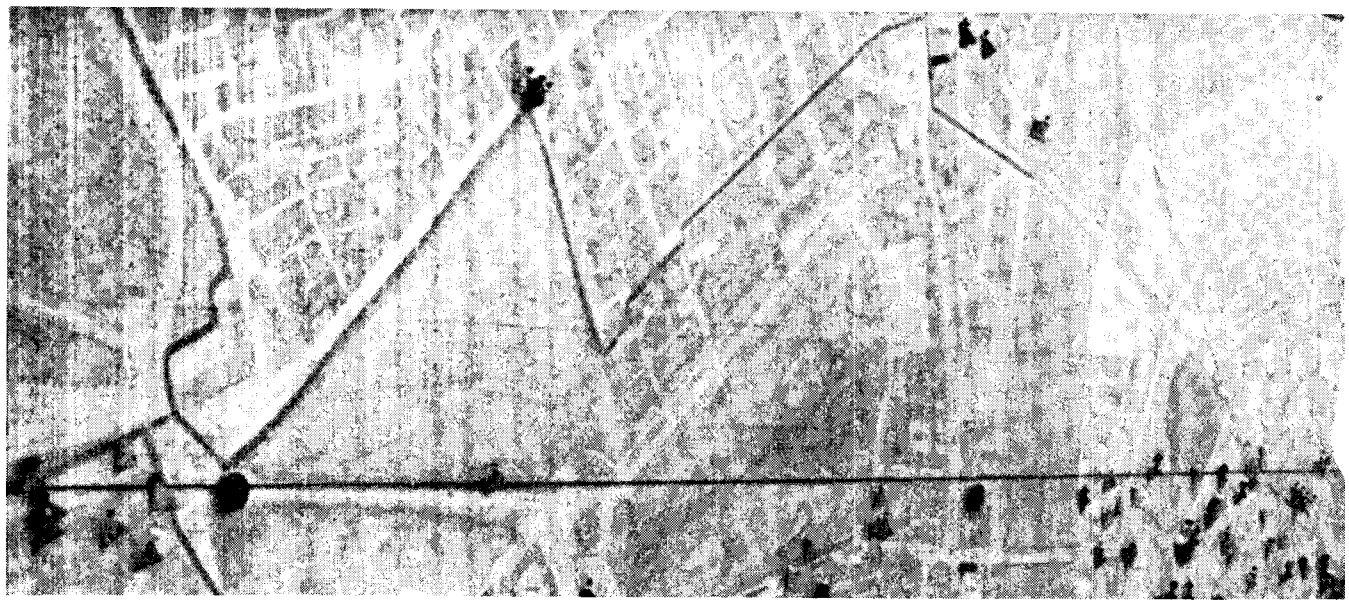


SHERLOCK the assistant commissioners' mine is the most blinding headache. Well, the temples throb from time to time, but bear in mind that one of the other commissioners is responsible for *traffic*. Anyone who has been in London knows what I mean." But the truth is that his department really is the most blinding headache for the simple reason that it is the only one with world-wide responsibilities. The others are limited in their jurisdiction to London.

To explain this, a word or two about Scotland Yard. As everyone knows by now, Scotland Yard is not a yard and has nothing at all to do with Scotland. Its rightful name is New Scotland Yard, and it is not new either; it is called new only because there was once an old Scotland Yard. It is, in sum, a three-part building on the Thames River embankment in London, an austere turreted brick block that, according to Joe, looks like "a sort of phony French château." And what that building houses is the headquarters of the London Metropolitan Police, run by Chief Commissioner Sir Joseph Simpson. Scotland Yard is world-famous not for its uniqueness (it is only one of 122 police forces in England) or for its size (17,500 officers and clerical workers), but for the fabulous exploits of its Criminal Investigation Department. The reputation of the Yard's C.I.D. band of 1650 men has grown so much over the years that today, when any serious crime goes unsolved for more than a week or two in any part of the Commonwealth, the cry goes up: "Call in the Yard!" What that cry means is: "Call in Joe Jackson!"

The catch here is that technically—except for the fingerprinting and photographic bureaus and some others—Joe's department is only local too. On the books it is the Criminal Investigation Department of the London Metropolitan Police, and as such it cannot gate-crash on any other police force's C.I.D. It must be invited. One can imagine the tact Joe must use in dealing with a local police chief when press and public have been yelling at the chief to quit stalling, move over and send for Joe.

Incredibly enough, Joe has only 750 men for outside assignment, the 900 others being tied down in Greater London to deal with local crime. The fact that he has so few mobile Murder Squad men explains to a great extent why he insists on their functioning with the swift precision of a well-greased machine.

"In the time he's been there, he's made it an elite corps," an FBI man told me, "in which every man is absolute tops in his field, and there are no prima donnas."

One of the aspects of the C.I.D. that most amuses Joe is the mystery that enshrouds it. To him it is a business requiring grueling hours, careful attention to detail, and a sense of dedication on the part of every member of his staff. A great Sherlock Holmes fan, he ridicules the romantic idea of the private eye who solves crimes on his own through Holmesian deduction. Sitting in his office behind a battery of green, red and black telephones, he explains it in his bland, never-quite-serious way: "I am devoted to detective novels. They make such a nice change from my work. I particularly like your American ones, where the hero is invariably amorous, alcoholic and practically indestructible. But unfortunately, my dear, crime is solved not by single masterminds but by teams of men—experienced, specially trained, carefully supervised men."

This is what Joe calls "the machine"—his 1650 trained and experienced men, and the vast system of laboratories, archives, technical equipment and communications that enables them to do their work. And when that machine goes into gear it is impressive. Not always does it get where it's going as fast as the public would like. But in its sometimes infuriatingly methodical way it manages to solve 80 per cent of its murder cases and about 50 per cent of its lesser crimes.

An example of the way the machine works under Joe Jackson is the Potter's Bar Golf Course murder, a particularly gory sex crime committed a few years back on a golf course just outside London. This was a real baffler because, as Joe says, "in a case like this, what you're looking for is not a man but a state of mind," and criminal records and files are of little or no help. In addition, there was only one clue—the barest hint of a bloody palmprint left on the iron tee marker with which the woman had been beaten to death. With nothing to go on but the sex motive and that one clue, Joe put his men through three and a half months of such intensive work that everybody assigned to the case was working overtime and in overlapping shifts, day and night.

First he had his men check all mental hospitals and prisons for recently released sex offenders; they got nowhere with that. Next, one crew of police questioned 7500 men living or working in the vicinity of Potter's Bar, while another crew fanned out to take palmprints of suspects who had been in England at the time of the crime but were now as far away as Malta, Africa and Australia. That turned up nothing either. Finally Joe ordered the entire male population of Potter's Bar to be palmprinted, a bold decision that could have been—but luckily was not—questioned in the House of Commons as a violation of citizens' rights. Taking the prints was only the beginning; after that came the long, patient work of checking and comparing.

The C.I.D. examined 8889 palmprints before finding the one that tallied with their fragmentary clue. It was that of a young factory worker in Potter's Bar itself, a boy who had been questioned earlier but who had given a seemingly foolproof alibi. Found guilty, the boy was sentenced to life imprisonment. Careful and untiring work, rather than sleuthing, had solved the crime, and no one was prouder than Joe.

In general, the C.I.D. has it easier with organized crime. In dealing with sex crimes and crimes of the mentally disordered, Joe and his staff must rely to some extent on luck and intuition. When investigating organized crime—crime for profit—they depend more heavily on their forensic bureaus, and in particular, their Criminal Records Office.

This office is a great favorite of Joe, because its records support one of his pet theories—that professional criminals, like the rest of us, are creatures of habit. The Criminal Records Office keeps dossiers on almost every crook and criminal in Europe, more than 1,000,000 of them. The dossiers list each criminal's physical characteristics and aliases, along with his quirks and predilections—what he smokes and drinks, who his underworld pals are, how he likes to dress, and most important of all, the methods he has used in the past in committing a crime. The Methods Index proves that criminals lack imagination. Having become proficient at one way of committing a crime, they are unlikely to change technique or choice of victim.

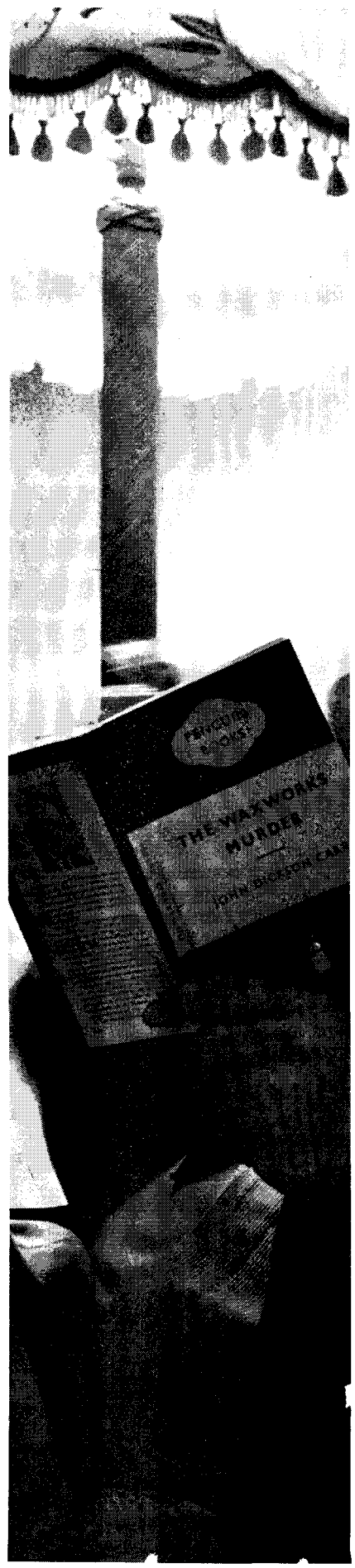
"Mind you, I'm all for it," Joe says with a wry smile. "It makes our work so much easier."

Another of his departments, but one he doesn't like to talk about, is the Special Branch, the nearest thing to a secret state police that Britain has. This is a hand-picked body of 240 men, the only Scotland Yard men who are armed, and their job is to root out subversion, espionage and treason.

But there is no doubt that the squad that interests Joe most is his Flying Squad, a force of eighty detectives who cover Greater London day and night in plain clothes, on the prowl for anything that might turn up. The Flying Squad is regarded as the cream of Scotland Yard, and its members are picked for their knowledge of the underworld and its potential squealers. Looking like ordinary hoods themselves and driving anonymous cars, they move from dive to dive, cultivating informers who can help clear up something Joe is working on. Some of them have been so successful at blending into the landscape of crime that they've been marched into local police stations as suspicious characters.

And this is another of Joe's pet theories. The C.I.D. relies heavily on what we would call the stool pigeon and what Joe calls the "grass"—short for grasshopper, which in London criminal slang means anyone who squeals to a copper. "The grass," Joe says loftily, savoring the word, "is as unlovely a character as the earthworm, but he is as essential to criminal investigation as the earthworm is to agriculture."

What circumstances led this warm, easygoing man into this cold, demanding job? When I asked Joe, he gave me the impression of being a little surprised at it himself. Actually, he said, everything



What does a great detective read to relax? A murder mystery, naturally.

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Thieves, murderers—all of London's outlaws: pins on Jackson's maps locate their crimes.

in his background had pointed him toward a career in the law. Born in India in 1902, the son of a barrister practicing in Calcutta under the East India Company, he was sent to England for schooling when he was six years old, with a legal career clearly in view. First he went to Cheam, where Prince Charles is now at school; then, to Eton; then, to Trinity College, Cambridge, for his law degree.

Called to the Bar in 1927, he returned to Calcutta in 1928 to see about practicing law there, but he was discouraged by what he calls "the Gandhi troubles" and a changing India, and he headed back to London. He began specializing in criminal law, because the psychology of crime interested him, and because, as he says, "In criminal law you can move ahead more quickly."

The deviation from family tradition, when it came, was gradual. In 1933 Joe joined the staff of the director of public prosecutions, where he began preparing murder, treason and espionage cases for prosecution under the Crown. It was a jump from defense to prosecution, and from private barrister to public servant. Most of his cases were tried at London's famed Old Bailey, where he soon acquired a host of friends and an exalted reputation as a legal brain. During those years he worked closely with Scotland Yard in the preparation of his cases and got to know the men he was later to command.

In 1945 Sir Ronald Howe, who then held the job Joe has now, asked Joe to become secretary of Scotland Yard. This is a chair-borne job requiring intimate knowledge of English Common Law, the tactful leadership necessary to direct the Yard's 3000 clerical workers, and a talent for public relations. In this seven-and-one-half-year period as secretary he began his happy relationship with the British press—happy because it is based on the Jacksonian characteristic of telling the press everything he can, and then every so often drinking editors and reporters under the table, just to show who's boss.

From the secretariat it was only one giant step to being appointed, in 1953, assistant commissioner in charge of Criminal Investigation and moving into the office he occupies now, with its glass cabinets and dark Victorian desk. Today, at fifty-nine, he is officially charged with "keeping the Queen's peace," earning only 3225 pounds (about $9000) a year but enjoying every minute of it.

Joe doesn't fight for what he wants. He doesn't need to. "He'll talk your arm off, that Joe Jackson," a London editor told me. "And before you know it, you're doing everything he asks." Apart from his remarkable executive ability, it is diplomacy that enables him to get the most out of his people, usually with an offhand, "Would you handle that for me, old boy?" He is so reasonable that it seems positively churlish to disagree with him.

This smoothness might be monotonous, were it not for his love of the unexpected. Although his Interpol title is largely honorary, at that organization's executive-committee meetings in Paris everyone is always waiting for the president's opinion, often given with a typical Jackson bite. An implacable enemy of pomposity, he may get to his feet at one of these conferences and say, "This, gentlemen, is an extremely interesting idea, well thought out, ably presented—and entirely unworkable." It is the soft sell with a reverse twist.

A hearty eater, hearty drinker and a lover of good conversation, he seems to go through life with no visible expenditure of fuel. No one can outstay him; whether he is on the job in London or visiting a foreign city, no one can get him to go to bed before three A.M., and he is up at seven, ready for work. "There is no stopping him, that Joe," a French *Sûreté* officer fifteen years Joe's junior told me. "We finish one thing; he is already on another. We look into that, and he is on something else."

When I left him in his office at Scotland Yard, he was working on a spy case, two murders, the breaking up of a gang of vicious young East End vandals, and "a few hundred burglaries and postal robberies." Because he was still working on them, he would say nothing more. But I could at least ask him the question that had been deviling me. How, with the name of Richard Leofric Jackson, had he acquired the nickname Joe?

When he'd been boxing at Eton, he explained, England's fight managers saw him as a possibility for the professional ring. That year, 1920, the heavyweight champion of Great Britain was Joe Beckett, and when young Etonian Jackson went on slugging his way from victory to victory, the London sports pages headlined: ETON PRODUCES A JOE BECKETT! From then on he was known as Joe.

"Of course we at the C.I.D. occasionally go from one victory to another too," he added, "but only as a team. Mind you, the shadow of Sherlock Holmes remains with us, and while he is with us I suppose we shall continue to be a legend—except to ourselves. To ourselves we are simply a criminal-investigation department who have earned perhaps a slightly inflated reputation because we work extremely hard and we are very experienced."

It was like hearing one of the most persuasive diplomats of our time tell me that there is no Santa Claus. THE END

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WOULD THE COLLAPSE OF THE U.N. MEAN WAR?

One of the early reactions to the tragic death of Dag Hammarskjold was a spate of statements to the general effect that, unless the United Nations was given more power, war was certain to follow. Sen. Hubert Humphrey, in a speech on the Congo crisis, said, "I am sure that if something should happen now, more than has already happened, to weaken the United Nations, there will be no place to hide, nothing to do but face inevitable destruction." President Kennedy, in his address to the U.N. General Assembly, declared that if we were to let the United Nations die, "to enfeeble its vigor, to cripple its powers, we would condemn our future. For in the development of this organization rests the only true alternative to war. . . ."

Leaving aside the fact that in the Congo the U.N.'s power was used against the interests of the West and for the interests of the Communists, there are many reasons to take exception to these expressions of hopelessness. The decline, or the collapse, of the U.N. would be disappointing. It has some solid accomplishments to its credit, and the debates in the Assembly have exposed the issues that divide the world. But it is a disservice to the people of the world to panic them with predictions of "inevitable destruction" if the U.N. should disappear.

We have worried about inevitable destruction for years, and the U.N. hasn't soothed our fears. Could the skies be darker than they are now?

Actually it is conceivable that the collapse of the U.N. or its further loss of influence could result in a firming up of Western unity. For many people the U.N. has provided a sort of psychological refuge from reality. Although people in the West know in their hearts that the Communists are plotting their destruction and are using the machinery of the U.N. to implement that purpose, there is still the illusory hope that the U.N. will "pass a miracle" and cause peace to reign from pole to pole.

One senator who does not share these illusions is J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In a memorable article in *Foreign Affairs* magazine, Senator Fulbright expresses the view that the U.N., like its predecessor the League of Nations, has failed because "the global community which the Charter assumed exists today neither in fact nor in prospect." He believes that "the history of the United Nations has been in large measure a history of retreat from false hopes and of adjustment to the reality of a divided world." He insists that the "Atlantic nations, if they are to survive, must develop a full-fledged community, and they must also look beyond the 'frontiers of Western civilization' toward a world-wide 'concert of free nations.'"

But he sees no hope for such a development in the various proposals to strengthen the United Nations. "Our problem is to devise processes more modest in their aspirations, adjusted to the real world of nation-states and diverse and hostile communities." He suggests a "concert of nations" taking its inspiration from "the nineteenth-century Concert of Europe with its tradition of common values and accepted 'rules of the game.'"

The weakness of the United Nations is that it must appear to promote the common interest of all nations at a time when, as Lord Home, Britain's Foreign Secretary, put it, "one third of mankind has governments dedicated to the destruction of the way of life of the other two thirds." But as to war, it is probable that, even if the U.N. should become, as *The New York Times*'s Thomas J. Hamilton suggests, "a debating society dominated by anti-colonial delegates," little would be changed. The aggressive ambitions of the U.S.S.R. have not been altered by sixteen years of membership in the U.N., any more than Red China's belligerency is likely to be softened should that branch of the Communist conspiracy be admitted.

Without the U.N., Senator Humphrey fears there will be "no place to hide." But using the U.N. as a place to hide from "the reality of a divided world" hasn't done us much good. Although we would regard the failure of the United Nations as a defeat for what appeared to be a promise of better things, this setback could be the foundation of firmer unity among the nations threatened by Communism. This unity has been lacking but, if it could be achieved, it would dispel the Communist dreams of world conquest once and for all.

CONGRESS DESERVES CREDIT FOR SOME LAWS IT DIDN'T PASS!

Every time Congress adjourns, the nation's editorial writers and other pundits cook up what is supposed to be the "achievement record" of the outgoing legislators. The formula of achievement is usually based on the number of bills passed by the Congress as against the number of measures which the Administration in power proposed. A Congress which enacts most of the Administration's measures into law is regarded as a great success. A Congress which rejects or forgets all about any substantial number of Administration measures is almost invariably denounced as a "do-nothing Congress" or a partisan-minded aggregation of dimwits. Curiously enough, this evaluation seems to be accepted by people on both sides of the fence, conservatives as well as liberals.

Thus the Congress which took to the woods in late September is supposed to be laggard in its duties because it failed to pass an aid-to-education bill, a new civil-rights bill and a nuisance measure requiring corporations to deduct income tax from dividend checks, and because it passed a foreign-aid bill not quite so big as the Administration wanted. A columnist on a supposedly conservative newspaper compared the record of the first Kennedy Congress with that of F.D.R.'s streamlined law-making machine of 1933—and suggested that the New Deal legislators did a better job. The truth is that the 1933 Congress, which ground out laws—constitutional and otherwise—as fast as the New Deal brain trust could write them, was a disgrace to the legislative process. The economic collapse of that period explains the willingness of Congress to approve sight unseen anything the doctor ordered, but nobody with any sense wants a rerun of those One Hundred Days.

Any way you look at it, no Congress should be acclaimed for enacting a lot of laws, unless there is need for the laws in question. This time there was no compelling reason to pass an education bill and, in view of the billions we must spend for defense, plenty of reasons not to pass one. Nor was there any point in messing up the taxpayers' affairs further by deducting from their dividend checks a tax which they might or might not owe. The same can be said of the Administration's proposal to finance a part of foreign aid through "backdoor spending." In short, when nonpassing of laws is good for the country, Congress should get credit for acting that way.

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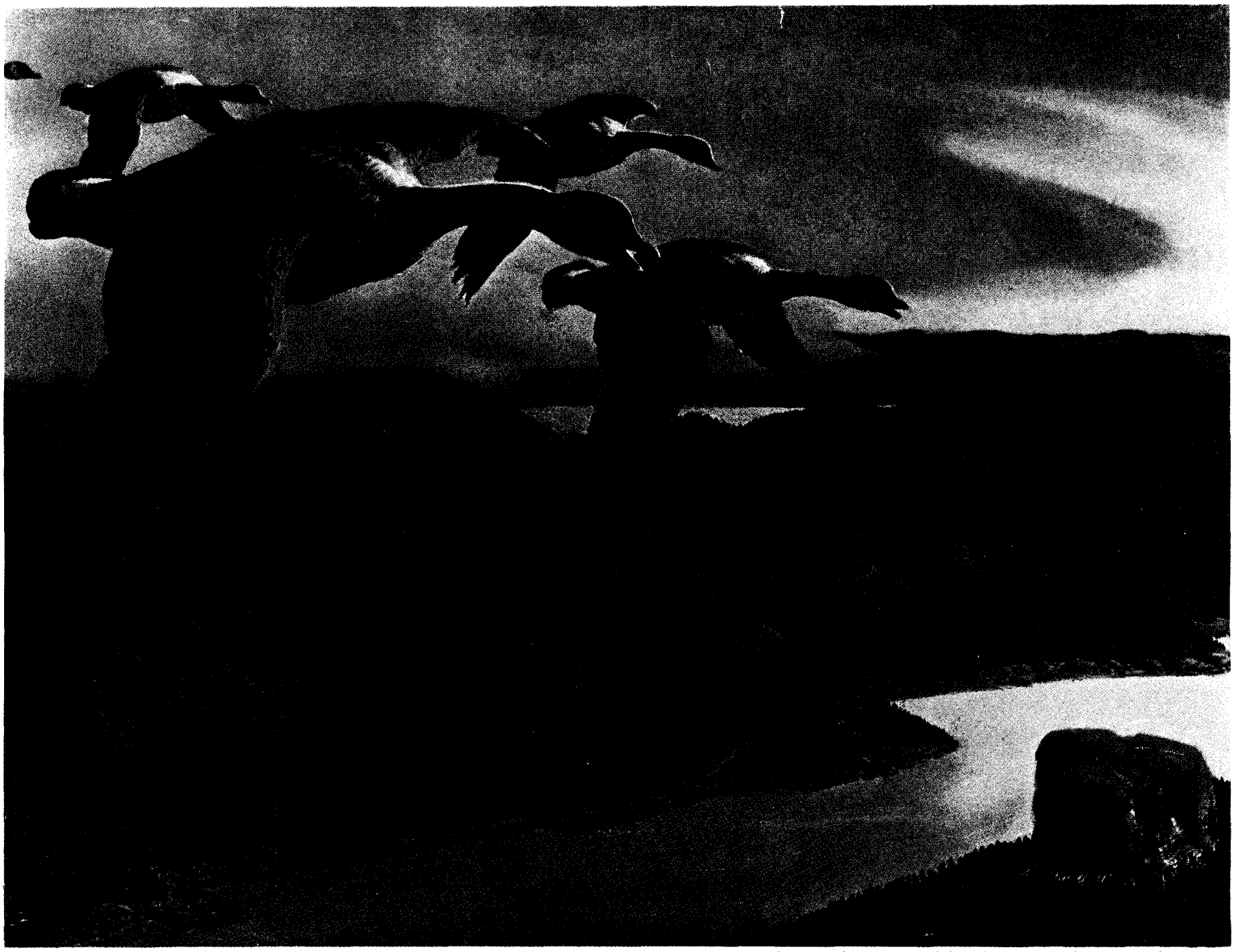

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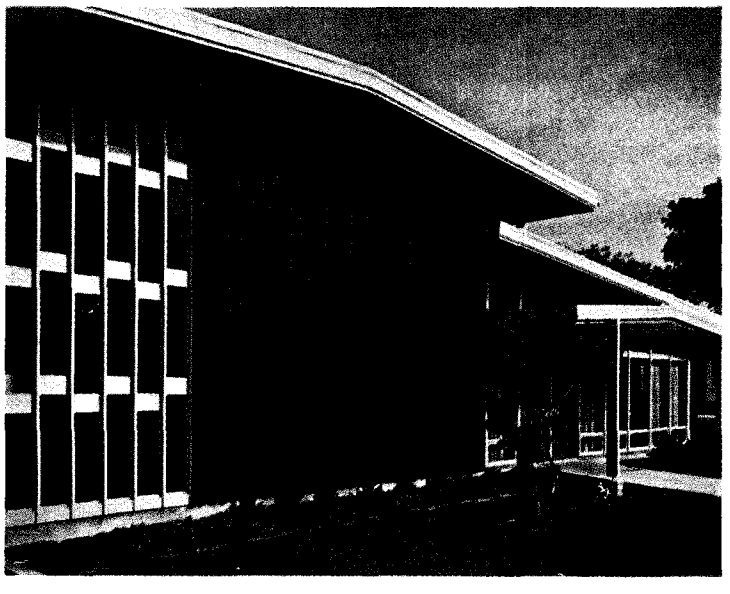

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